McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVI. DECEMBER, 1900. No. 2.

UNPUBLISHED CHAPTERS OF HISTORY.

LAST DAYS OF THE CONFEDERATE GOVERNMENT.

FROM PAPERS LEFT BY STEPHEN R. MALLORY, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY IN THE CONFEDERATE CABINET.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS FROM THE WAR DEPARTMENT COLLECTION.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE BY SECRETARY MALLORY'S DAUGHTER.

THE manuscript of the accompanying article was written by my father in 1865, while he was a prisoner of war in Fort Lafayette, in New York Harbor, and while the events which it chronicles were still fresh in his mind. He used for this work an ordinary blank-book, and inscribed it to his wife and children. His object was to give us a clearer and more graphic account of the last days of the Confederacy than we would get from other and later histories. It served to occupy some of the slowly creeping hours of his lonely prison life; and it is an absolutely correct and authentic account of all that came under his observation during the eventful journey of the President and Cabinet of the Confederate States from Richmond, Virginia, to Washington, Georgia.

Stephen R. Mallory was born on the island of Trinidad in 1813. He was first sent, when very young, to a school on the east shore of Mobile Bay, and later to the Moravian school for boys at Nazareth, Pennsylvania, where he remained until he was about eighteen years of age. This was all the school training he ever had, but he acquired an intense love of study, and habits of industry, which finally made of him a highly educated man.

When about nineteen years of age he was appointed inspector of customs at Key West; and while he was occupying this position he studied law. He was admitted to the bar in 1839. One of the most thrilling periods of his life was that of the Seminole War, for which he volunteered, and during which he served in active operation against the Indians. He learned the Seminole language, that he might be more useful to his command.

In 1838 he married Angela Moreno, a typical Spanish girl, daugnter of Don Francisco Moreno of Pensacola, Florida, a Spanish subject.

Mr. Mallory was elected to the United States Senate in 1851. He continued to represent Florida in the Senate until the secession of that State from the Union in 1861. During most of his term of service in the Senate, Mr. Mallory was chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs, for which position his thorough knowledge of maritime matters rendered him eminently fit. The appointment of Minister to Spain was tendered him by President Buchanan, but he declined the honor.

When Florida seceded, Mr. Mallory was appointed Chief Justice of the Admiralty Court, but this position he also declined. He foresaw all the horrors into which civil war would plunge the South, and used every influence to prevent secession; but when Florida left the Union, he felt that as a loyal son his place was with her, and he promptly resigned his seat in the Senate of the United States. When the provisional government of the Southern Confederacy was organized at Montgomery, in April, 1861, Mr. Davis made Mr. Mallory Secretary of the Navy, and he retained this office throughout the war.

Copyright, 1900, by the S. S. McCLURE Co. All rights reserved.

The difficulties of this position can be scarcely appreciated to-day. When he accepted this trust, the South had no ships, no machinery, and no workshops, Virginia, with her Tredegar Works, not having as yet seceded. Ships had to be built, and the timber for their construction and the iron for their sheathing were still in forest and mine. The South possessed no furnaces, no ordnance, and the hemp for making the rope had still to be sown, reaped, and harvested. In spite of the gigantic obstacles in his way, Mr. Mallory built up a navy. "Viewed in the light of the difficulties to be met," says Professor Soley, of the United States Navy, "those exploits were little less than marvelous." He foresaw the need of iron-clad vessels, and early as May, 1861, urged the necessity of building them. The efficiency of iron-clad vessels had up to this time not been properly appreciated in America, and upon this point Mr. Mallory dwelt and insisted until his views were accepted, and a revolution in naval construction on this side of the water was inaugurated.

Mr. Mallory's imprisonment at Fort Lafayette extended from May, 1865, until March, 1869. He was then released on parole, and returned to his old home in Pensacola, where he practised law until his death there in 1873. In the beautiful old town, on the summit of a hill which was, in colonial days, the site of an old Spanish fort, there stands a monument erected by the people of Florida to the Confederate dead. One of its tablets is sacred to the memory of Stephen R. Mallory. The inscription under his name reads:

"'Tis not in mortals to command success.
But we'll do more, Sempronius—we'll deserve it."

RUBY MALLORY KENNEDY.

FLIGHT OF THE CABINET FROM RICHMOND, AND SURRENDER OF LEE.

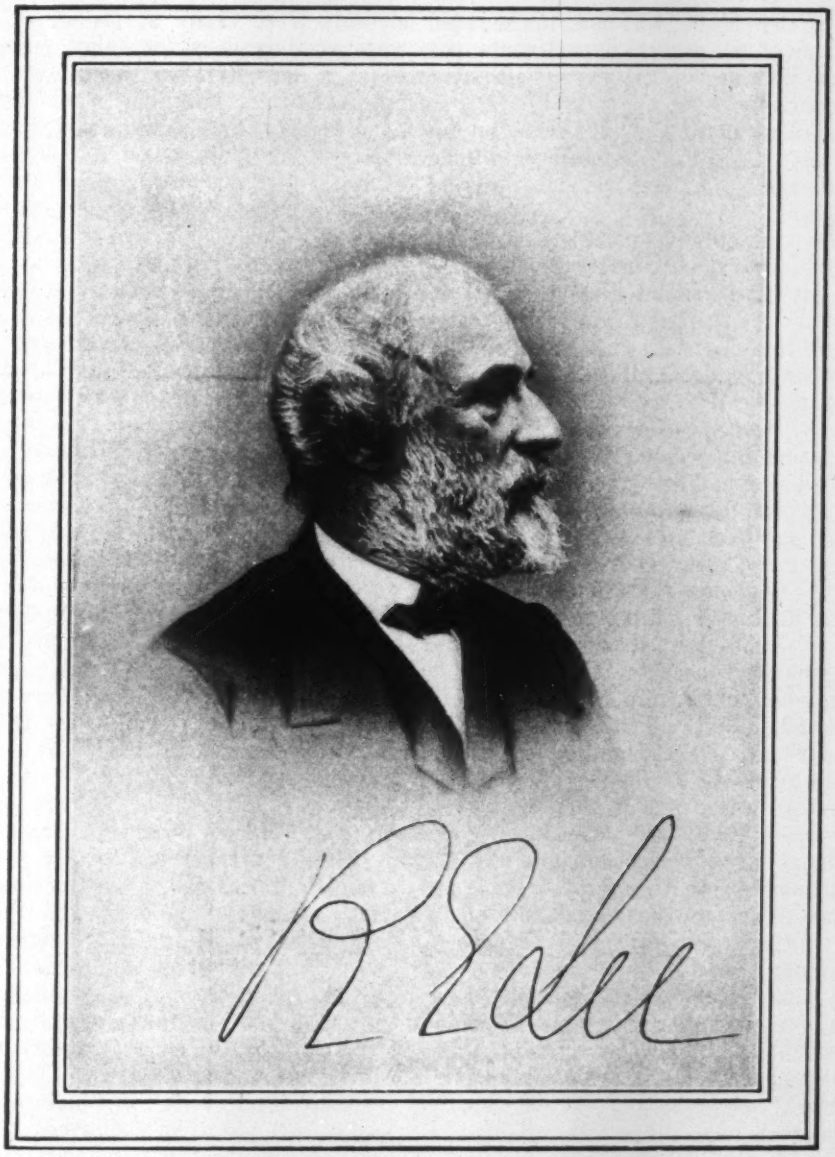
THE 2d of April, 1865, though a clear, beautiful day in Richmond, will ever be remembered as the darkest in her history. The temperature wooed the people abroad, a pleasant air swept the foliage and flowers of the Capitol grounds, the sun beamed upon its bronze group of conscript fathers, gossiping idlers lounged upon its shaded seats, and the church bells pealed their invitations as cheerily as ever to the piously inclined, who sought their several places of worship. The old city had never, during the war, worn an aspect more serene and quiet; and yet at that very moment the hours of the Confederacy, of which she was the honored capital, were being numbered by the dread arbitrament of blood.

Rumors spoke of a fight somewhere near Petersburg; but this had long been an everyday affair, and they attracted but little attention.

As usual, the President's face was closely scrutinized as he entered St. Paul's, alone, and quietly sought his pew; but its expression varied not from that cold, stern sadness which four years of harassing mental labor had stamped upon it; and as he raised his head after a brief interval from its devotional position, and turned his furrowed brow to Dr. Minnegerode, the cold, calm eyes, the sunken cheek, the compressed lip, were all as impenetrable as an iron mask. Not a devotee in all that congregation seemed more gravely attentive than he to the morning service, or responded to its sublime exhortations more fervently; and yet his heart was agonized, and his brain sorely perplexed by Lee's despatches of the early hours of the day, telling of Grant's overwhelming charge through his center, of heavy losses, of his inability to reëstablish his lines, and suggesting the abandonment of Richmond. The dull, booming sounds of distant guns were mingled with the impressive words of the service, forming strange and startling responses to its invocations for peace on earth and goodwill to men.

A messenger from the War Department enters the church, steals behind the President, whispers a few words in his ear, and withdraws. All eyes are again fixed upon Mr. Davis' face as he follows the messenger the whole length of the aisle; but Lee's later despatches, telling of new and heavier losses, and urging immediate withdrawal from the capital, are not betrayed by one line of that pale, care-worn visage.

The members of the Cabinet, with the exception of Mr. Benjamin, were similarly called out of church by special messengers, at their several places of worship, and the faces of all were scanned for information as they withdrew; but though all were fully impressed with the momentous crisis, familiarity with adversity had given to each its inevitable immobility of expression, and they



ROBERT E. LEE.

Commander-in-Chief of the Confederate army.

From a photograph in the collection of Dr. Bristol.

betrayed no evidence of the emotions which filled their breasts.

Mr. Benjamin having completed his plain and unexceptionable toilet, and scanned the latest foreign papers, pursued his way from his residence on Main Street beyond Adams Street to the State Department, with his usual happy, jaunty air; his pleasant smile, his mild Havana, and the very twirl of his slender, gold-headed cane contributing to give, to casual observers, expression to that careless confidence of the last man outside the ark, who assured Noah of his belief that "it would not be such a h— of a shower, after all." But he talked with friends in passing; friends with observing, detective eyes, and they did not fail to see, under that smile, which bore no resemblance to mirth or contentment, that the astute Secretary was painfully "exercised."

The disastrous news and warnings of Lee, first whispered to officials only, soon reached

the ears of the people, who saw, in the rapid preparations of the several departments, the immediate withdrawal of the government from Richmond.

There was no confusion, no noise, no undue excitement; for this contingency had long been anticipated, and to a large extent provided for.

In few words, calmly, solemnly, the President expressed to his Cabinet and other high officials, gathered around him at his office, his views of the situation and of the measures which it demanded; and each at once entered upon his allotted duty.

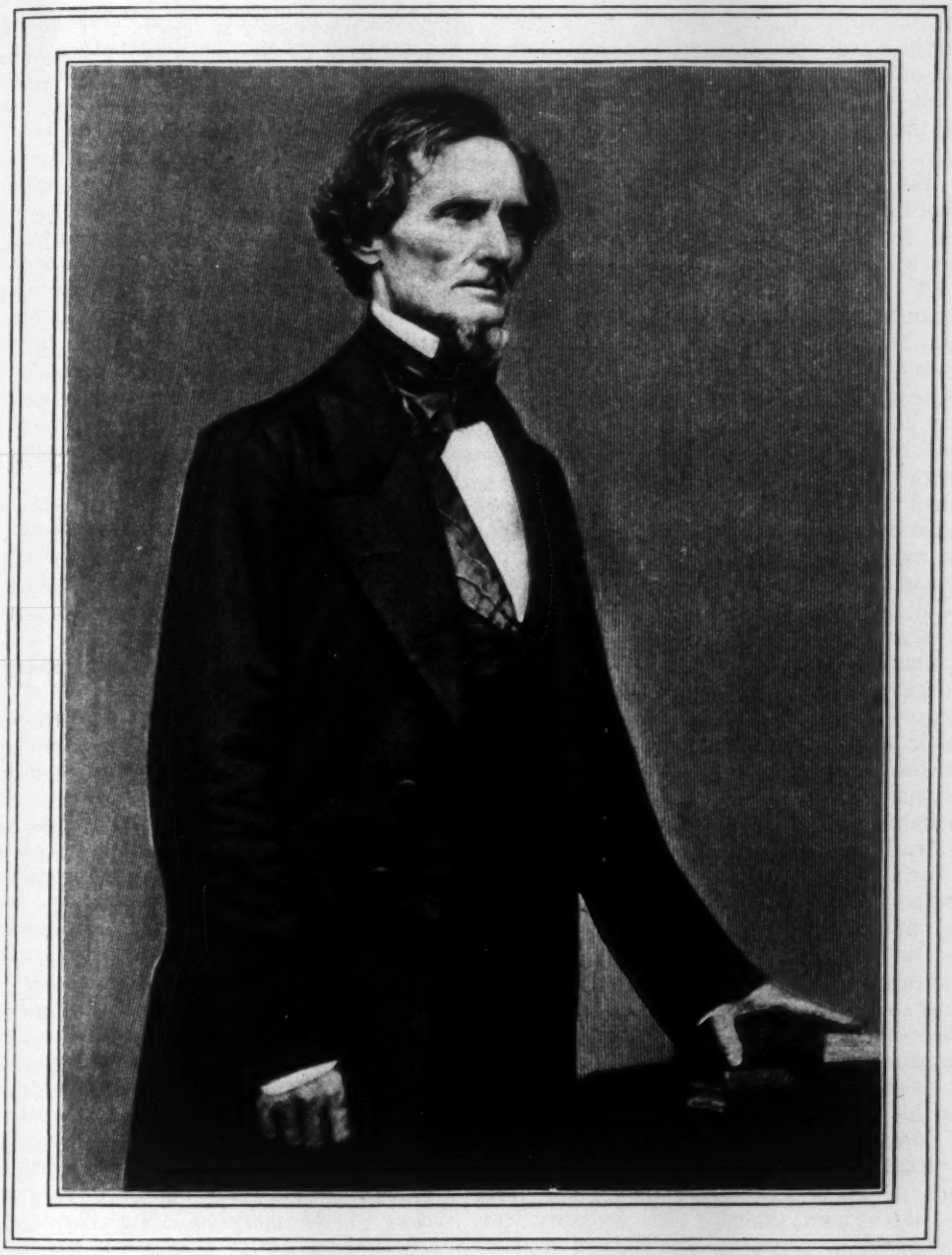
Citizens gathered here and there in groups, gazed sadly, silently, as if upon the closing scene of some deplorable drama; and in the boxes of government records and papers on their way to the depot, recognized evidences of the last day of the Confederacy.

Women, the gentle, loving women of Old Virginia (Heaven bless them!), clad in deepest black, for all Virginia's daughters mourned the loss of kindred in the war; the noble women who had cheered their husbands, brothers, sons, and lovers to the field in a cause cherished by them as sacred, who for it had sacrificed everything but honor, and who were ready to surrender life itself to save it, wept in the streets at this evidence of the hopelessness of the cause.

Prominent citizens interchanged views as to the means of protecting the people against the license of the conquering soldiers on the morrow; but so great was the general gloom, arising from the overwhelming conviction that the Confederacy was lost, that considerations of personal safety or peril failed to arouse attention. His Honor, Mayor Mayo, in his white cravat and irrepressible ruffles, his spotless waistcoat and his blue, brass-buttoned coat, was upon this, as upon all occasions of special interest to his people, foremost in their behalf. The African church had at an early hour poured its crowded congregation into the streets, and American citizens of African descent were shaking hands and exchanging congratulations upon all sides. Many of them walked the streets with eager faces, parted lips, and hurried strides, gazing anxiously into the distance as if to catch the first glimpse of their coming friends.

By the arrangements of the Secretary of War, the Danville train of cars, assigned to the President and those who were to accompany him, was to leave Richmond at half-past eight o'clock P.M., and before this hour the heads of departments and their chief assistants were ready at the depot. There were good reasons for delay, however, and the cars did not leave until eleven P.M. In the meantime, hundreds were leaving the doomed city by every practicable means, some on foot, others on horseback, and in carriages, carts, and wagons. The Danville Depot was filled by an eager crowd seeking transportation on the train; and the ingenious efforts of many to obtain it, and their shifts and devices to circumvent Colonel Carrington and Major Richardson, who had charge of the train, occasioned no little amusement to those already aboard. The order had been given to admit no one whose services were not indispensable to the operations of the government, which it was hoped might be reëstablished "somewhere south"; and some artful dodgers contrived to "ring in," upon the ground of their vast importance to some great public interest, claims which, when unsupported by the name of some head of a department, were never received without opposition and argument, highly entertaining to all but the claimants themselves. Exceptions were made in favor of ladies, for crinoline in the South is not circumscribed by man's arbitrary rules, and many gained admittance to the train.

Members of the Home Guard, embracing many of the best citizens of Richmond, men of high character and social position, of wealth and professional distinction, were on duty in charge of the depot and train. They fully appreciated the fatal significance of the movement; they knew the impending perils to themselves, their families, and property, not only from the negro troops who were expected to enter the city on the following morning as victors, but from the rabble who stood ready to plunder during the night; and yet they performed their duties as assiduously and strictly, under the last order they would ever receive from the Confederate Government, as if triumphs and not disasters were crowding upon every fleeting moment. At eleven o'clock P.M. the President, who, with the Secretary of War and other members of the government, had been seated during the preceding hour in the office of the railroad president, in anxious expectation of better news from Lee, took his seat in the cars, and the train moved in gloomy silence over the James River. A commanding view of the river front of the city was thus afforded, and as the fugitives receded from its flickering lights, many and sad were the commentaries they made upon the Confederate cause.



JEFFERSON DAVIS.
President of the Confederacy.

Heads of departments, chief clerks, books and records; Adjutant-General Cooper with the material and personnel of his office, all the essential means for conducting the government, were here; and so able and expert were these agents, that a few hours only, and a half-dozen log cabins, tents, and even wagons, would have sufficed for putting it in fair working order. Its functions, to be sure, were considerably curtailed by Grant's recent operations, and the consequent exodus from Richmond.

The James River squadron, with its ironclads, which had lain like chained and sulky bulldogs under the command of Rear Admiral Raphael Semmes to prevent the ascent of the enemy's ships, would, in the classic flash of the times, "go up" before morn-

ing, the order having already been given; and the naval operations of the Confederacy east of the Mississippi would cease.

The Postmaster-General's arrangements—and they had all been guided by wisdom, energy, and ability—were in sad confusion. By the untiring perseverance of his chief subordinates, who were qualified in a remarkable degree for their duties, he had long kept up mail communication between Richmond and such portions of the country as remained to the Confederacy, embracing the trans-Mississippi department. But latterly the enemy had so broken up his routes, and dispersed his contractors and agents, that very little was left of his postal system beyond his records and clerks. A glance at Judge Reagan, Postmaster-General, was sufficient to show his deep anxieties. Silent and somber, his eyes as bright and glistening as beads, but evidently seeing nothing around them, now whittling a stick down to the little end of nothing without ever reaching a satisfactory point, he sat chewing and ruminating in evident perplexity. The Confederate States did not embrace a truer, bigger-hearted man or a more conscientious public servant than the Postmaster-General, and the solution of the problem of keeping up the mails while the enemy had all the lines of communication was evidently bothering him.

Mr. Trenholm, Secretary of the Treasury, suffering from a painful attack of neuralgia, was accompanied by a portion of his family; and, as usual with men of his practical sense and knowledge of the fitness of things, he was provided with abundant supplies for the inner man, which his companions shared. The coin of his department he had put in charge of the corps of midshipmen, placed at his command by the Secretary of the Navy for this purpose, under the immediate orders of Commander W. H. Parker. These young aspirants for nautical fame, embracing the sons of Breckenridge, Semmes, and other prominent men, guarded this treasure from Richmond to Augusta, and thence back to Abbeville, for thirty days, when they delivered it to the agent of the Treasury Department, Judge Crump, and were disbanded by the government. Exclusive of the specie belonging to the Virginia banks, and loaned for a special purpose, and the return of which the President had ordered, the sum thus removed was under $300,000, while it was supposed by many of those who followed it, resolved to be "in at the death," to amount to millions. Under all the circumstances, this coin was felt to be a very troublesome elephant. The President would not sanction its use or distribution for any purpose but that of paying men in the ranks, many of whom were destitute and nearly naked; but its limited amount did not permit this disposition to be made of it. Cabinet officers and other high functionaries of the government were without money, and many of them had not been paid for months. Confederate notes were worthless, and it was thought by some that their right to receive a portion of their salaries in coin was not fairly considered by the President. He was unchangeable, however, as he usually was when convinced of being right, and the specie finally reached Washington, Georgia, in six wagons. But this is a digression, and we will return to the train.

Silence reigned over the fugitives. All knew how the route to Danville approached the enemy's lines, all knew the activity of his large mounted force, and the chances between a safe passage of the Dan and a general "gobble" by Sheridan's cavalry seemed somewhat in favor of the "gobble."

But apart from the consideration of personal peril, which was generally disregarded, the terrible reverses of the last twenty-four hours were impressed upon the minds and hearts of all as fatal to their cause. There were many even in that small gathering who, to save it, would have cheerfully played the part of Curtius—men who preferred death in any form to its failure and to the grim specters of anarchy, tyranny, and terrorism, which rose behind this utter annihilation of their long cherished hopes and convictions. Painful images of the gigantic efforts, the bloody sacrifices of the South, all fruitless now, and bitter reflections upon trials yet to come, were passing through the minds of all, and were reflected, more or less distinctly, upon every face. The progress of the train was slow, and its interruptions frequent, and it was not until the bright beams of the morning sun shone into the cars, as they "drew their slow length along," at the rate of about ten miles an hour, that any relief from the general gloom was felt, and even then all attempts to dispel it seemed ill timed and out of place.

Mr. Benjamin's deep olive complexion seemed to have become a shade or two darker within the last twenty-four hours, but his Epicurean philosophy was ever at command, and his hope and good humor inexhaustible. In the pleasantest of human voices he playfully called attention to the "serious family" around him as he dis-

cussed a sandwich; and with a "never-give-up-the-ship" sort of air, referred to other great national causes which had been redeemed from far gloomier reverses than ours. A few mercenary spirits of the South had devoted themselves during the terrible struggle specially and successfully to Mammon, but of the Confederates generally it might be said that poverty was the "badge of all their tribe," a badge worn rather with pride than humiliation. Mr. Benjamin was not an exception to the general rule; and he who had long commanded ample wealth to satisfy every want of his genial and refined hospitality, had been for nearly two years restricting himself in the use of what are regarded as the ordinary essentials of daily diet, and was now playfully boasting of the ingenious devices by which he made "both ends meet," and exhibiting his coat and pantaloons, both made of the old shawl which had carried him through three winters, as evidences of his adroit economy.

Ex-Governor Lubbock of Texas, on the President's staff with the rank of Colonel, evidently regarded himself as *ex officio* bound to "make an effort." An earnest, enthusiastic, big-hearted man was Colonel Lubbock, who had seen much of life, knew something of men, less of women, but a great deal about horses, with a large stock of Texas anecdotes, which he disposed of in a style earnest and demonstrative.

The other members of the President's staff present were Colonels John Taylor Wood and William Preston Johnston (son of the lamented Albert Sidney Johnston), both gentlemen of high character, cultivated minds, and pleasing address. They were quiet, but professed to be confident, saw much to deplore, but no reason for despair or for an immediate abandonment of the fight. As the morning advanced our fugitives recovered their spirits, a process which was doubtless aided somewhat by Mr. Trenholm, the astute Secretary of the Treasury, whose well-filled hampers and stock of "old Peach" seemed inexhaustible; and by the time the train reached Danville at five o'clock P.M. all shadows seemed to have departed.

A large number of the people of Danville were assembled at the depot as the train entered it, and the President was cordially greeted; but there was that in the cheers which told as much of sorrow as of joy. With that spirit of hospitality as universal in Virginia as the dews of heaven, the people of Danville opened their houses and provided as far as practicable for the accommodation of the members of the government. The President, with the Secretaries of the Treasury and the Navy, found quarters prepared for them at the home of Colonel Sutherlin, who, though an invalid, and not in the Confederate service, seemed to consider the credit of his town involved in hospitality to the fugitives. Secretary Benjamin, the Attorney-General, Postmaster-General, Adjutant-General, and others were in like manner cared for.

All confidently looked for news from or of Lee on the following day, the 4th of April, and many were the speculations as to its probable character, more or less based upon a thousand rumors. The Secretary of War, with the chief of the Engineer Corps, General Gilmer, Quartermaster-General Lawton, Commissary-General St. John, with a handful of men, had left Richmond on horseback about three hours after the President, expecting to join him at Danville.

The 4th and the succeeding four days passed without bringing a word from Lee or Breckenridge, or of the operations of the army; and the anxiety of the President and his followers was intense. "No news is good news," said the over-hopeful Mr. Benjamin; but the apothegm failed to convince. Some asserted, upon the faith of a very reliable gentleman "just in," that Lee had gained a glorious victory, held his army well in hand, and was steadily pursuing Grant. Others declared that Lee was too busy fighting to send couriers, and that the wires were down. The President was not deceived by these follies; but though he looked for disaster, he was wholly unprepared for Lee's capitulation. In the meantime, Danville had received from Richmond a large addition to her population; and fugitives were constantly arriving with startling rumors of military events, not one of which, however, involved Lee's defeat. Adequate accommodation for these refugees could not be found, and they were herding as best they could. Many, including ladies, and in one instance a bridal party, were living in cars switched off upon a side track, receiving commissary rations and cooking them as circumstances permitted.

Beyond a spasmodic effort of General Gorgas to open his irrepressible Ordnance Bureau, there was no effort to organize departments, for this could be done only under the protection of an army, a protection that seemed very uncertain. Thus were passed five days. To a few, a very few, they were days of hope; to the many they were days

of despondency, if not of despair; and to all, days of intense anxiety.

The navy people—captains, commanders, lieutenants, surgeons, engineers, *et cetera*—usually congregated at the naval store, where Paymaster Semple, the efficient Bureau officer, had accumulated, as he had at several other depots, not only abundant supplies for his own branch of the service, but sufficient to extend to the army frequent and valuable aid. At any hour of the day after nine o'clock A.M., these officers, Captain Lee of the Navy Department among them, might be seen perched around the store upon the beef and bread barrels, some abstractedly shaping strands of cord or marline into fancy forms, which changed from running bowlines to hangmen's knots or Turk's heads, or were laid up hawser-fashion and unlaid, to be spliced and knotted or to become something else. Others were overhauling their trunks and bags, putting their traps in order, at intervals calling attention to some quaint cup, curious case, or odd-looking box or other strange relic of distant lands, by brief allusions to its history, and to "my first cruise in the China seas," or to "my cruise with old Perry to Japan," or to "my last cruise in the Mediterranean with old Buchanan." Others were writing letters upon desks improvised of provision or clothing boxes, upon sheets of paper borrowed from this one, with pens borrowed from another one, and with an inkstand which served all the writers, however distant, at the same time.

They were generally grave and silent; and without ships or boats or duties, all adrift upon dry land, they presented a pretty fair illustration of "fish out of water." They doubtless felt that, should the Southern people rise at once and flock to their leading armies, there would still be fields of labor and fame for any soldier; but with all Confederate ports, bays, and waters in the hands of the enemy, their occupation as naval men was gone.

Among the junior officers of the Confederate service, embracing such men as Maffitt, Wilkinson, Davidson, John Brooke, Robert Minor, Murdaugh, Dunington, Waddell, Shepherd, Fry, Eggleston, and others, were many who were justly regarded in the old navy as not the least of its bright particular stars. To such men, with talent, education, energy, and professional experience and ability, all aided by vigorous manhood, the future will accord an honorable support, if not wealth and distinction, in any career to which they may devote themselves. Not so the senior officers. They, in obedience to what they regarded as the highest dictates of honor and duty, left the old navy, followed their respective States into secession, and shared their fortunes; and now, after forty or fifty years of honorable service, they find themselves, in their old age, without the means of supporting their families and without heart or vigor to enter upon a new career. No class of men who embarked in the Confederate cause is more entitled to consideration, respect, and sympathy for stern adherence to principle.

The plans of the Confederate Government for obtaining fighting ships from Europe were well devised, but met with determined opposition. The depredations of the "Alabama" and the "Florida," both built by the Lairds at Birkenhead, had brought down upon the British Government the concentrated indignation of the United States; and from their public journals and Congressional debates, no less than from the remonstrances of Mr. Adams, John Bull, though with evident reluctance, was compelled to choose between offending the United States and the Confederates. They were both capital customers, but he had to decide, and it did not take him long to do it and in his characteristic way. The portly old sea-dog jammed his hat down upon his head, thrust his hands into his pockets, expanded his chest, puffed out his cheeks, dilated his eyes, turned red in the face, and with well-simulated passion swore roundly at the "so-called Confederate Government," and turned Mr. Mason out in the cold. Lord John Russell adroitly patted him upon the back, and kept the dogged old fellow in this humor by telling him to go ahead and seize all rams and all other suspicious water animals, and that though the foreign enlistment act would not justify it, he would appeal to Parliament to make a law to suit the case.

It is but fair to say, however—and the whole story will at no distant day be made public—that while the results of the action of the British and French governments upon the subject were the same to the Confederacy, their conduct was widely and characteristically different; and that while John Bull put his foot squarely down and said to the "so-called Confederate Government," "Don't come here to get any more ships and kick up a row; damn me, I'll not stand it," France, the government of the emperor *sans peur* and *sans reproche*, fair and false to both sides, exhibited about as much good faith

and sincerity as might be expected from any professional Jeremy Diddler.

But *revenons à nos moutons.*

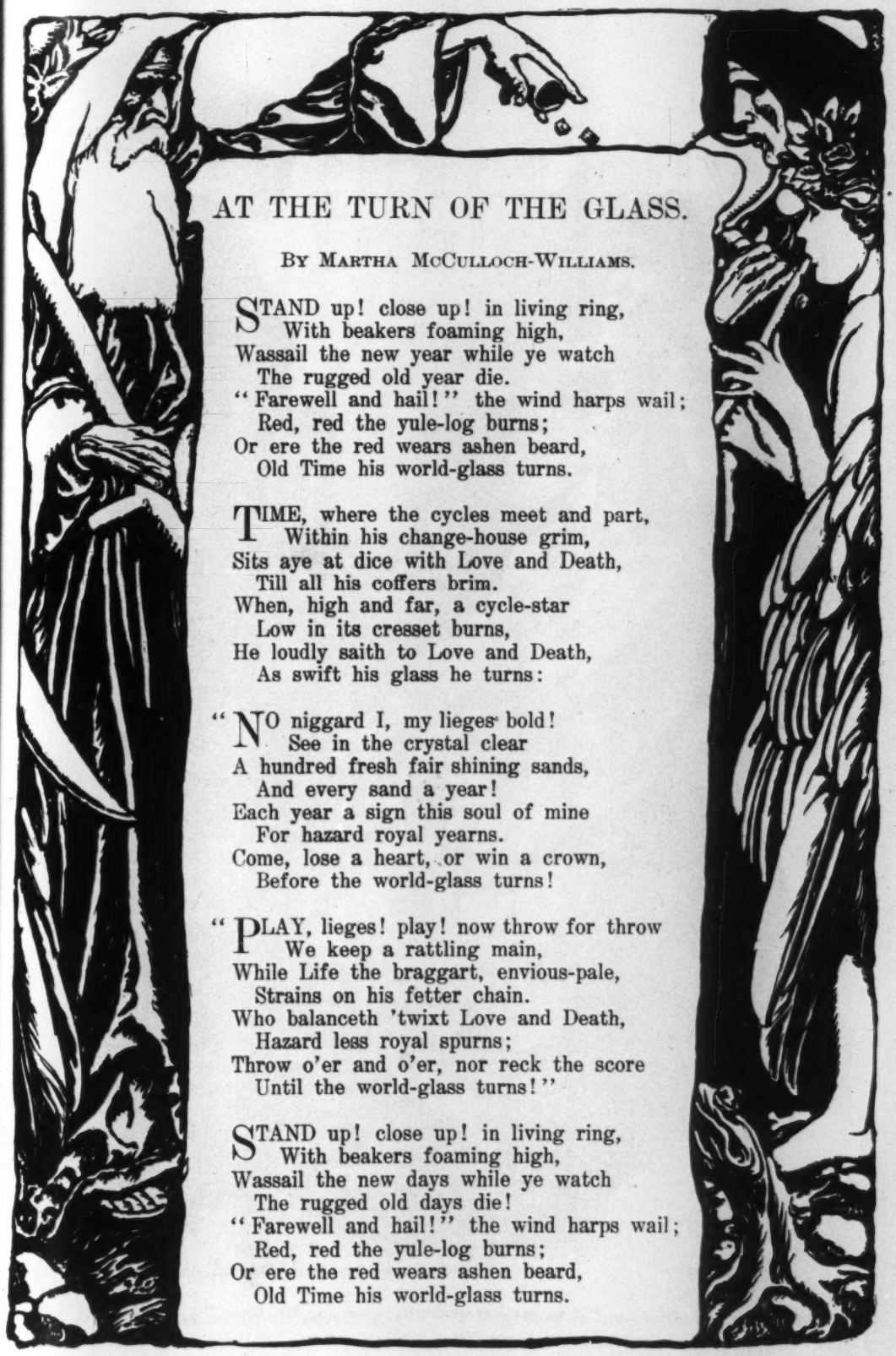
In the afternoon of the 9th of April, a courier from Lee's army, one of three to whom the message had been committed, reached Danville with intelligence of Lee's surrender. It fell upon the ears of all like a fire-bell in the night. The President received the unexpected blow about four o'clock at his office, where several members of his Cabinet and staff were assembled. They carefully scanned the message as it passed from hand to hand, looked at each other gravely and mutely, and for some moments a silence, more eloquent of great disaster than words could have been, prevailed. The importance of prompt action, however, was evident, and in a short time preparations for moving south, before the enemy's cavalry could intervene and prevent escape, were in rapid progress. The hour of departure for Greensboro, North Carolina, was fixed for eight o'clock that evening; but, as usual, there was delay. Nothing seemed to be ready or in order, and the train, with the President, did not leave until nearly eleven o'clock. Much rain had fallen, and the depot could be reached only through mud knee deep. With the utter darkness, the crowding of quartermasters' wagons, the yells of their contending drivers, the curses, loud and deep, of soldiers, organized and disorganized, determined to get upon the train in defiance of the guard, the mutual shouts of inquiry and response as to missing individuals or luggage, the want of baggage arrangements, and the insufficient and dangerous provision made for getting horses into their cars, the crushing of the crowd, and the determination to get transportation at any hazard, together with the absence of any recognized authority, all seasoned by *sub rosa* rumors that the enemy had already cut the Greensboro road, created a confusion such as it was never before the fortune of old Danville to witness.

At ten o'clock, Cabinet officers and other chiefs of the government, each seated upon or jealously guarding his baggage, formed near the cars a little silent group by themselves in the darkness, lighted only by Mr. Benjamin's inextinguishable cigar. It was nearly eleven o'clock when the President took his seat and the train moved off. The night was intensely dark, with a slight rain, the road in wretched condition, and the progress was consequently very slow. Upon reaching Greensboro it was found that a body of Federal cavalry had cut the road at a point which the train had passed but five minutes before. It was a lucky escape, but "a miss is as good as a mile" was the brief commentary of the President upon it.

No provision had been made for the accommodation of the President and staff, or for his Cabinet; and to their surprise they found it impracticable to obtain these essentials important alike to peasant and potentate, board and lodging. Greensboro had been a flourishing town, and there were many commodious and well-furnished residences in and about it; but their doors were closed and their "latch-strings pulled in" against the members of a retreating government. The President was not well, and Colonel Wood of his staff provided him with a bed at the limited and temporary quarters of his family; and the staff and Cabinet, with other prominent gentlemen, took up their quarters in a dilapidated, leaky passenger car. Here they ate, slept, and lived during their stay in Greensboro, a negro boy cooking their rations in the open air near by. Mr. Trenholm, who was very ill, and who found quarters at the large and elegant mansion of Governor Morehead, was the only exception.

Offhand, generous hospitality has ever been regarded as characteristic of the South, and had such a scene as this been predicted of any of its people, it would have encountered universal unbelief. This pitiable phase of human nature was a marked exception to the conduct of the people upon this eventful journey, who, from Greensboro to Washington, Georgia, received the President and his companions with uniform kindness, courtesy, and hospitality. The "Cabinet car" was, however, during these dreary days at Greensboro a very agreeable resort. Like true men of the world, its distinguished hosts did the honors to their visitors with a cheerfulness and good humor, seasoned by a flow of good spirits, which threw a charm around the wretched shelter and made their situation seem rather a matter of choice than of necessity. The navy store supplied bread and bacon, and by the active foraging of Paymaster Semple and others of the party, biscuits, eggs, and coffee were added; and with a few tin cups, spoons, and pocket knives, and a liberal use of fingers and capital appetites, they managed to get enough to eat, and they slept as best they could.

The times were "sadly out of joint" just then, and so was the Confederate Government.



AT THE TURN OF THE GLASS.

By Martha McCulloch-Williams.

STAND up! close up! in living ring,
With beakers foaming high,
Wassail the new year while ye watch
The rugged old year die.
"Farewell and hail!" the wind harps wail;
Red, red the yule-log burns;
Or ere the red wears ashen beard,
Old Time his world-glass turns.

TIME, where the cycles meet and part,
Within his change-house grim,
Sits aye at dice with Love and Death,
Till all his coffers brim.
When, high and far, a cycle-star
Low in its cresset burns,
He loudly saith to Love and Death,
As swift his glass he turns:

"NO niggard I, my lieges bold!
See in the crystal clear
A hundred fresh fair shining sands,
And every sand a year!
Each year a sign this soul of mine
For hazard royal yearns.
Come, lose a heart, or win a crown,
Before the world-glass turns!

"PLAY, lieges! play! now throw for throw
We keep a rattling main,
While Life the braggart, envious-pale,
Strains on his fetter chain.
Who balanceth 'twixt Love and Death,
Hazard less royal spurns;
Throw o'er and o'er, nor reck the score
Until the world-glass turns!"

STAND up! close up! in living ring,
With beakers foaming high,
Wassail the new days while ye watch
The rugged old days die!
"Farewell and hail!" the wind harps wail;
Red, red the yule-log burns;
Or ere the red wears ashen beard,
Old Time his world-glass turns.

"I've been hearing something about you, Mr. Carter."

More Dolly Dialogues

by Anthony Hope

"Ancient History"

Drawings by Howard Chandler Christy

"I'VE been hearing something about you, Mr. Carter," Dolly remarked, stroking the Persian kitten which she had bought to match her hair.

"I'm very weak. I shall like to hear it, too." And I sat down.

Dolly kissed the kitten, and went on, "About you and Dulcie Mildmay."

"That's very ancient history," said I, rather disgusted.

"You admit it is history, though?"

"History is what women have agreed to repeat, Lady Mickleham."

"Oh, if you're going to take it like that! I thought we were friends—and——"

"There is no greater mark of friendship," I observed, "than a complete absence of interest in one's doings."

"An absence of interest?" smiled Dolly, retying the kitten's bow in a meditative way.

"It makes the heart grow fonder (not, of course, that that's desirable). You notice, for example, that I don't ask where Archie is. It's not my business; it's enough for me that he isn't here."

"You always were easily pleased," said Dolly kindly.

"So with you and me. When we are together, we are——"

"Friends," said she, with a touch of firmness, as I thought.

"We are, as I was about to say, happy. When I'm away, what am I to you? Nothing!"

"Well, I've an awful lot to do," murmured Dolly.

"And what are you to me?" I pursued. "A pleasing memory!"

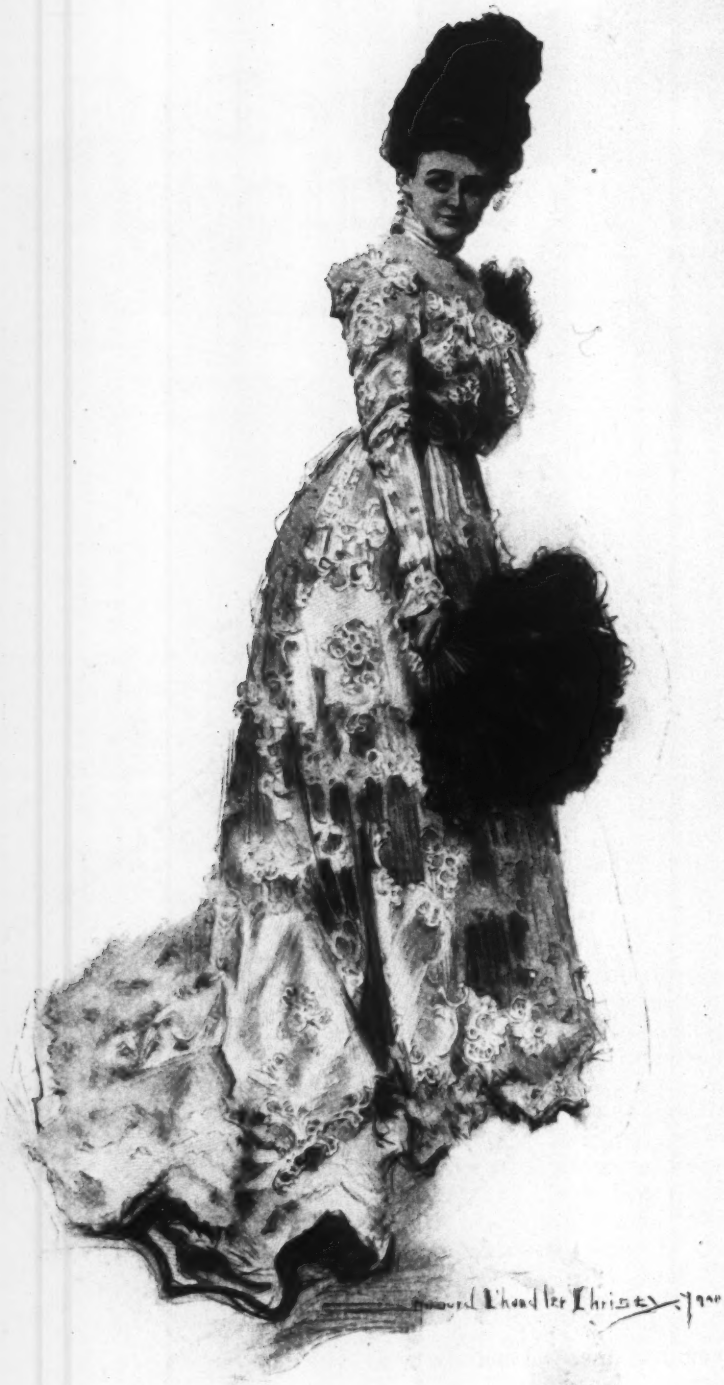
"Thank you, Mr. Carter. But about Dulcie Mildmay?"

"Very well—only I wish you'd be a little more recent."

"Mr. Carter."

"You were in love with her, you know."

"I trust I'm always ready to learn," said I, resignedly.



"*Dolly.*"

"Oh, it's not as if I meant there was anything—anything there oughtn't to be."

"Then indeed we would discuss it."

"It was long before she married."

"You must really forgive me, then. She married in '94. April 15th, to be precise. I beg your pardon, Lady Mickleham?"

"I just smiled. You've such a splendid memory for dates."

"Uncle Joseph died last week, and left me a legacy."

"It's really no use, Mr. Carter. Mrs. Hilary told me all about it."

"I never can conceal anything. It don't do, from Mrs. Hilary."

"You very nearly proposed to Dulcie, down the river one day. She had great difficulty in stopping you."

"Preposterous! Is there ever any difficulty in stopping me?"

Dolly placed the kitten on her left shoulder—so that it could rub its face against her ear. This action had all the effect of an observation.

"Though what you saw in her I can't think," she added.

"You should have asked me at the time," said I.

"Anyhow, you were quite depressed for a month afterwards—Mrs. Hilary said so."

"Occasionally," I remarked, "Mrs. Hilary does me justice. I should have been depressed only——"

"Only what?"

"Thankfulness supervened," said I.

"Then you did nearly——"

"Oh, well, I was a little tempted, perhaps."

"You oughtn't to yield to temptation."

"Well, somebody must, or the thing becomes absurd," said I.

"I shall have to keep my eye on you, Mr. Carter."

"Well, I like having pretty things about me——"

"That's rather obvious," interrupted Dolly, scornfully.

"And so," I pursued, "I daresay I enjoyed myself with Dulcie Mildmay."

Dolly put the kitten down on the floor with quite a bump. I took my hat.

"Your story," said I, as I brushed my hat, "hasn't come to much, Lady Mickleham."

Dolly was not put out; nay, she picked up the kitten again and started rubbing its fur the wrong way.

"When you were a child, Mr. Carter—" she began.

"Dear, dear!" I murmured, stroking the crown of my head.

"Did you use to tell the truth?"

I put my hat back on the table. The conversation began to interest me.

"You may have noticed," said I, "that I am a man of method!"

"You do call regularly," Dolly agreed.

"I was the same at the B. C. sort of period you refer to. I had an invariable rule. I lied first."

"Yes, and then?"

"Oh, they made a row. Then I told the truth, and was rewarded. If I'd told the truth the first time, you see, I should have got nothing. The thing would have degenerated into a matter of course, and I should have lost the benefit of confession."

"You got off, I suppose, by confessing?"

"I did. A halcyon period, Lady Mickleham. In later life one gets off by professing. Have you observed the difference?"

"Professing what?"

"An attachment to somebody else, to be sure. Weren't we talking of Dulcie Mildmay?"

"I asked you that question because Mrs. Hilary's little girl——"

"I am acquainted with that sad episode," I interposed. "Indeed, I took occasion to observe that I hoped it would make Mrs. Hilary more charitable to other people. As a matter of fact, it rather pleased me. Righteousness shouldn't run in families. It is all very well as a 'Sport,' but——"

"I don't see much sport in it," interrupted Dolly.

"I was speaking scientifically——"

"Then please don't." She paused and resumed, in a thoughtful tone, "It reminded me of my first flirtation."

"This is, indeed, ancient history," I cried.

"Yes, I'm twenty-four."

In silent sympathy we stroked opposite ends of the Persian kitten.

"I didn't care one bit about him," Dolly assumed.

"Art for art's sake," said I, nodding approvingly.

"But there was nothing else to do and——"

"Are you busy this afternoon?"

"I was only sixteen, and not very particular. I met him at the Wax-works——"

"Are they so called because they make parents angry?"

"There was a hospital close to, and by an unlucky chance our vicar induced mamma to

visit it. Well, we ran into mamma coming out, you see."

"What happened?" I asked.

"Oh, I said I'd met him when I was with papa at Kissingen. Don't make another pun, please."

"Did papa play up?"

"I hadn't time to see him first," said Dolly, sadly. "Mamma drove down and picked him up in the City."

"I detest a suspicious temperament like that," said I. "What did it come to?"

"No parties, and extra French for weeks," sighed Dolly. "Mamma said she wouldn't have minded if only I'd spoken the truth."

"If she really meant that," I remarked, cautiously, "there was the basis of an understanding."

"Of course she didn't. That was just rubbing it in, you know."

We relapsed into a pensive silence. Dolly gave the kitten milk; I pulled its tail. We had become quite thoughtful.

"I always tell the truth now, except to the Dowager," said Dolly presently.

"It doesn't do to be quixotic," I agreed. "Telling the truth to people who misunderstand you is really promoting falsehood, isn't it?"

"That's rather a good idea," said Dolly. "And if you——"

"Adapt?"

"Yes—why then they get it just right, don't they? You think of quite sensible things sometimes, Mr. Carter."

"Often when I'm not with you," said I.

"And I suppose you adapted in telling me about Dulcie Mildmay?"

"Do you know, I've a sort of idea that I confused her with somebody else."

"That's not very complimentary."

"Oh, I don't know. I remember the scene so well. It was in a backwater under a tree. There was a low bough over the water, and she——"

"Who?" asked Dolly, resuming exclusive possession of kitten.

"Well, whoever it was—hung her hat on the bough. It was about eight o'clock, a very pleasant evening. I happen to recollect that the cushions were blue. And she wore blue. And I was blue, until— Did you say that she refused me?"

"Mrs. Hilary says she didn't let it come to that."

"Mrs. Hilary is right, as usual. We got home at ten and— Your mother couldn't have meant what she said, I think."

"I don't see how mamma comes in," said Dolly, in a voice muffled by kitten fur.

"Because her mother minded considerably, although we spoke the truth."

"What did you do that for?" asked Dolly, reprovingly.

"Oh, because other people had seen us from a punt. So we just said that time had flown—not, perhaps, a particularly tactful thing to say. And that's the whole truth about Dulcie Mildmay."

I rose and took my hat again—as if I meant it this time, too. Dolly rose, too, and held out one hand to me; the other contained the kitten.

"What was the hat like?" asked Dolly.

"Just such a hat as you'd wear yourself," said I.

"I never wear hats like Dulcie Mildmay's."

"I told you there was a mistake somewhere," I observed triumphantly.

Dolly smiled; she looked up at me (well, I'm taller than she is, of course).

"Yes, I expect there is," said she. "But do you see any particular good in telling Mrs. Hilary so?"

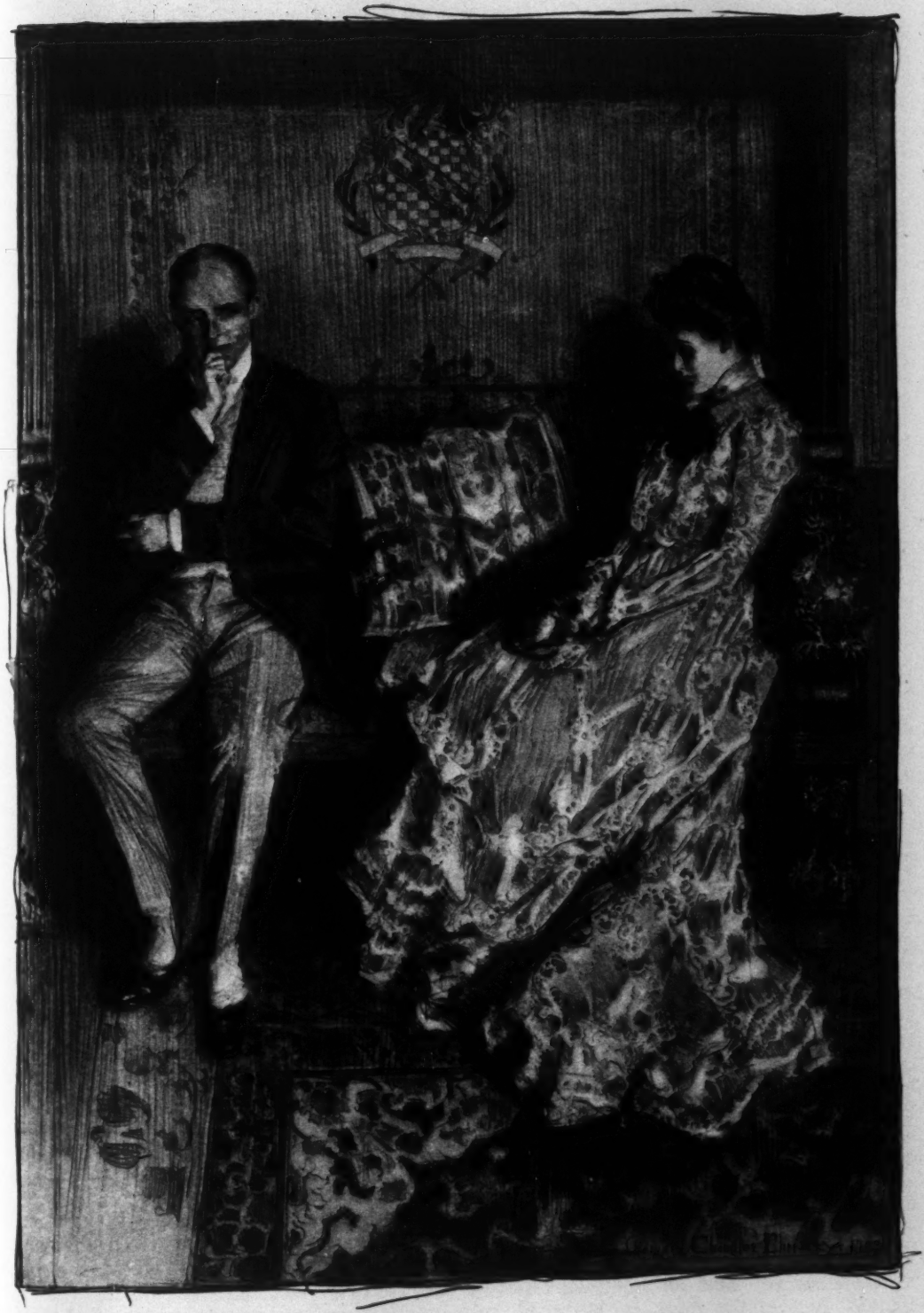
"She wouldn't believe it."

"No—and——"

"It is, as you observed, so uncomplimentary to Mrs. Mildmay."

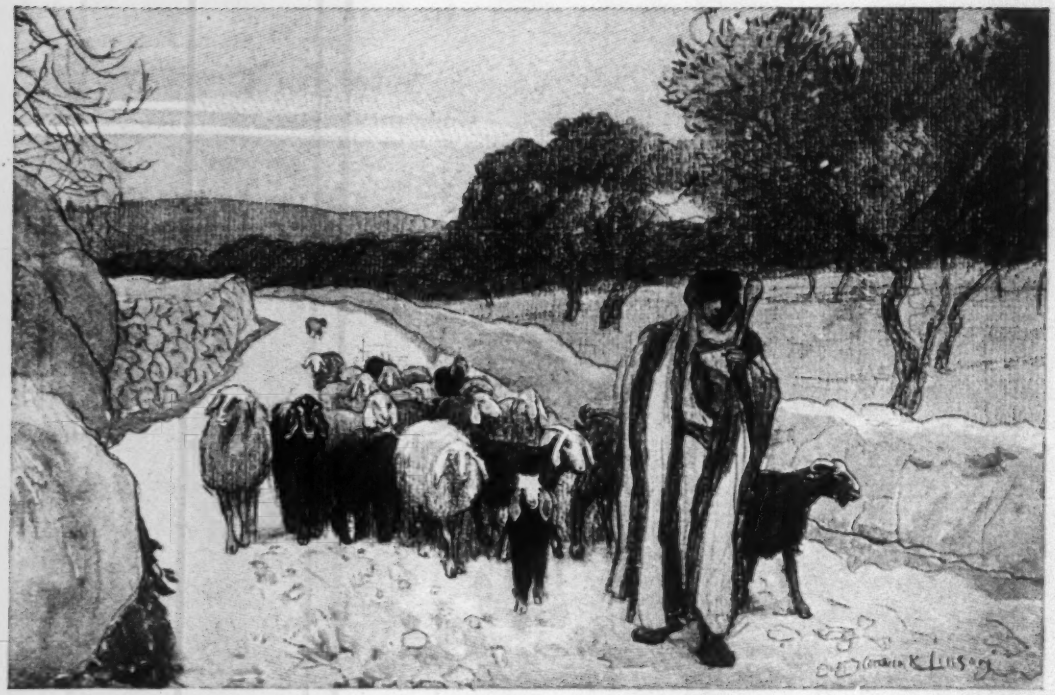
"And it's all such very Ancient History!"

I don't think anything more of interest occurred that afternoon—anyhow, nothing more about Dulcie Mildmay.



"You were in love with her, you know."

. . . . *He goeth before them, and the sheep follow him : for they know his voice.*—JOHN, X. 4.



THE FOUR-FOLD CHRIST.

BY THE REVEREND JOHN WATSON, D.D.

ILLUSTRATED BY CORWIN KNAPP LINSON.

THERE are four Christs known to men, but there is only one Living Christ, Who has created Christianity, and Who is the object of the faith of the Christian Church.

First, there is the man who was born at the beginning of this era in Palestine, and gathered a body of disciples, and produced a profound impression on the people, and was credited with various miracles, and left behind Him certain moving sayings, and was at last crucified.

> "And on His grave, with shining eyes,
> The Syrian stars look down."

It is necessary that an intelligent person should have those facts in his mind, for without an actual basis of fact the life of Christ dissolves into a dream; but the knowledge of this Christ has no more spiritual effect upon the human race than a biography of Alexander or of Socrates. This is the historical Christ.

The second Christ has touched the imagination of the finest minds of the race, and has floated before them as a very lovely and attractive ideal. He looks downs upon us from the Transfiguration of Raphael, He is the King Arthur of Tennyson's Idylls, He lives in the beautiful deeds and sacrifices of St. Francis, He has done more for the most insensible and unromantic of us than we are aware, but this Christ one knows only as he might admire a piece of art. This is the poetical Christ.

Another Christ came to fulfil the covenant of Grace, and rendered perfect obedience to the Eternal Law, and expiated the penalty of our sins, and rose again for our justification, and has entered into Heaven to be the High Priest of God's House, and shall

come again to judge the world. As time went on this Christ came to be little else than a frame on which the embroidered garments of doctrine were laid, while beneath their voluminous folds the Nazarene Himself was hidden and forgotten. No one can love this lay figure any more than an abstraction of the study. This is the theological Christ.

There is still a fourth Christ, Who lies in no grave, Who needs no picture, Who is secluded in no Heaven; Who revealed Himself to the disciples on the way to Emmaus; Who was persecuted by Saul of Tarsus; Who arose from His throne to receive the martyr Stephen; Who calls upon men to leave all and to follow Him; Who suffers with every Christian that sorrows, and toils in every Christian that serves, and rejoices with every Christian that gets unto himself the victory; Who still welcomes Magdalene, and teaches Thomas, and guides Peter, and is betrayed by Judas; Who still divides human opinion, is adored or misunderstood, is still called "Master," or sent unto the Cross. This is the Living Christ, present, effectual, eternal.

Bridge over the Kedron. *Pillar of Absalom.* *So-called tombs of St. James and Zacharias.*

Way from Jerusalem up Mount of Olives.

When the Master gave up the Ghost on the Cross, and pious hands laid His weary body to rest in Joseph's tomb, had His enemies finally triumphed, and was this the end of Jesus' life? If one looks into it, this is the question of questions for the minds of men, and beside it none is to be mentioned as regards significance or consequences. For thirty-three years Jesus had trusted in God, and loved his fellow-men, and lived above this world, and trampled every kind of sin under foot. He claimed to be the Son of God, and to have come into this world to do God's work. He laid down His Life with perfect singleness of heart upon the Cross, and He declared that God would raise Him again from the dead. The Resurrection was to be the sanction of His Life and Death; it was to be the prophecy and earnest of His power and glory. If He were raised from the dead, then He was beyond doubt the Son of God, and the Saviour of the world, Who had overcome the enemy of the human race and opened the gates of immortality. If His body had seen corruption in Joseph's tomb, and none had again looked on Jesus Christ, then the Pharisees and priests would not only have attained their design, and done their will upon the Prophet of Nazareth, but sin would have been unconquered, and death would still wield an unbroken sway over our race. With a satisfaction tempered by nervous anxiety, His enemies saw Him die. With bitter regret, untouched by hope, His disciples buried Him in the Garden, and the very heart of human faith and of human hope hangs upon the issue.

The event of the third day does not merely concern the Christian Church: it also gravely affects the destiny of the human race. Whatever may be a man's nation or a man's creed, whatever may be his personal history or his moral character, the deepest desire in his nature is for immortality—that when this short life is closed, with its limitations and its defeats, its sorrows and its sin, he may begin again under better circumstances in another world. His profound but often unconfessed hope is that he may be assured of this immortality by evidence that will satisfy his reason and cause light to rise in his darkness. No doubt the Christ of Nazareth and of Jerusalem, who died at the age of thirty-three, has been an incalculable addition to the spiritual resources of humanity, and without Him the world would have been a darker and more cruel place. But the supreme object of faith for the human soul, and the great gift which the Church presents

AT EMMAUS.

And it came to pass, as he sat at meat with them, he took bread, and blessed it, and brake, and gave to them. And their eyes were opened, and they knew him; and he vanished out of their sight.—LUKE, xxiv. 30, 31.

unto the world, is the Christ who not only died, but also rose again and is alive for evermore. As often as the disciples of Christ fail to realize this risen Christ and minimize their Gospel of everlasting life, they are not only unfaithful to their Master, but they also inflict bitter disappointment on the unbelieving world. There are many schools where the world can learn philosophy and morality, there is only one pulpit where this Evangel of Life is preached. When that message is declared with unfaltering note, and is supported by reasonable evidence, then the heart of every hearer is in alliance with the preacher, and what a man has hoped he is now ready to believe. The Resurrection of Him Who was crucified means that in the spiritual straits of life no man will be left alone, that the crushing sorrows of life are not without their more abundant consolation, that we are not finally separated from those whom we love, and have lost, and that the day is yet to break upon this present night.

Just because the Resurrection of Christ means so much for human life, its faith must not be grounded on sentiment, so that we shall simply believe because we wish, and our reason shall be swamped by our hearts. An intelligent person is bound by his conscience to criticize the evidence for this great event, and it is fortunate that the first witnesses are beyond reproach. The testimony of the disciples to the revelation of the third day is as strong as anything which can be produced for the best accredited fact in history. The Apostles and the Holy Women were absolutely simple and honest country folk, without any guile of spirit or tricks of speech. There is not only no sign of artifice in their testimony, but the reader is annoyed because they are not more utterly overcome with excitement and amazement. Nor can it be said that when the Lord ap-

peared they saw what they had expected, and were in reality only reading from the hope of their hearts instead of from the sight of their eyes. It was not only St. Thomas, but also St. John and St. Peter, who had sadly concluded, notwithstanding all that Jesus had said to them, that their eyes would never again rest upon their beloved Master, but that He, like all men before Him, had fallen before the great adversary. Their unbelief, in fact, was so great that the Apostles could not credit the report of the women; and the most thoughtful of the Apostles would not believe his own brethren, but declared that unless he could touch the very wounds of Christ he could not accept the Lord's Resurrection. It was also in the last degree inexpedient and dangerous for them to declare the Resurrection, since it was bound to bring upon them the enmity of the Jewish rulers, and likely to send them to their Master's death. Nothing but profound conviction could have opened the mouth of the disciples and compelled them, in the face of the hostility of Jerusalem, to declare that the priests had not won, but that Jesus had obtained the victory. Upon these men, also, faith in the Resurrection produced its natural and conspicuous effect, since one cannot imagine any greater difference than between Simon, the son of Jonas, denying his Lord through fear of a servant-girl, and St. Peter defying Jerusalem at the Day of Pentecost. Has it ever been known in the annals of evidence that a body of simple-minded men should bear witness to a fact which beforehand they had not been able to believe, the declaration of which could only involve them in the last danger, but who have believed so firmly that their faith has made them into heroes and into saints?

THE APPEARANCE TO THE SEVEN AT THE SEA OF TIBERIAS.

Jesus shewed himself again to the disciples at the sea of Tiberias. . . . That disciple whom Jesus loved saith unto Peter, It is the Lord. Now when Simon Peter heard that it was the Lord, he . . . did cast himself into the sea. And the other disciples came in a little ship.—JOHN, xxi. 1, 7, 8.

If the first disciples have borne convincing witness to the fact of the Resurrection, their

successors during eighteen centuries have united in their witness to the power of the Resurrection. Whether or not one is prepared to believe in the Resurrection of Jesus, he must accept the fact that Jesus created upon the face of the earth a new society which He called the Kingdom of God, and which is called the Church. This society owed its first success to the impulse of Jesus, and its life for a short period after His death might be explained by the after effect of Jesus' Spirit and influence—a mere result of one of the laws of spiritual motion. When, however, Jesus had been dead, say, seventy years, and the last of the disciples who knew and loved Him had died, then this society ought also to have decayed and perished. On the contrary, it set out on a new conquest, and notwithstanding many a defeat and failure, has gone since that day from strength to strength. Other religions have no doubt lived and conquered after the founder's death, but they have not been bound up by inextricable and spiritual ties with their founder. Before Jesus died He gathered His disciples in the upper room and told them of His departure. It seemed to them a hopeless and irrevocable disaster, for on Him they had depended for wisdom and for inspiration; present with Him they were strong, absent from Him they were helpless. What would become of them after He had finally departed, and they were left alone to stand in the midst of the world? He assured them that the tie between Him and them could never be broken, but that it would be spiritualized—that it was expedient for them that He should depart from their sight because He would return to their hearts. During the ages to come they were to abide in His love, and He would abide in their lives, and all His grace would be at their service, and in them He would reveal Himself in word and deed unto the world.

PERSIAN JEWISH BOYS

This was the promise of Jesus, and history is here the witness of its fulfilment. The mysterious union of human souls with the Living Christ, which constitutes the strength of the Christian Church, has been proved by signs and wonders. It has been proved by

the days in which the Church lost her sense of Divine fellowship and became cold and unbelieving; then the Church sank into an irreligious and worldly institution, helpless, hopeless, and corrupt. It has been proved by the days of revival, when the Church returned unto her first love and faith; then she arose in her might and conquered new provinces of the world, radiant, strong, and triumphant. From time to time the teaching of Jesus, like seed sown in the ground, has been visited by a springtime, and the commandments of Jesus, judged to be ideal and quixotic, have been embodied in the laws of countries and the institutions of society. Private individuals living narrow and lonely lives have shown themselves capable of heroic sacrifices, and, what is still finer, of patient continuance in commonplace duty, so that Heaven has been brought into earthly homes, and this, according to their testimony, has been due to the presence and grace of Jesus Christ. The apology for Christianity is not contained in the writings of scholars, but in the triumph of martyrs, in the joy of mourners, in the holiness of saints. If the Church as a body, and her members as single disciples, declare that their weakness has arisen from the absence of Christ, driven away by unbelief, and their strength has alone come from Christ when He returned in the power of His Spirit, what can be said against such witness? and why should it not be accepted as true? There is such a thing as the mirage of the desert, which has mocked the dying traveler, and the history of religion affords fantastic notions which have been the craze of society for a day and have vanished away. No one with a serious mind can make any comparison between these passing delusions and the faith of Christ. There is also the oasis where the grass is green and the palm trees stand erect in their beauty, and the reason thereof is the unfailing spring which rises from the heart of the earth and yields its living water to the traveler, as he journeys across the desert from the land which he has left to the land which he has never seen. That spring is the Spirit of the Living Christ, Who "was dead," and is "alive for evermore," Who remaineth from age to age the strength and hope of the race into which He was born and for which He died.

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—The foregoing article is the Epilogue to Dr. Watson's "The Life of the Master," the Prologue of which appeared in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE for December, 1899.]

KIM.

By Rudyard Kipling.

CHAPTER I.

Oh ye who tread the Narrow Way,
By Tophet-flare to Judgment Day,
Be gentle when the heathen pray
To Buddha at Kamakura!

HE sat, in defiance of municipal orders, astride the gun Zam-Zammah on her brick platform opposite the Wonder House, as natives call the Lahore Museum. Who hold Zam-Zammah, that "fire-breathing dragon," hold the Punjab; for the great green-bronze piece is always first of the conqueror's loot.

There was some justification for Kim—he had kicked Lala Dinanath's boy off the trunnions—since the English held the Punjab and Kim was English. Though he was burned black as any native; though he spoke the vernacular by preference, and his mother-tongue in a clipped, uncertain sing-song; though he consorted on terms of perfect equality with the small boys of the bazaar, Kim was white—a poor white of the very poorest. The half-caste woman who looked after him (she smoked opium, and pretended to keep a second-hand furniture shop by the square where the cheap cabs wait) told the missionaries that she was Kim's mother's sister; but his mother had been nursemaid in a colonel's family, and had married Kimball O'Hara, a young color-sergeant of the Mavericks, an Irish regiment. He afterwards took a post on the Sind, Punjab, and Delhi Railway, and his regiment went home without him. The wife died of cholera in Ferozepore, and O'Hara fell to drink and loafing up and down the line with the keen-eyed three-year-old baby. Societies and chaplains, anxious for the child, tried to catch him, but O'Hara drifted away, till he came across the woman who took opium and learned the taste from her, and died as poor whites die in India. His estate at death consisted of three papers—one he called his "*ne varietur*" because those words were written below his signature thereon, and another his "clearance certificate." The third was Kim's birth-certificate. Those things, he was used to say, in his glorious opium hours, would yet make little Kimball a man. On no account was Kim to part with them, for they belonged to a great piéce of magic—such magic as men practised over yonder behind the Museum, in the big blue and white Jadoo-Gher—the Magic House, as we name the Masonic Lodge. It would, he said, all come right some day, and Kim's horn would be exalted between pillars—monstrous pillars—of beauty and strength. The Colonel himself, riding on a horse, at the head of the finest regiment in the world, would attend to Kim—little Kim that should have been better off than his father. Nine hundred first-class devils, whose god was a red bull on a green field, would attend to Kim, if they had not forgotten O'Hara—poor O'Hara that was gang-foreman on the Ferozepore line. Then he would weep bitterly in the broken rush chair on the veranda. So it came about after his death that the woman sewed parchment, paper, and birth-certificate into a leather amulet-case which she strung round Kim's neck.

"And some day," she said, confusedly remembering O'Hara's prophecies, "there will come for you a great red bull on a green field, and the Colonel riding on his tall horse, yes, and"—dropping into English—"nine hundred devils."

"Ah," said Kim, "I shall remember. A red bull and a Colonel on a horse will come, but first, my father said, come the two men making ready the ground for these matters. That is how, my father said, they always did, and it is always so when men work magic."

If the woman had sent Kim up to the local Jadoo-Gher with those papers, he would, of course, have been taken over by the Provincial Lodge and sent to the Masonic Orphanage in the Hills; but what she had heard of magic she distrusted. Kim, too, held views of his own. As he reached the years of indiscretion, he learned to avoid missionaries and white men of serious aspect who asked who he was, and what he did. For Kim did nothing with an immense success. True, he

knew the wonderful walled city of Lahore from the Delhi Gate to the outer Fort Ditch; was hand in glove with men who led lives stranger than anything Haroun al Raschid dreamed of; and lived in a life wild as that of the Arabian Nights, but missionaries and secretaries of charitable societies could not see the beauty of it. His nickname through the wards was "Little Friend of all the World"; and very often, being lithe and inconspicuous, he executed commissions by night on the crowded housetops for sleek and shiny young men of fashion. It was intrigue, of course—he knew that much, as he had known all evil since he could speak—but what he loved was the game for its own sake—the stealthy prowl through the dark gullies and lanes, the crawl up a water-pipe, the sights and sounds of the women's world on the flat roofs, and the headlong flight from housetop to housetop under cover of the hot dark. Then there were holy men, ash-smeared *fakirs* by their brick shrines under the trees at the riverside, with whom he was quite familiar—greeting them as they returned from begging-tours, and, when no one was by, eating from the same dish. The woman who looked after him insisted with tears that he should wear European clothes—trousers, a shirt, and a battered hat. Kim found it easier to slip into Hindu or Mohammedan garb when engaged on certain businesses. One of the young men of fashion—he who was found dead at the bottom of a well on the night of the earthquake—had once given him a complete suit of Hindu kit, the costume of a low-caste street boy, and Kim stored it in a secret place under some balks in Nila Ram's timber-yard, beyond the Punjab High Court, where the fragrant deodar-logs lie seasoning after they have driven down the Ravee. When there was business or frolic afoot, Kim would use his properties, returning at dawn to the veranda, all tired out from shouting at the heels of a marriage procession, or yelling at a Hindu festival. Sometimes there was food in the house, more often there was not, and Kim went out again to eat with his native friends.

As he drummed heels against Zam-Zammah he turned now and again from his king-of-the-castle game with little Chota Lal and Abdullah the sweetmeat seller's son to make a rude remark to the native policeman on guard over rows of shoes at the Museum door. The big Punjabi grinned tolerantly: he knew Kim of old. So did the water-carrier, sluicing water on the dry road from his goat-skin bag. So did Jawahir Singh, the Museum carpenter, bent over new packing-cases. So did everybody in sight except the peasants from the country, hurrying up to the Wonder House to view the things that men made in their own province and elsewhere. The Museum was given up to Indian arts and manufactures, and anybody who sought wisdom could ask the curator to explain.

"Off! Off! Let me up!" cried Abdullah, climbing up Zam-Zammah's wheel.

"Thy father was a pastry-cook, Thy mother stole the butter," sang Kim. "All Mussulmans fell off Zam-Zammah long ago!"

"Let *me* up!" shrilled little Chota Lal in his gilt embroidered cap. His father was worth perhaps half a million sterling, but India is the only democratic land in the world.

"The Hindus fell off Zam-Zammah, too. The Mussulmans pushed them off. Thy father was a pastry-cook——"

He stopped; for there shuffled round the corner, from the roaring Motee Bazaar, such a man as Kim, who thought he knew all castes, had never seen. He was nearly six feet high, dressed in fold upon fold of dingy stuff like horse-blanketing, and not one fold of it could Kim refer to any known trade or profession. At his belt hung a long open-work iron pen-case and a wooden rosary such as holy men wear. On his head was a gigantic sort of tam-o'-shanter. His face was yellow and wrinkled, like that of Fook Shing, the Chinese bootmaker in the bazaar. His eyes turned up at the corners and looked like little slits of onyx.

"Who is that?" said Kim to his companion.

"Perhaps it is a man," said Abdullah, finger in mouth, staring.

"Without doubt," returned Kim; "but he is no man of India that *I* have ever seen."

"A priest, perhaps," said Chota Lal, spying the rosary. "See! He goes into the Wonder House!"

"Nay, nay," said the policeman, shaking his head. "I do not understand your talk." The constable spoke Punjabi. "Oh, Friend of all the World, what does he say?"

"Send him hither," said Kim, dropping from Zam-Zammah, flourishing his bare heels. "He is a foreigner, and thou art a buffalo."

The man turned helplessly and drifted towards the boys. He was old, and his woolen gaberdine still reeked of the stinking artemisia of the mountain passes.

"O children, what is that big house?" he said in very fair Urdu.

"The Ajaib-Gher, the Wonder House!" Kim gave him no title, such as Lala or Mian. He could not divine the man's creed.

"Ah! The Wonder House! Can any enter?"

"It is written above the door—all can enter."

"Without payment?"

"I go in and out. *I* am no banker," laughed Kim.

"Alas! I am an old man. I did not know." Then, fingering his rosary, he half turned to the Museum.

"What is your caste? Where is your house? Have you come far?" Kim asked.

"I came by Kulu—from beyond the Kailas—but what know you? From the hills where"—he sighed—"the air and water are fresh and cool."

"Aha! Khitai (a Chinaman)," said Abdullah proudly. Fook Shing had once chased him out of his shop for spitting at the joss above the boots.

"Pahari (a hill man)," said little Chota Lal.

"Ay, child—a hill man from hills thou'lt never see. Didst hear of Bhotiyal (Tibet)? I am no Khitai, but a Bhotiya (Tibetan), since you must know—a lama—or, say a guru in your tongue."

"A guru from Tibet," said Kim. "I have not seen such a man. They be Hindus in Tibet, then?"

"We be followers of the Middle Way, living in peace in our lamaseries, and I go to see the Four Holy Places before I die. Now do you, who are children, know as much as I do who am old." He smiled benignantly on the boys.

"Hast thou eaten?"

He fumbled in his bosom and drew forth a worn wooden begging-bowl. The boys nodded. All priests of their acquaintance begged.

"I do not wish to eat yet." He turned his head like an old tortoise in the sunlight. "Is it true that there are many images in the Wonder House of Lahore?" He repeated the last words as one making sure of an address.

"That is true," said Abdullah. "It is full of heathen spirits. Thou also art an idolater."

"Never mind *him*," said Kim. "That is the Government's house, and there is no idolatry in it, but only a Sahib with a white beard. Come with me, and I will show."

"Strange priests eat boys," whispered Chota Lal.

"And he is a stranger and a *būt-parast* (idolater)," said Abdullah, the Mohammedan.

Kim laughed. "He is new. Run to your mothers' laps, and be safe. Come, old man!"

Kim clicked round the self-registering turnstile; the old man followed and halted amazed. In the entrance-hall stood the larger figures of the Greco-Buddhist sculptures done, savants know how long since, by forgotten workmen whose hands were feeling, and not unskilfully, for the mysteriously transmitted Grecian touch. There were hundreds of pieces, friezes of figures in relief, fragments of statues and slabs crowded with figures that had incrusted the brick walls of the Buddhist *stupas* and *viharas* of the North Country and now, dug up and labeled, made the pride of the Museum. In open-mouthed wonder the lama turned to this and that, and finally checked in rapt attention before a large alto-relief representing a coronation or apotheosis of the Lord Buddha. The Master was represented seated on a lotus the petals of which were so deeply undercut as to show almost detached. Round him was an adoring hierarchy of kings, elders, and old-time Buddhas. Below were lotus-covered waters with fishes and water-birds. Two butterfly-winged spirits held a wreath over his head; above them another pair supported an umbrella surmounted by the jeweled headdress of the Bodhisat.

"The Lord! The Lord! It is Sakya Muni himself," the lama half sobbed; and under his breath began the wonderful Buddhist invocation:

> *"To Him the Way—the Law—Apart—*
> *Whom Maya held beneath her heart*
> *Ananda's Lord—the Bodhisat."*

"And He is here! The Most Excellent Law is here also. My pilgrimage is well begun. And what work! What work!"

"Yonder is the Sahib," said Kim, and dodged sideways among the cases of the arts and manufactures wing. A white-bearded Englishman was looking at the lama, who gravely turned and saluted him, and after some fumbling drew forth a note-book and a scrap of paper.

"Yes, that is my name," smiling at the clumsy, childish print.

"One of us who had made pilgrimage to the Holy Places—he is now Abbot of the Lung-Cho Monastery—gave it to me," stammered the lama. "He spoke of

KIM.

From the bas-relief modeled
by Lockwood Kipling.

these." His lean hand moved tremulously round.

"Welcome, then, O lama from Tibet. Here be the images, and I am here"—he glanced at the lama's face—"to gather knowledge. Come to my office a while." The old man was trembling with excitement.

The office was but a little wooden cubicle partitioned off from the sculpture-lined gallery. Kim kneeled down, his ear against a crack in the heat-split cedar door, and, following his instinct, lay by to listen and watch.

Most of the talk was altogether above his head. The lama, haltingly at first, spoke to the curator of his own lamasery, the Suchzen, opposite the Painted Rocks, four months' march away. The curator brought out a huge book of photos and showed him that very place, perched on its crag, overlooking the gigantic valley of many-hued strata.

"Ay, ay!" The lama mounted a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles of Chinese work. "Here is the very door through which we bring wood before winter. And thou—the English know of these things? He who is now Abbot of Lung-Cho told me, but I did not believe. The Lord—the Excellent One—He has honor here, too? And His life is known?"

"It is all carven upon the stones. Come and see, if thou art rested."

Out shuffled the lama to the main hall, and, the curator beside him, went through the collection with the reverence of a devotee and the appreciative instinct of a craftsman.

Incident by incident in the beautiful story he identified on the blurred stone, puzzled here and there by the unfamiliar Greek convention, but delighted as a child at each new trove. Where the sequence failed, as in the Annunciation, the curator supplied it from his mound of books—French and German, with photographs and reproductions.

Here was the devout Asita, the pendant of Simeon in the Christian story, holding the Holy Child on his knee while mother and father listened; and here were incidents in the legend of the cousin Devadatta. Here was the wicked woman who accused the Master of impurity, all confounded; here was the teaching in the Deer-park; the miracle that stunned the fire-worshipers; here was the Bodhisat in royal state as a prince; the miraculous birth; the death at Kusinagara, where the weak disciple fainted; while there were almost countless repetitions of the meditation under the Bodhi tree; and the Adoration of the Alms-bowl was everywhere. In a few minutes the curator saw that his guest was no mere bead-telling mendicant, but a scholar of parts. And they went at it all over again, the lama taking snuff, wiping his spectacles, and talking at railway speed in a bewildering mixture of Urdu and Tibetan. He had heard of the travels of the Chinese pilgrims, Fo-Hian and Hwen-Thiang, and was anxious to know if there was any translation of their record. He drew in his breath as he turned helplessly over the pages of Beal and Stanislas Julien. "'Tis all here. A treasure locked." Then he composed himself reverently to listen to fragments, hastily rendered into Urdu. For the first time he heard of the labors of European scholars, who by the help of these and a hundred other documents have identified the holy places of Buddhism. Then he was shown a mighty map, spotted and traced with yellow. The brown finger followed the curator's pencil from point to point. Here was Kapilavastu, here the Middle Kingdom, and here Mahabodi, the Mecca of Buddhism; and here was Kusinagara, sad place of the Holy One's death. The old man bowed his head over the sheets in silence for a while, and the curator lit another pipe. Kim had fallen asleep. When he waked, the talk, still in spate, was more within his comprehension.

"And thus it was, O Fountain of Wisdom, that I decided to go to the Holy Places which His foot had trod—to the Birthplace, even to Kapila; then to Maha Bodhi, which is Buddh Gaya—to the Monastery—to the Deer-park—to the place of His death."

The lama lowered his voice. "And I come here alone. For five—seven—eighteen—forty years it was in my mind that the Old Law was not well followed; being overlaid, as thou knowest, with devildom, charms, and idolatry. Even as the child outside said but now. Ay, even as the child said, with *būt-parasti*."

"So it comes with all faiths."

"Thinkest thou? The books of my lamasery I read, and they were dried pith; and the later ritual with which we of the Reformed Law have cumbered ourselves—that, too, had no worth to these old eyes. Even the followers of the Excellent One are at feud on feud with one another. It is all illusion. Ay, *maya*, illusion! But I have another desire"—the seamed yellow face drew within three inches of the curator, and the long forefinger nail tapped on the table. "Your scholars, by these books, have fol-

lowed the Blessed Feet in all their wanderings; but there are things which they have not sought out. I know nothing—nothing do I know—but I go to free myself from the Wheel of Things by a broad and open road." He smiled with most simple triumph. "As a pilgrim to the Holy Places I acquire merit. But there is more. Listen to a true thing. When our gracious Lord, being as yet a youth, sought a mate, men said, in His father's court, that He was too tender for marriage. Thou knowest?"

The curator nodded, wondering what would come next.

"So they made the triple trial of strength against all comers. And at the test of the Bow, our Lord first breaking that which they gave him, called for such a bow as none might bend. Thou knowest?"

"It is written. I have read."

"And, overshooting all other marks, the arrow passed far and far beyond sight. At the last it fell; and, where it touched earth, there broke out a stream which presently became a river, whose nature, by our Lord's beneficence, and that merit He acquired ere He freed Himself, is that whoso bathes in it washes away all taint and speckle of sin."

"So it is written," said the curator sadly.

The lama drew a long breath. "Where is that river? Fountain of Wisdom, where fell the arrow?"

"Alas, my brother, I do not know," said the curator.

"Nay, if it please thee to forget—the one thing only that thou hast not told me. Surely thou must know! See, I am an old man! I ask with my head between thy feet, O Fountain of Wisdom. We *know* He drew the bow! We *know* the arrow fell! We *know* the stream gushed! Where, then, is the river? My dream told me to find it. So I came. I am here. But where is the river?"

"If I knew, think you I would not cry it aloud?"

"By it one attains freedom from the Wheel of Things," the lama went on, unheeding. "The River of the Arrow! Think again! Some little stream, may be—dried in the heats? But the Holy One would never so cheat an old man."

"I do not know. I do not know."

The lama brought his thousand-wrinkled face once more a hand's-breadth from the Englishman's. "I see thou dost not know. Not being of the Law, the matter is hid from thee."

"Ay—hidden—hidden."

"We are both bound, thou and I, my brother. But I"—he rose with a sweep of the soft thick drapery—"I go to cut myself free. Come also!"

"I am bound," said the curator. "But whither goest thou?"

"First to Kashi (Benares): where else? There I shall meet one of the pure faith in a Jain temple of that city. He also is a Seeker in secret, and from him haply I may learn. Maybe he will go with me to Buddh Gaya. Thence north and west to Kapilavastu, and there will I seek for the river. Nay, I will seek everywhere as I go—for the place is not known where the arrow fell."

"And how wilt thou go? It is a far cry to Delhi, and farther to Benares."

"By road and the trains. From Pathânkot, having left the hills, I came hither in a *te-rain*. It goes swiftly. At first I was amazed to see those tall poles at the side of the road snatching up and snatching up their threads"—he illustrated the stoop and whirl of a telegraph-pole flashing past the train. "But later, I grew cramped and desired to walk, as I am used."

"And thou art sure of thy road?" said the curator.

"Oh, for that one but asks a question and pays money, and the appointed persons despatch all to the appointed place. That much I knew in my lamasery from sure report," said the lama proudly.

"And when dost thou go?" The curator smiled at the mixture of old-world piety and modern progress that is the note of India to-day.

"As soon as may be. I follow the places of His life till I come to the River of the Arrow. There is, moreover, a written paper of the hours of the trains that go south."

"And for food?" Lamas, as a rule, have good store of money somewhere about them, but the curator wished to make sure.

"For the journey, I take up the Master's begging-bowl. Yes. Even as He went so go I, forsaking the ease of my monastery. There was with me when I left the hills a *chela* (disciple) who begged for me as the Rule demands, but halting in Kulu a while a fever took him and he died. I have now no *chela*, but I will take my alms-bowl and thus enable the charitable to acquire merit." He nodded his head valiantly. Learned doctors of a lamasery do not beg, but the lama was an enthusiast in this quest.

"Be it so," said the curator, smiling. "Suffer me now to acquire merit. We be

craftsmen together, thou and I. Here is a new book of white English paper: here be sharpened pencils two and three—thick and thin, all good for a scribe. Now lend me thy spectacles."

The curator looked through them. They were heavily scratched, but the power was almost exactly that of his own pair, which he slid into the lama's hand, saying: "Try these."

"A feather! A very feather upon the face!" The old man turned his head delightedly and wrinkled up his nose. "How scarcely do I feel them! How clearly do I see!"

"They be *bilaur*—crystal, and will never scratch. May they help thee to thy river, for they are thine."

"I will take them and the pencils and the white note-book," said the lama, "as a sign of friendship between priest and priest—and now—" he fumbled at his belt, detached the open iron-work pen-case, and laid it on the curator's table. "That is for a memory between thee and me—my pen-case. It is something old—even as I am."

It was a piece of ancient design, Chinese, of an iron that is not smelted these days; and the collector's heart in the curator's bosom had gone out to it from the first. For no persuasion would the lama resume his gift.

"When I return, having found my river, I will bring thee a written picture of the Padma Samthora—such as I used to make on silk at the lamasery. Yes—and of the Wheel of Life," he chuckled, "for we be craftsmen together, thou and I."

The curator would have detained him. They are few in the world who still have the secret of the conventional brush-pen Buddhist pictures which are, as it were, half written and half drawn. But the lama strode out, head high in air, and pausing an instant before the great statue of the Bodhisat in meditation, brushed through the turnstiles.

Kim followed like a shadow. What he had overheard excited him wildly. This man was entirely new to all his experience, and he meant to investigate further: precisely as he would have investigated a new building or a strange festival in Lahore city. The lama was his trove, and he purposed to take possession. Kim's mother had been Irish too.

The old man halted by Zam-Zammah and looked round till his eye fell on Kim. The inspiration of his pilgrimage had left him for a while, and he felt old, forlorn, and very empty.

"Do not sit under that gun," said the policeman loftily.

"Huh! Owl!" was Kim's retort on the lama's behalf. "Sit under that gun if it please thee. When didst thou steal the milk-woman's slippers, Dunnoo?"

That was an utterly unfounded charge sprung on the spur of the moment, but it silenced Dunnoo, who knew that Kim's clear yell could call up legions of bad bazaar boys if need arose.

"And whom didst thou worship within?" said Kim affably, squatting in the shade beside the lama.

"I worshiped none, child. I bowed before the Excellent Law."

Kim accepted this new god without emotion. He knew already a few score.

"And what dost thou do?"

"I beg. I remember now it is long since I have eaten or drunk. What is the custom of charity in this town? In silence, as we do of Tibet, or speaking aloud?"

"Those who beg in silence starve in silence," said Kim, quoting a native proverb. The lama tried to rise, but sank back again, sighing for his disciple, dead in far-away Kulu. Kim watched—head to one side, considering and interested.

"Give me the bowl. I know the people of this city—all who are charitable. Give, and I will bring it back filled." Simply as a child the old man handed him the bowl.

"Rest thou. I know the people."

He trotted off to the open shop of a Kunjri, a low-caste vegetable-seller, which lay opposite the belt-tramway line down the Motee Bazaar. She knew Kim of old.

"Oho, hast thou turned *yogi* with thy begging-bowl?" she cried.

"Nay," said Kim proudly. "There is a new priest in the city—a man such as I have never seen."

"Old priest—young tiger," said the woman angrily. "I am tired of new priests! They settle on our wares like flies. Is the father of my son a well of charity to give to all who ask?"

"No," said Kim. "Thy man is rather *yagi* (bad-tempered) than *yogi* (a holy man). But this priest is new. The Sahib in the Wonder House has talked to him like a brother. O my mother, fill me this bowl. He waits."

"That bowl, indeed! That cow-bellied basket! Thou hast as much grace as the holy bull of Shiv. He has taken the best of

a basket of onions already, this morn; and forsooth, I must fill thy bowl. He comes here again!"

The huge, mouse-colored Brahminee bull of the ward was shouldering his way through the many-colored crowd, a stolen plantain hanging out of his mouth. He headed straight for the shop, well knowing his privileges as a sacred beast, lowered his head, and puffed heavily along the line of baskets ere making his choice. Up flew Kim's hard little heel and caught him on his moist blue nose. He snorted indignantly, and walked away across the tram rails, his hump quivering with rage.

"See! I have saved more than the bowl will cost thrice over. Now, mother, a little rice and some dried fish atop—yes, and some vegetable curry."

A growl came out of the back of the shop, where a man lay.

"He drove away the bull," said the woman in an undertone. "It is good to give to the poor." She took the bowl and returned it full of hot rice.

"But my *yogi* is not a cow," said Kim, gravely making a hole with his fingers in the top of the mound. "A little curry is good, and a fried cake, and a morsel of conserve would please him, I think."

"It is a hole as big as thy head," said the woman fretfully. But she filled it, none the less, with good, steaming vegetable curry, clapped a dried cake atop, and a morsel of clarified butter on the cake, dabbed a lump of sour tamarind conserve at the side; and Kim looked at the load lovingly.

"That is good. When I am in the bazaar the bull shall not come to this house. He is a bold beggarman."

"And thou?" laughed the woman. "But speak well of bulls. Hast thou not told me that some day a red bull will come out of a field to help thee? Now hold all straight and ask for the holy man's blessing upon me. Perhaps, too, he knows a cure for my daughter's sore eyes. Ask him that also, O thou Little Friend of all the World."

But Kim had danced off ere the end of the sentence, dodging pariah dogs and hungry acquaintances.

"Thus do we beg who know the way of it," said he proudly to the lama, who opened his eyes at the contents of the bowl. "Eat now and—I will eat with thee. Ohé, *bhistie!*" he called to the water-carrier sluicing the crotons by the Museum. "Give water here. We men are thirsty."

"We men!" said the *bhistie*, laughing. "Is one skinful enough for such a pair? Drink, then, in the name of the Compassionate."

He loosed a thin stream into Kim's hands, who drank native fashion; but the lama must needs pull out a cup from his inexhaustible upper draperies and drink ceremonially.

"*Pardesi* (a foreigner)," Kim explained, as the old man delivered in an unknown tongue what was evidently a blessing.

They ate together in great content, clearing the beggar's bowl. Then the lama took snuff from a portentous wooden snuff-box, fingered his rosary a while, and so dropped into the easy sleep of age, as the shadow of Zam-Zammah grew long.

Kim loafed over to the nearest tobacco-seller, a rather lively young Mohammedan woman, and begged a rank cigar of the brand that they sell to students of the Punjab University who copy English customs. Then he smoked and thought, knees to chin, under the belly of the gun, and the outcome of his thoughts was a sudden and stealthy departure in the direction of Nila Ram's timber-yard.

The lama did not wake till the evening life of the city had begun with lamp-lighting and the return of white-robed clerks and subordinates from the Government offices. He stared dizzily in all directions, but none looked at him save a Hindu urchin in a dirty turban and Isabella-colored clothes. Suddenly he bowed his head on his knees and wailed.

"What is this?" said the boy, standing before him. "Hast thou been robbed?"

"It is my new *chela* (my disciple) that is gone away from me, and I know not where he is."

"And what like of man was thy disciple?"

"It was a boy who came to me in place of him who died, on account of the merit which I had gained when I bowed before the Law within there." He pointed toward the Museum. "He came upon me to show me a road which I had lost. He led me into the Wonder House, and by his talk heartened me to speak to the Keeper of the Images, so that I was cheered and made strong. And when I was faint with hunger he begged for me, as would a *chela* for his teacher. Strangely was he sent. Strangely has he gone away. It was in my mind to have taught him the Law upon the road to Benares."

Kim stood amazed at this; because he had overheard the talk in the Museum, and knew

that the old man was speaking the truth, which is a thing a native seldom presents to a stranger.

"But I see now that he was but sent upon a purpose. By this I know that I shall find a certain river for which I seek."

"The River of the Arrow?" said Kim, with a superior smile.

"Is this yet another Sending?" cried the lama. "To none have I spoken of my search, save to the Priest of the Images. Who art thou?"

"Thy *chela*," said Kim simply, sitting on his heels. "I have never seen any one like to thee in all this my life. I go with thee to Benares. And, too, I think that so old a man as thou, speaking truth to chance-met people at dusk, is in great need of a disciple."

"But the river—the River of the Arrow?"

"Oh, that I heard when thou wast speaking to the Englishman. I lay against the door."

The lama sighed. "I thought thou hadst been a guide permitted. Such things fall sometimes—but I am not worthy. Thou dost not, then, know the river?"

"Not I." Kim laughed uneasily. "I go to look for—for a bull—a Red Bull in a green field who shall help me." Boylike, if an acquaintance had a scheme, Kim was quite ready with one of his own; and, boylike, he had really thought for as much as twenty minutes at a time of his father's prophecy.

"To what, child?" said the lama.

"God knows, but so my father told me. I heard thy talk in the Wonder House of all those new strange places in the hills, and if one so old and so little—so used to truth-telling—may go out for the small matter of a river, it seemed to me that I too must go a-traveling. I weary of the city here. If it is our fate to find those things, we shall find them—thou, thy river; and I, my bull, and the strong Pillars and some other matters that I forget."

"It is not pillars but a Wheel from which I would be free," said the lama.

"That is all one. Perhaps they will make me a king," said Kim, serenely prepared for anything.

"I will teach thee other and better desires upon the road," the lama replied in the voice of authority. "Let us go to Benares."

"Not by night. Thieves are abroad. Wait till the day."

"But there is no place to sleep." The old man was used to the order of his monastery, and though he slept on the ground, as the Rule decrees, preferred a decency in these things.

"We shall get good lodging at the Kashmir Serai," said Kim, laughing at his perplexity. "I have a friend there. Come!"

The hot and crowded bazaars blazed with light as they made their way through the press of all the races in Upper India, and the lama mooned through it like a man in a dream. It was his first experience of a large city, and the crowded tram-car with its continually squealing brakes frightened him. Half pushed, half towed, he arrived at the high gate of the Kashmir Serai: that huge open square over against the railway station, surrounded with arched cloisters where the camel and horse caravans put up on their return from Central Asia. Here were all manner of Northern folk, tending tethered ponies and kneeling camels; loading and unloading bales and bundles; drawing water for the evening meal at the creaking well-windlasses; piling grass before the shrieking, wild-eyed stallions; cuffing the surly caravan dogs; paying off camel-drivers; taking on new grooms; swearing, shouting, arguing, and chaffering in the packed square. The cloisters, reached by three or four masonry steps, made a haven of refuge around this turbulent sea. Most of them were rented to traders, as we rent the arches of a viaduct; the space between pillar and pillar being bricked or boarded off into rooms which were guarded by heavy wooden doors and cumbrous native padlocks. Locked doors showed that the owner was away, and a few rude—sometimes very rude—chalk or paint scratches told where he had gone. Thus: "Lutuf Ullah is gone to Kurdistan." Below, in coarse verse: "O Allah, Who sufferest lice to live on the coat of a Kabuli, why hast Thou allowed this louse Lutuf to live so long?"

Kim, fending the lama between excited men and excited beasts, sidled along the cloisters to the far end, nearest the railway station, where Mahbub Ali, the horse-trader, lived when he came in from that mysterious land beyond the Passes of the North.

Kim had had many dealings with Mahbub in his little life—especially between his tenth and his thirteenth year—and the big burly Afghan, his beard dyed scarlet with lime (for he was elderly and did not wish his gray hairs to show), knew the boy's value as a

gossip. Sometimes he would tell Kim to watch a man who had nothing whatever to do with horses: to follow him for one whole day and report every soul with whom he talked. Kim would deliver himself of his tale at evening, and Mahbub would listen without a word or gesture. It was intrigue of some kind, Kim knew; but its worth lay in saying nothing whatever to any one except Mahbub, who gave him beautiful meals all hot from the cookshop at the head of the Serai, and once as much as eight annas in money.

"He is here," said Kim, hitting a bad-tempered camel on the nose. "Ohé, Mahbub Ali!" He halted at a dark arch and slipped behind the bewildered lama.

The horse-trader, his deep, embroidered Bokhariot belt unloosed, was lying on a pair of silk carpet saddle-bags, pulling lazily at an immense silver hookah. He turned his head very slightly at the cry; and seeing only the tall silent figure, chuckled in his deep chest.

"Allah! A lama! A Red Lama! It is far from Lahore to the Passes. What dost thou do here?"

The lama held out the begging-bowl mechanically.

"God's curse on all unbelievers," said Mahbub. "I do not give to a lousy Tibetan; but ask my Baltis over yonder behind the camels. They may value your blessings. Oh, horse-boys, here is a countryman of yours. See if he be hungry."

A shaven, crouching Balti, who had come down with the horses, and who was nominally some sort of degraded Buddhist, fawned upon the priest, and in thick gutturals besought the holy one to sit at the horse-boys' fire.

"Go!" said Kim, pushing him lightly, and the lama strode away, leaving Kim at the edge of the cloister.

"Go!" said Mahbub Ali, returning to the hookah. "Little Hindu, run away. God's curse on all unbelievers! Beg from those of my tail who are of thy faith."

"Maharaj," whined Kim, using the Hindu form of address, and thoroughly enjoying the situation, "my father is dead—my mother is dead—my stomach is empty."

"Beg from my men among the horses, I say. There must be some Hindus in my tail."

"Oh, Mahbub Ali, but am *I* a Hindu?" said Kim in English.

The trader gave no sign of astonishment, but stared under his shaggy eyebrows.

"Little Friend of all the World," said he, "what is this?"

"Nothing. I am now that holy man's disciple; and we go a pilgrimage together—to Benares, he says. He is quite mad, and I am tired of Lahore city. I wish new air and water."

"But for whom dost thou work? Why come to me?" The voice was harsh with suspicion.

"To whom else should I come? I have no money. It is not good to go about without money. Thou wilt sell many horses to the officers. They are very fine horses, these new ones: I have seen them. Give me a rupee, Mahbub Ali, and when I come to my wealth I will give thee a bond and pay."

"Um," said Mahbub Ali, thinking swiftly. "Thou hast never before lied to me. Call that lama—stand back in the dark."

"Oh, our tales will agree," said Kim, laughing.

"We go to Benares," said the lama, as soon as he understood the drift of Mahbub Ali's questions. "The boy and I. I go to seek for a certain river."

"Maybe—but the boy?"

"He is my disciple. He was sent, I think, to guide me to that river. Sitting under a gun was I when he came suddenly. Such things have befallen the fortunate to whom guidance was allowed. But I remember now, he said he was of this world—a Hindu."

"And his name?"

"That I did not ask. Is he not my disciple?"

"His country—his race—his village? Mussulman—Sikh—Hindu—Jain—low caste or high?"

"Why should I ask? There is neither high nor low in the Middle Way. If he is my *chela*—does—will—can any one take him from me? for, look you, without him I shall not find my river." He wagged his head solemnly.

"None shall take him from thee. Go, sit among my Baltis," said Mahbub Ali, and the lama drifted off, soothed by the promise.

"Is he not quite mad?" said Kim, coming forward to the light again. "Why should I lie to thee, Hajji?"

Mahbub puffed his hookah in silence. Then he began, almost whispering: "Umballa is on the road to Benares—if indeed ye two go there."

"Tck! Tck! I tell thee he does not know how to lie—as we two know."

"And if thou wilt carry a message for me as far as Umballa, I will give thee money.

It concerns a horse—a white stallion which I have sold to an officer upon the last time I returned from the Passes. But then—stand nearer and hold up hands as begging—the pedigree of the white stallion was not fully established, and that officer, who is now at Umballa, bade me make it clear." (Mahbub here described the horse and the appearance of the officer.) "So the message to that officer will be: 'The pedigree of the white stallion is fully established.' By this will he know that thou comest from me. He will then say, 'What proof hast thou?' and thou wilt answer, 'Mahbub Ali has given me the proof.'"

"And all for the sake of a white stallion," said Kim, with a giggle, his eyes aflame.

"That pedigree I will give thee now—in my own fashion—and some hard words as well." A shadow passed behind Kim, and a feeding camel. Mahbub Ali raised his voice.

"Allah! Art thou the only beggar in the city? Thy mother is dead. Thy father is dead. So is it with all of them. Well, well—" he turned as feeling on the floor beside him and tossed a flap of soft, greasy Mussulman bread to the boy. "Go and lie down among my horse-boys for to-night—thou and the lama. To-morrow I may find thee a service."

Kim slunk away, his teeth in the bread, and, as he expected, he found a small wad of folded tissue-paper wrapped in oil-skin, with three silver rupees—enormous largess. He smiled, and thrust money and paper into his leather amulet-case. The lama, sumptuously fed by Mahbub's Baltis, was already asleep in a corner of one of the stalls. Kim lay down beside him and laughed. He knew he had rendered a service to Mahbub Ali, and not for one little minute did he believe the tale of the stallion's pedigree.

But Kim did not suspect that Mahbub Ali, known as one of the best horse-dealers in the Punjab, a wealthy and enterprising trader, whose caravans penetrated far and far into the Back of Beyond, was registered in one of the locked books of the Indian Survey department as C.25.1B. Twice or thrice yearly C.25 would send in a little story, baldly told but most interesting, and generally—it was checked by the statements of R.17 and M.4—quite true. It concerned all manner of out-of-the-way mountain principalities, explorers of nationalities other than English, and the gun-trade—was, in brief, a small portion of that vast mass of "information received" on which the Indian Government acts. But, recently, five confederated Kings, who had no business to confederate, had been informed by a kindly Northern Power that there was a leakage of news from their territories into British India. So those Kings' prime ministers were seriously annoyed and took steps, after the Oriental fashion. They suspected, among many others, the bullying, red-bearded horse-dealer whose caravans plowed through their fastnesses belly deep in snow. At least, his caravan that season had been ambushed and shot at twice on the way down, when Mahbub's men accounted for three strange ruffians who might, or might not, have been hired for the job. Therefore Mahbub had avoided halting at the insalubrious city of Peshawur, and had come through without stop to Lahore, where, knowing his country-people, he anticipated curious developments.

And there was that on Mahbub Ali which he did not wish to keep an hour longer than was necessary—a wad of closely folded tissue-paper, wrapped in oilskin—an impersonal, unaddressed statement, with five microscopic pin-holes in one corner, that most scandalously betrayed the five confederated Kings, the sympathetic Northern Power, a Hindu banker in Peshawur, a firm of gun-makers in Belgium, and an important, semi-independent Mohammedan ruler to the south. This last was R.17's work, which Mahbub had picked up beyond the Dora Pass, and was carrying in for R.17, who, owing to circumstances over which he had no control, could not leave his post of observation. Dynamite was milky and innocuous beside that report of C.25; and even an Oriental, with an Oriental's views of the value of time, could see that the sooner it was in the proper hands the better. Mahbub had no particular desire to die by violence, because two or three family blood-feuds across the border hung unfinished on his hands, and when these scores were cleared he intended to settle down as a more or less virtuous citizen. He had not passed the Serai Gate since his arrival on the previous day, but had been ostentatious in sending telegrams to Bombay, where he banked some of his money; to Delhi, where a sub-partner of his own clan was selling horses to the agent of a Rajputana state, and to Umballa, where an Englishman was excitedly demanding the pedigree of a white stallion. The public letter-writer, who knew English, composed excellent telegrams, such as: "*Creighton, Laurel Bank, Umballa.—Horse is Arabian as already advised. Sorrowful delayed-pedigree*

which am translating." And later to the same address: "*Much sorrowful delay. Will forward pedigree.*" To his sub-partner at Delhi he wired: "*Lutuf Ullah.—Have wired two thousand rupees your credit Luckman Narain's bank.*" This was entirely in the way of trade, but every one of those telegrams was discussed and rediscussed, by parties who conceived themselves to be interested, before they went over to the railway station in charge of a foolish Balti, who allowed all sorts of people to read them on the road.

When, in Mahbub's own picturesque language, he had muddied the well of inquiry with the stick of precaution, Kim had dropped on him sent by Heaven; and, being as prompt as he was unscrupulous, Mahbub Ali, used to taking all sorts of gusty chances, employed Kim at once.

A wandering lama with a low-caste boy-servant might attract a moment's interest wandering about India, the land of pilgrims; but no one would suspect them or, what was more to the point, rob.

He called for a new fire-ball to his hookah, and considered the case. If the worst came to the worst, and the boy came to harm, the paper would incriminate nobody. And he could go up to Umballa leisurely and—at a certain risk of exciting fresh suspicion—repeat his own tale by word of mouth to the people concerned.

But R.17's report was the kernel of the whole affair, and it would be distinctly inconvenient if that failed to come to hand. However, God was great, and Mahbub Ali felt he had done all he could for the time being. Kim was the one soul in his world who had never told him a lie. That would have been a fatal blot on Kim's character if Mahbub had not known that to others, for his own ends or Mahbub's business, Kim could lie like an Oriental.

Then Mahbub Ali rolled across the Serai to the Gate of the Harpies who paint their eyes and trap strangers, and was at some pains to call on the one girl who, he had reason to believe, was a particular friend of a smooth-faced Kashmiri clerk who had waylaid his simple Balti in the matter of the telegrams. It was an utterly foolish thing to do, because they fell to drinking perfumed brandy against the law of the Prophet, and Mahbub grew wonderfully drunk, and the gates of his mouth were loosened, and he pursued the Flower of Delight with the feet of intoxication till he fell flat among the cushions, where the Flower of Delight, aided by the smooth-faced Kashmiri clerk, searched him from head to foot most thoroughly.

About the same hour Kim heard soft feet in Mahbub's deserted stall. The horse-trader, curiously enough, had left his door unlocked, and his men were busy celebrating their return to India with a whole sheep of his bounty. A sleek young gentleman from Delhi, armed with a bunch of keys which the Flower had unshackled from the senseless one's belt, went through every single box, bundle, mat, and saddle-bag in Mahbub's possession even more systematically than the Flower and the clerk were searching the owner.

"And I think," said the Flower scornfully an hour later, one rounded elbow on the snoring carcass, "that he is no more than a pig of an Afghan horse-dealer, with no thought except women and horses. Moreover, he may have sent it away by now—if ever there were such a thing."

"Nay—in a matter touching Five Kings it would be next his black heart," said the clerk. "Was there nothing?"

The Delhi man laughed as he entered. "I searched between the soles of his slippers as the Flower searched his turban. This is not the man, but another. I leave little unseen."

"They did not say he was the very man," said the clerk thoughtfully. "They said, 'Look if he be the man, since our councils are troubled.'"

"That North country is full of horse-dealers as an old coat of lice. There is Sikandar Khan, Nur Ali Beg, and Farrukh Shah—all heads of caravans—who deal there," said the Flower.

"They have not yet come in," said the clerk. "Thou must ensnare them when they come."

"Phew!" said the Flower with deep disgust, rolling Mahbub's head from her lap. "I earn my money. Farrukh Shah is a bear, Ali Beg a swashbuckler, and old Sikandar Khan—yaie! Go! I sleep now. This swine will not stir till the dawn."

When Mahbub woke, the Flower spoke to him severely on the sin of drunkenness. Asiatics do not wink when they have outmanœuvered an enemy, but as Mahbub Ali cleared his throat, tightened his belt, and staggered forth under the early morning stars, he came very near to it.

"What a colt's trick," he said to himself. "As if every girl in Peshawur did not use it! But 'twas prettily done. Now

God He knows how many more there be upon the road who have orders to test me—perhaps with the knife. So it stands that the boy must go to Umballa—and by rail—for the writing is something urgent. I abide here, following the Flower and drinking wine as an Afghan coper should."

He halted at the stall next but one to his own. His men lay there heavy with sleep: there was no sign of Kim or the lama.

"Up!" He stirred a sleeper. "Whither went those who lay here last even—the lama and the boy? Is aught missing?"

"Nay," grunted the man, "the old madman rose at second cockcrow saying he would go to Benares, and the young one led him away."

"The curse of Allah on all unbelievers!" said Mahbub heartily, and climbed into his own stall, growling in his beard.

But it was Kim who had wakened the lama—Kim with one eye laid against a knot-hole in the planking, who had seen the Delhi man's search through the boxes. This was no common thief that turned over letters, bills, and saddles—no mere burglar who ran a little knife sideways into the soles of Mahbub's slippers, or picked the seams of the saddle-bags so deftly. At first Kim had been minded to give the alarm—the long-drawn *cho-or—choor!* (thief! thief!) that sets the Serai ablaze of nights; but he looked more carefully, and, hand on amulet, drew his own conclusions.

"It must be the pedigree of that made-up horse-lie," said he, "the thing that I carry to Umballa. Better that we go now. Those that search bags with knives may presently search bellies with knives. Surely there is a woman behind this. Hai! Hai!" in a whisper to the light-sleeping old man. "Come. It is time—time to go to Benares."

The lama rose obediently, and they passed out of the Serai like shadows.

(To be continued.)

THE CHINAMAN.

A CHARACTER STUDY FROM THE LIFE.

This article is largely an adaptation from a chapter of Pierre Leroy-Beaulieu's timely and able book, "The Awakening of the East," * a book which, perhaps, comes nearer than any other to explaining the unexplainable Chinaman.

Mr. Leroy-Beaulieu, son of the foremost European political economist, and nephew of Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu, the renowned writer on Russian topics, had ideal preparations and qualifications for the two years he spent traveling through China, Siberia, and Japan studying his subject. His book, which is acknowledged in Continental Europe as the best authority on the Far East, gives, in an authoritative as well as clear and fresh manner, a complete analysis and true picture of conditions in Siberia, China, and Japan. His facts have been gathered without prejudice at first hand, and his conclusions reveal rare insight and grasp of those problems for which the allied nations are now seeking a solution.

IT is with something akin to awe that one comes to recognize in its fullness that most impressive characteristic of the Chinese race, its immutability. Though placed in a world of changing conditions and relationships, of evolution, retrogression, and revolution, the Chinaman has not changed in twenty centuries. It is not easy to realize that to-day he is the same that he was when Joseph and Mary went forth to Egypt with the Child, and that then his habits of thought and incentives to action were crystallized with age, and that even then his was a very old race. Buddhism, surging over Asia, built up a new idealism, revolutionized thought, set new standards, but in China it left hardly more than a name. It could not modify the Chinaman. On the contrary, the Chinaman modified Buddhism, bending it to his own ancient ideals, without permitting it to exercise the least influence upon his character, or to change an iota of his ideas concerning life and morality. All this had long been fixed by Confucius and other sages, and great philosophers though they were, even they had simply garnered the ancient maxims of their race, those already immemorially fixed currents of Chinese thought.

Indeed, nothing ever has changed the Chinaman. From the beginning he has been hemmed in with huge mountain ranges and deserts to his west, and by an unfriendly sea

* An English translation is just published by McClure, Phillips & Co.

coast to his east and south; and when these natural barriers would no longer keep him secluded, he built a wonderful wall to his north, that he might perfect his isolation and remain wedded to that which possessed the sanction of the unchanging past. Influences that seeped in from the outer world, the Chinaman slowly, steadily, remorselessly absorbed and changed until they bore the mark of the Celestial. Influences which altered the face of Europe touched no responding chord in China. Political revolutions came, went, and left no reforms; dynasties succeeded each other through forty centuries and produced no changes, nor affected any variations in the system of government. The foreign Mongolian of the thirteenth century, the Manchurian almost in our own time conquered China, but not the Chinaman; instead of bending the Chinaman to new beliefs, conquerors themselves bent and absorbed, and became Chinamen. In this vast empire dwell upward of 400,000,000 people, with habits and beliefs crystallized through at least three or four thousand years of the same unchanging, stagnant civilization. Europe discusses the Chinaman lightly, as a latter-day problem, but who shall say that if the people of Europe, with all their civilization, all their means of conquest and their highly developed government, should be set down in China, that vast jelly-fish might not suck them in, absorb them, obliterate them from the face of the earth? We have heard much of our influence on the Chinese: we have heard little of the possible influence of the Chinese upon us, the dominant people of the present, and it is a vital question whether the swallowers of Europe shall swallow or be swallowed.*

DIVERSITY OF THE CHINESE.

Viewed from the standpoint of his almost uncanny power of absorbing foreign beliefs and foreign peoples, the Chinaman assumes a new interest and importance. Coming to the subject with this face of the Chinese character uppermost, one stumbles immediately upon one of those strange paradoxes which give color to the mystery of the Far East. Ancient traditions and unchanging beliefs would naturally indicate the complete homogeneity of the Chinese as a race, else whence could come their power of absorption? To a European a Chinaman is a Chinaman; yet the Celestial Empire numbers its peoples and types by hundreds. Not only are there wide physical differences between the residents of various provinces, but a score of distinct languages, not to mention a Babel of dialects, confuse the councils of the empire. A native of Canton coming up to Pekin cannot speak so as to be understood. I knew of two educated Chinamen, blood relatives, but natives of different provinces, who discovered, upon meeting in Europe, that they could make themselves understood only by speaking English. Hence the constant warring of province with province in China; and yet when an outside influence appears, many-sided China is united China against the world.

The reasons for these diversities of type and language within the empire are simple. Education in China does not tend, as in Europe, to produce unity of language, because its writing is quite independent of pronunciation, and the innumerable letters of its alphabet represent not sounds, but ideas. There is no doubt that the existence of *patois* and dialects there, as, for example, in Italy at the beginning of the century, is due to the fact that the inhabitants have neither the time nor the money to go beyond their villages further than the nearest market-town.

To this absolute isolation and the consequent widely diverse types developed by the slow process of centuries, the lack of the spirit of patriotism may be largely attributed. But patriotism—as we understand it—is, after all, a development of modern life. (We must remember that not more than thirty-five years ago Germans fought Germans.) In such an antiquated nation as the Chinese, patriotism is, therefore, hardly to be expected; although there is an approach to it in the instinctive drawing together of the Chinese, because they belong to the same race and possess the same traditions. It is curious to note that the Japanese, on the other hand, have almost the same conception of patriotism as the Europeans, and will make any sacrifice, that of cherished religious principles even, if they think thereby to benefit their country.

SHAMMING AS A CHINESE ART.

Of the personal characteristics of the Chinaman, the most striking, says Arthur H. Smith, an American missionary who has lived twenty-two years in China, is his re-

* The greatest authority on Chinese matters, Sir Robert Hart, in a recent article struck a pessimistic note because of his sense of the realization of such possibilities in the future. Very recently Li Hung Chang has made much of this point, using it as an argument in favor of the least possible interference in Chinese affairs by the Allies.

markable manner of "facing" a thing. To save appearances, to "face" a difficulty cunningly rather than boldly, has become an art peculiarly Chinese, and it furnishes a key to a great many matters otherwise incomprehensible. Every Chinaman is an actor; if a fault is committed the guilty one is expected to deny it with brazen effrontery, in spite of convincing evidence. On no account must he confess his guilt, for the shame and ridicule of unsuccessful shamming are more poignant to the average Chinaman than punishment for wrong-doing. A boy caught stealing will slip the coveted object up his sleeves, stoop down and pretend to pick it up, and with the smile of an angel present it to his master, saying: "Here is what you have lost." A little over a hundred years ago the mandarins who were escorting Macartney, the English Ambassador, into the presence of the Son of Heaven profited by his ignorance of their language to place over his carriage an inscription to the effect that it contained "the Ambassador bringing tribute from the Kingdom of England," whereby they kept up the fiction of the universal sovereignty of their lord and master.

PRETENSE THE GANGRENE OF CHINESE GOVERNMENT.

Not only is the individual Chinaman a slave to pretense, but the government itself, from the highest official to the lowest, is gangrened with shams and corruption presenting the most extraordinary contrasts between practice and precept. Henry Norman remarks with hardly exaggerated severity: "Every Chinese official, with the possible exception of one in a thousand, is a liar, a thief, and a tyrant." Examples confirming this assertion are plentiful enough; even such a celebrity as Li Hung Chang, who knows the European standards of morality as well, perhaps, as any Chinaman, cannot be included among the rare officials who are noted for their honesty, since, to save his head during the Japanese War, he was compelled to disgorge a great part of the immense fortune he had accumulated. And yet, though the court dignitaries, the eunuchs, and many of the people knew of Li Hung Chang's *peculiarities*, he, knowing that the government was equally corrupt, was able to sham himself back into favor, and the officials were able to sham their welcome. Li Hung Chang may or may not be a great statesman, but he surely is a past master in acting.

The Chinaman can give lessons to the world in exploiting public offices for private gain. Corruption has, indeed, reached the point of a regular system.

SYNDICATING A CANDIDATE.

It is a common practice that when a candidate has not the means to buy his way into public life, a syndicate is formed among his friends, and funds are advanced to enable him to mount the first rung of the ladder to fame and fortune. A strict account is kept of the money so invested, as though he were a factory or a coal mine, and when he has reached a point in officialdom where he can steal comfortably he begins to pay profits. I was assured that the position of Tao-tai, or governor of Shanghai, worth a salary of 6,000 taels, or $4,500 a year for not more than three years, was recently bought for over $150,000.

SUBLIME HEEDLESSNESS OF THE CHINAMAN.

Whenever money is needed by the government for anything but the gratification of the greed and vanity of the court officials, it is never forthcoming. Yet the government never hesitates about wasting money on trivialities. On one occasion, a river happening to impede certain arrangements in one of the Imperial gardens, it was drained from its bed at enormous cost, and allowed to inundate and ruin hundreds of farms belonging to the unfortunate peasants. On another occasion, with a view to worthily celebrating the sixtieth birthday of the Dowager Empress, the money intended for the reorganization of the army in Pechili was squandered on processions, illuminations, and fireworks. About such actions as these there is a heedlessness that is almost sublime.

RUIN BUT NEVER REBELLION.

For centuries the administration of China has been as corrupt as it is to-day; the empire is a country of ruins, once splendid roads worn impassable and never repaired, bridges broken, temples dilapidated, and yet for all this the people have never been provoked to a general rebellion. Occasionally there are local agitations; a rebel chief pounces on an official, carries him to the capital of the district or province, and demands his degradation, and, what is more astonishing, usually succeeds in accomplishing his purpose—a fact which inspired an English paper in Shanghai to descant with grim humor on the "democratic" manner

in which the Chinese "participate" in their government. Haphazard oppression tempered by haphazard revolt is the rule which prevails in the Celestial Empire. Such an administrative machine seems to us to be wholly detestable, impeding progress and harboring crime, and yet it does not affect the Chinaman, who moves in the rut worn by the customs of centuries, and has not the remotest idea of what "reform" may be. When an enterprising man—there are a few such even in China—wishes to introduce the most insignificant of modern improvements, he is obliged to apply to the mandarins for permission, and he will obtain it only after much bribery and a promise to levy such a prodigious percentage on his profits as to render the returns of his venture too insignificant to make them worth while.* Thus a premium is placed upon unprogressiveness; for if a man would live easily and quietly he must not be enterprising. Taxes are light, especially for the peasantry, who live upon the products of their fields, and for the work-people, whose wants are small. But those who occupy places a step higher in the social scale, the merchants and the transporters, are the victims of perpetual official robbery.

THE CONTENT OF CHINA.

The great mass of the Chinese people support, therefore, without murmuring, a government which in their ordinary miserable life weighs lightly upon them, meddling little in the affairs of their villages, and, above all, never disturbing their ancient customs.

Able only to live by dint of the hardest work, the people have neither the time nor the opportunity to waste on philosophical reflections, and besides they have no standard of comparison whereby to judge of the bitterness of their own fate. Moreover, the Chinaman is endowed by nature with an excessive spirit of conservatism, and a patience and perseverance quite beyond praise, to which must be added the jovial good-humor that enables him to endure a life which to the people of any other country would appear intolerable. Excepting on a few feast-days, peasants and work-people alike have not a moment's rest, save what is absolutely necessary for meals and sleep. Yet the Chinaman complains little, enjoys thoroughly his few pleasures, and seems always happy and contented. What must be, must be, and even in the face of the terrible calamities which overwhelm thousands every year he is content. Not a year passes that somewhere in the vast empire inundation, epidemics, or bad harvests do not bring inevitable ruin and misery to great districts, when as a result hundreds of thousands of people are swept yearly out of existence. But life is held so cheap that no one cares, least of all the government. The appalling death-rate accounts for the fact that, notwithstanding the number of children born, the population does not increase. In this petrified society, into which no ray of progress is admitted, men increase in number quicker than their means of subsistence, but these natural calamities reëstablish the balance by annually overwhelming a prodigious number of men, women, and children.

* In a recent interview Wu Ting Fang, Chinese Minister at Washington and a man of unusual breadth of view, has given his own experiences in introducing railways into China.

CRUELTY AND DEATH IN CHINA.

Of all civilized people of the earth the Europeans complain most of life and yet hold tightest to it. The people of the Far East are those who think least of it. Indifference to death is with them a physical characteristic, the result of the singular insensibility of their nervous system. Doctors in the European hospitals, where natives are treated, relate with amazement how their patients undergo the most painful operations without a murmur, and without the necessity of having to resort to anesthetics. The same apathy is to be observed in their facility for remaining hours in one position without making the slightest movement, or dropping to sleep whenever they choose, even in the midst of the most awful din and noises.

As a natural corollary the Chinaman is as completely indifferent to the misery of others as he is to his own suffering, and watches with stony callousness the writhing agony of a human being without expressing either sympathy or horror. The Chinaman has no tears. He will calmly bargain with a person in danger of death, he will demand a price from a man before saving him from drowning, he will devise the most horrible tortures as punishments for those convicted of crime by his judicial tribunals. Centuries of oppression and misery have engendered callousness, for only the callous and unfeeling could survive, and callousness is the parent of cruelty.

SUICIDES.

Another manifestation of the reckless disregard for human life is the proneness of the Chinaman to suicide. Instead of fighting a duel to salve his injured honor, he

turns his sword upon himself. The Chinaman, even of the lowest order, will commit suicide as a means of wreaking vengeance, or from spite or wounded honor. Sacrifice of life is common even among women, if we may believe the following narrative extracted from a Chinese newspaper:

"One day a sow belonging to a certain Madam Feng, having done some slight injury to the door of a certain Madam Wang, that lady forthwith demanded compensation with interest, which was refused, whereupon Madam Wang announced her intention of committing suicide. This dreadful threat proved altogether too much for Madam Feng, who there and then determined to beat her enemy with her own weapon by flinging herself into the nearest canal." *

Quite recently a censor, a high functionary who possesses the privilege of addressing petitions to the sovereign, awaited the passing of the imperial *cortége*, and then killed himself before the Emperor, in order to add weight to a memorial he had presented concerning some promise of the government which had not been fulfilled.

THE CHINAMAN AS A SOLDIER.

It is a natural supposition that people who have no fear of death should make ideal soldiers. Yet the Chinaman has so far been a hopelessly bad soldier. This is not because he is a coward or because he is afraid of death or wounds; yet, after all, however lightly a man may hold his life, no one sacrifices it unless it be for some ideal or other. It is but fair to add that it is the military mandarins or officers who generally give the signal for a stampede. Possibly, if commanded by capable officers, the Chinese, with their wonderful power of enduring privation and their callousness toward death, would eventually form an admirable army.†

THE CHINAMAN'S FAMILY.

In another respect the Chinaman differs wholly from European standards, and that is in his regard for family ties. In the West the love of parents for children is often greater than that of children for their parents; but in China it is quite the other way. Filial piety is the noblest of Chinese virtues; indeed, the fountain-head of them all, and it is the one which, begun long before Confucius, Chinamen still practise most assiduously. Whatever else he may do, the Chinaman invariably supports his aged parents. Among the twenty-four famous examples of filial piety is mentioned the case of a man in which, at the very moment that he was about to bury his little three-years-old girl alive, because he could not afford to keep both her and his old mother, the infant was saved by the unexpected discovery of a treasure purposely placed in the intended grave by good genii, who were eager to reward so beautiful an instance of filial piety.

The Chinaman regards it as nothing short of a sin for a man to possess no male children, for then, the family becoming extinct, the ancestors are deprived of those sacrifices to which they have a right and which it is the first duty of every well-thinking man to offer them at regular intervals. Marriages are, therefore, contracted early, and if the wife bears no sons she is divorced, and the husband marries again. The doctrine of filial devotion, beautiful as it is from one point of view, is one of the blackest evils of China, and has had more than anything else to do, perhaps, with the ruin of the race. For having degenerated into the worship of ancestors, it forms the principal mainstay of that useless system of admiration of an irrevocable past, in which everything is supposed to have been better than it can possibly be to-day, and which of a necessity turns the people of the Celestial Empire from all desire for progress, since progress would outrage the ideals of ancestors whose wisdom can never be surpassed.

WOMEN.

If the belief in ancestry worship produces unfortunate social consequences, it serves at least to consolidate family ties, although in doing this it works untold hardships upon the women.

The lot of Chinese women is certainly not a happy one. Lodging rather than living with her husband under his parents' roof, the young wife is never allowed to see her own family, excepting at certain fixed periods prearranged by custom. In their earlier years Chinese married women are exposed to the caprices and rebuffs of a shrewish mother-in-law, the tyrant of the family, whose humble servants the daughters-in-law are supposed to be. For all this, being neither cloistered nor veiled, married women enjoy a certain amount of liberty, and while semi-

* Quoted by Mr. Henry Norman, "Peoples and Politics of the Far East."

† The admirable and ever-gallant conduct of the Chinese regiment from Wei-hai-wei under its British officers, in the recent severe fighting about Tien-tsin, affords a striking confirmation of M. Leroy-Beaulieu's opinion.

secluded and leaving rarely their homes, their morals are far from being above reproach. American missionaries have testified to this, and to the fact also that while infanticide is condemned, it is one of the commonest crimes.

THE CHINESE NATIONAL VICE.

The national vice of the Chinaman is gambling. In his interesting monograph on Pekin, the Catholic bishop, Father Favier, than whom there is no better authority since he has spent forty years of his missionary life in China, tells how beggars in rags bet their last scrap of clothing. Certain fanatics stake their wives and children, and men have been known to wager away their finger-joints. A young Christian, but an inveterate gambler, on one occasion played and lost his wife, who was only twenty years of age, for the large sum of $3.60. Father Favier paid the debt and returned the young woman to her mother. A few months afterwards she rejoined her husband, and in all probability, adds the bishop, "he has played and lost her again."

OPIUM SMOKING.

Alcoholic intemperance is extremely rare; because those who would be drunkards in Europe, Father Favier says, are opium-smokers in China, where he estimates that about one-fifth of the population of the towns give themselves over to this horrible practice. In the country districts the number is much less. The habit of opium smoking is very widely spread among the upper classes and the *literati;* but its effects are not so pronounced among the rich as among the poor, who, by reason of bad diet, are less prepared to resist its effects, especially as they smoke in the most dreadful dens, and use, moreover, an inferior quality of opium. A young man of the lower class who begins smoking in his twentieth year usually dies before he is twenty-two.

The vices of the Chinaman do not shock foreigners who live in China, for they are indulged in in private; but it is otherwise with his universal and incredibly repellent, filthy habits, and his intense love of all kinds of horrible noises, which he indulges on every possible occasion, be it a marriage or a funeral, a festival or a fire.

BELIEF IN DEMONS.

Perhaps nothing exasperates the European so much as the vulgar superstitions which take the place of the spirit of religion among the Chinese, and effectually block all hope of progress. Their strange ideas with respect to *feng-shin*, the demons that are supposed to dwell in the earth, and who must not be disturbed, or, if disturbed, must be richly propitiated, have done more than anything else to prevent the improvement of the country, even in the foreign concessions. To a Chinaman the opening of a mine means the disturbance of demons, and awful calamities. The same may be said of railroad building, the planting of telegraph-poles, and any kind of improvement of cities. The Chinese mind admits of no general or abstract ideas, it repudiates all sense of the ideal. It is steeped in a torpid materialism so absolute and so sterilizing as to shock the most hardened and cynical of Europeans.

Take him all in all, therefore, the Chinaman is not a seductive or sympathetic character, all the less so because his very personal appearance is not compensated by the charm of manner which renders his neighbors, the Japanese, so agreeable, although we know that in their case it serves often to gild their vices.

WHAT THE CHINAMAN LACKS.

And yet in summing up it must not be forgotten that the Chinaman has certain great qualities of a serious nature: patience, perseverance, aptitude for commercial pursuits, industry, economy, singular resistive power, and respect for parents and old age. Therefore, even if the Chinese government presents every indication of hopeless decadence, it would be unjust to say that its hard-working subjects are past all hope for the future. The truth is that both people and government are in need of radical reform. There is that secular habit of always looking to the past for a type of perfection, which produces a certain atrophy of the Chinese intelligence, depriving it of all elasticity, originality, and power of invention; making it only capable of the most absurdly servile imitation—a fact which is admirably illustrated by the well-known story of the tailor to whom a European sent an old pair of breeches in order that he might copy them. This he did so conscientiously that he cut a hole in the exact place where there had been one in the model. It is possible to teach the Chinese new habits, but it is impossible to induce them to correct those which have been bequeathed to them by their ancestors. They have been taught to successfully operate

modern machinery, but no power, human or divine, has ever succeeded in teaching a Chinese carpenter to work otherwise than Chinese carpenters have done for thousands of years. At the orphanage of Sicawei, under the direction of the Jesuits, I was surprised to find that each bench in the carpentry department was occupied by only one workman. The Fathers said that it was absolutely impossible to induce two workmen to occupy the same bench. That was against the old custom, and the youngest orphans, seeing Chinese carpenters working in the old-fashioned way, insisted upon doing likewise. They could easily become Christians, but they could not change such a tradition as this!

THE FUTURE OF THE CHINAMAN.

All sense of originality or invention has been lost to the Chinaman, because for centuries he has looked backward instead of forward. Centuries of contact with the West will change him, if change he can. That contact is only now beginning. Long before these characteristics can be altered, however, the condition of the Chinaman will no doubt be much ameliorated by the improvement of the natural resources of his country under foreign supervision. The widening of his activities, now confined almost exclusively to agriculture and small personal industries, will surely follow in the wake of the development of the natural richness of the country by white men. Those who will direct such enterprises will perforce insist on a government which will protect property interests, and therefore protect human life. And so the peaceful industrial development of China will, unquestionably, serve the best interests of its own people and those of the whole world, as it has served in Europe to gradually improve, and finally change to a great degree, the conditions of the people.

WHEN CHOLERA CAME.

TRUE INCIDENT OF A CHRISTMAS DINNER IN SIAM.

By John Barrett.*

"It ain't no Christmas dinner, but it's 'elped, an' we must eat."—*Cholera Camp.*

Rudyard Kipling.

FOR eight hundred miles the Menam Chow Phya flows through dense jungles where Englishmen in khaki helmets go to hunt for elephants, through broad paddy fields where little brown men in bamboo hats snare rice birds; then it divides the city of Bangkok in two parts and goes outward in majesty to the sea. Menam Chow Phya means Mother of Waters; it is the Good and the Evil of Siam—good by turn, and evil by turn—and the priests watch it as they watch for the nod of Buddha.

For a month Menam Chow Phya had been slowly shrinking between her banks and growing gray and still, for there had been little rain in the jungle country. The wise knew well what this mood of the river meant—knew well and feared. Presently, in the temple across the river, the chant of the yellow-robed priests became the weird cry of prayer for the dead; and early every morning, when the mists were thick and cool, shadowy processions moved through the streets on their way to the burial places, and we knew that the gray old Mother of Waters had brought down cholera from the jungle.

One never fully realizes the mystery of the Orient until he has seen cholera smite a city. A stranger in Bangkok who sees twentieth-century cars clanging through streets ages old, or hears the shrieking of steam launches in the river, or the sound of hammers on the modern palace which a modern king is building, may be tempted to say: "This is surely the West, this is Progress." But when cholera comes, and Siamese, Malay, and Chinese coolie begin dropping, convulsed, in their tracks by scores and hundreds; when here and there a white foreigner eats and dies, and business goes on placidly from day to day, as if death were of no concern, one feels that this is the old, old East. A single case of Asiatic cholera in New York would

* John Barrett, author of numerous articles on the problems of the Far East, was for several years United States Minister to Siam. The dinner here described was given on Christmas Day, 1895, the incident being related just as it occurred, only the names of those who participated in the dinner being withheld.

shake the peace of two continents; a hundred deaths a day in Bangkok, and the European lolls undisturbed on his veranda, or plays his polo, or goes to his club. Cholera kills in seven hours, sometimes less, sometimes more. The Oriental does not dispute over it; if it strikes him, it is his time; he seeks escape neither in precautions nor in flight. For it is the mystery of the disease that it knows no laws—it strikes here and withholds there; to-day a hundred fall before it, to-morrow it is gone. And yet, though the Westerner acquires some of the apathy of the East, he is too fully alive to the germ theory to possess himself fully of the Oriental calm.

I had planned to lay thirty plates for the Christmas dinner at the American Legation, and I had sent out the invitations early, without a thought of the doings of Menam Chow Phya. Christmas was always a great day among the foreigners in Bangkok, a day usually of California sunshine, followed by a night of glorious tropical moonlight. There were polo, golf, tennis, cricket, and sailing as long as the light lasted, and then dancing or a dinner in the evening. On this Christmas I had made extraordinary preparations for the dinner, the more so because of the fame of my cook, whose dishes were celebrated from Aden to Shanghai. For a Chinaman he was more than an artist, he was a culinary genius; and I left the preparation of the dinner wholly in his hands. My Chinese boys made elaborate arrangements, so that my bachelor bungalow never bore a more cheerful or welcome appearance. Even "Old Glory," flying from an ant-eaten, crooked pole outside the Legation, flapped in inanimate pride.

On Christmas Day a hundred coolies died of cholera in the sheltering grounds of a neighboring pagoda, and the Buddhist priests never ceased their droning prayers. Yet the markets were crowded with people, while scores of funeral processions elbowed their way back and forth, the sobs of the mourners mingling with the shouts of the buyers and sellers.

Dinner was set for eight o'clock. At six I looked into the kitchen, where everything was confusion and savory smells. As the cook came toward me I imagined he looked ill, but he told me that he was "velly well," and I departed, feeling sure of the success of the dinner. The first guests came a few minutes before eight. The Legation was ablaze with electric lights, electric fans were humming and punkahs swinging. I looked at the long, bright table with the pride of a host.

My guests included most of the unattached young men of the foreign settlement, from the ward-room officers of the warships then lying in the harbor to the newest legation clerk—a mixed but congenial gathering. Before eight-fifteen o'clock every guest had arrived, from the head of the Hong-Kong bank and the captain of the French gunboat down to the student interpreter of the British Legation and the third clerk of the Bombay-Burma Company. Up to this point everything had gone forward smoothly and in order; we had even escaped the stiffness usual to the early stages of such a gathering, and every one was talking. At eight-twenty I looked at my watch with a start; why had not dinner been announced? I had not realized that it was so late. Eight-twenty-five came, and still no word of the dinner. Then I started for the kitchen, and as I went out the doorway I saw my "No. 1" boy, or butler, standing hesitatingly on the veranda. He did not look frightened, but his face bore rather a peculiar blank look of embarrassment. At first he did not or could not reply to my impatient questions. Then he broke out in pidgin-English:

"Oh, master, velly bad. I no likee tell. No. 1 cook he catchee one piecee colela (cholera). He makee velly sick. He makee die. He lie flat bottom side kitchen floor. He makee begin dinner. He no finishee. Velly, velly bad. What can do?"

This was enough. I ran down the stairs and stepped into the dim kitchen. Three coolies stood impassively at the end of the room, looking down. All about were the preparations for the meal—piles of dishes, fruit, steaming meat, pastry. I saw it all in a glance, and then my eye fell on the cook. He was a gaunt man, and tall; but he was drawn up and shrunken as if he had suddenly grown old. His head was twisted to one side, and his lips were pursed out and purple. He lay just as he had fallen, a huge spoon held rigidly in one hand, the other arm reaching upward with claw-like fingers, a terrible reminder of the last gripe of agony. Until this moment I never had realized what cholera meant, or felt the terror of it. For a moment I could not get my eyes from this awful human husk as it sprawled there on my floor. Then the odors of the food became suddenly unbearable. I heard the shuffling steps of a coolie behind me, and as I turned I beheld the placid face of my "No. 2" cook.

"Maskee, master" (Never mind, master), he

said soothingly. "No. 1 cook he dead plopper. I makee finishee dinner. I no dead colela."

The very suggestion turned me faint with disgust and horror, and I left the kitchen. But there was no time to think of the tragedy, for here was a practical question to decide. What was I going to do with those thirty hungry men? They must be informed of the difficulty and got out of the house to a place where dead men did not lie in the kitchen, and where there was no danger from cholera. I confess that for a moment I was in what hunters would call a "blue funk," and I think I showed it when I came into the room, for in a moment the conversation was hushed and every eye was fixed upon me. I steadied myself at a table, for my legs were strangely unmanageable. I had decided to tell them the exact truth; indeed, I couldn't have invented a story at that moment if I had tried. I don't remember what I said, but I never shall forget the peculiar expressions which crept into the faces of the company as I spoke, so I feel sure I must have conveyed something of my own horror of that ghastly creature lying there in my kitchen, holding up a spoon in its rigid and shriveled hand. I prayed their indulgence, and suggested that we separate into small parties and go to the club and elsewhere for our dinner. As for me, I was secretly sure that nothing in the world could tempt me to touch a mouthful of dinner. Indeed, I felt for the instant as if I should never dare eat another mouthful of Siamese food—not while I was within hearing of the death chant of the priests.

For a moment after I stopped speaking, there was perfect silence in the room. No one seemed inclined to move or to look aside. The shock of the sudden and horrifying disclosure was too fresh. When the pause was becoming utterly unbearable, it was with great relief that I saw the manager of the Hong-Kong Bank rise slowly. He had grown brown in Asia. He had fought tigers and fever in India, and he knew every stopping place between Suez and Vladivostock. We knew that he loved his little joke, but we were not at all prepared for what he now had to say:

"Mr. Host, if you will permit me to make the suggestion, which I am sure will be heartily approved by every one here, I would ask you to order this dinner to be served at once. As for myself, I do not wish to miss the last dinner of such a genius as your late cook. I am sure our friends will support us."

The change in the faces of the company would have been ludicrous if there had been any one present at that moment who could have appreciated the ludicrous. When the manager of the Hong-Kong Bank had arisen, there was a perceptible stir of relief. Here was to be a practical suggestion for escape; but when the manager sat down, relief was followed by astonishment, incredulity, disgust. I was inclined to turn it off as a grim joke, grimmer to me, because I had such fresh evidence of the dread power of cholera. Hardly had the manager of the Hong-Kong Bank taken his seat when the head of the Bank of India, the rival institution, arose, and said with the utmost seriousness that he heartily seconded the first speaker's suggestion, that it would delight him greatly, and so on and so on. He was followed by the head of a great foreign Hong, to whom every one was looking with eagerness to suggest an alternate course, but who expressed his keen desire to enjoy the feast which the dead cook had prepared. By this time many other members of the party, especially the younger ones, began to show signs of panic. Several were as white as their collars; one or two were grinning half-heartedly, as if trying to persuade themselves that it was all an ugly joke. Three business men had now spoken, and the soldiers and sailors, evidently feeling that they had been placed on their mettle, began to fall in, one by one, with the suggestion. Several times I saw some of the younger men on the point of making a protest, and yet, panic-stricken as they were, not one was willing to take a step that would imply a lack of pluck. They did not dare to say they were afraid—and neither did I. It was not until after over twenty men had urged me to proceed with the dinner that I could believe it was not a horrible bit of humor. At last I felt convinced, and with an indescribable repugnance I turned to the veranda, feeling certain that I was about to sign not only my own death warrant, but that of every man present. It seemed impossible that the cook could have prepared the dishes and died in the kitchen as he did, without infecting the dinner. A picture of my bungalow as it might appear before morning grew in my imagination; I wondered if there would be any one left to tell the story. But I think I gave the orders steadily enough:

"No. 2 cook, you makee finishee dinner. Can do?"

Whereupon he replied: "All b'long plopper. I makee finishee allee dishee."

We filed into the dining-room arm in arm, and never before or since have I seen a company engage in such riotously loud gaiety on entering a dining-room. Every man seemed trying to out-talk and out-laugh his neighbor, and, curiously enough, every one seemed to have completely forgotten the mishap of the kitchen. Nor did any one speak of cholera.

At last the servants came in with the soup. For a moment the merriment ceased, and we all heard the hoarse and derisive cry of a tokay in the banyans which overhung the bungalow. It somehow suggested the death chant of the priests which we had heard so often and so unthinkingly. Then the clatter began again. As the curried soup was placed before my guests I saw many a look which, under ordinary circumstances, would have given any host cold chills of mortification. I remember in particular the utterly horror-stricken look of a young British officer who wore on his breast a Victoria cross won on the heights of Dargai. I believe he was not the only one who felt convinced that the soup was a seething mass of cholera germs.

Somehow every one delayed beginning, and I think there were several who still felt that it was a daring joke, albeit a joke which had been carried too far. At that moment I would as soon have taken Paris green as that soup, but the honor of the occasion weighed heavily upon me. I looked at the manager of the Hong-Kong Bank, who sat opposite; he looked at me. We both dipped, tasted, and swallowed. And may I say it to the credit of the white man in a foreign and tropical land that not a man flinched, although I know that nearly every one of them would sooner have stood up to the fire of a regiment. And never before did I see so much soup eaten at a dinner. Every plate was emptied, and, having been emptied, a certain spirit of wild recklessness seemed to seize the entire company. We all felt that the damage had been done, and what followed could not matter. So we all settled ourselves to a thorough enjoyment of a dinner that might be our last. So prodigiously did every one eat that one of my servants whispered:

"Oh, master, I fear no have got plentee. Men b'long much hungly. Makee eat all thing."

The very dishes which seemed to offer the best thriving place for germs were consumed with the greatest apparent unction, and all the while the talking and laughing continued uproariously. A naval man would tell his weirdest tale, and an army man would straightway match it with one still wilder, and in every case a joke brought laughter out of all proportion to its wit. But not a person referred, even remotely, to cholera or to cooks.

Finally, the last course was finished, and toasts were in order. I was about to rise to thank my guests for the pleasure of their company at this auspicious occasion, and so on, when the imperturbable manager of the Hong-Kong Bank arose, glass in hand. He looked at the guests impressively. Then he said, with a solemnity quite indescribable:

"Mr. Host and fellow-guests: On this happy occasion, when we are gathered here through the generous hospitality of our host, and after we have enjoyed one of the good dinners for which this table is proverbial, I beg you, in view of the remarkable announcement made before we sat down to this feast, to rise, all of you, and drink in solemn and reverential silence to the repose of the soul of the cook who died of cholera, and who, dying, prepared the best dinner his skillful hands ever fashioned. May his soul rest in peace—and none of us follow him!"

And every man, standing there shoulder to shoulder and clinking glass to glass, drank the health of the departed *chef*, and the only sound was the swish of the punkah overhead. It was a brief toast, but more impressive than any that I ever heard before or since. What would have been the effect of the reaction following this sentiment, considering the highly wrought condition of the company, I don't know, had I not instantly proposed a return to the veranda for our coffee and cigars.

It was not long before the artificial hilarity of the dinner began to ooze away. Some of the party tried billiards, some whist, but the games fell flat. Others walked about the grounds, or up and down the veranda, but always near the bungalow, and always keeping up the semblance of animation. A few tried the piano, but somehow the music did not cheer; nor did tobacco nor brandy. Twelve o'clock came, and some of the guests proposed going home, but no one went. The whole company was reduced to a condition of discouragement and misery at heart, waiting for the expected to happen, although sustaining an outward mien of cheerfulness. While no man said a word to suggest it, there was not one who was not mentally calculating by hours when his time would

come. If one of us made a sudden or nervous movement, or spoke out of his ordinary tone of voice, every eye was furtively turned upon him. I think the business men bore the strain better than the army officers, Victoria crosses though they wore. It was indeed pitiful to see the expectancy in the faces of some of the younger men. Nothing occurred ; nobody went. Two hours more of this agony passed, the night dwindled into the raw hours of early morning, a time when every man is said to be an arrant coward. Even the grim manager of the Hong-Kong Bank seemed to be worried. Presently he called me aside.

"This is getting to be a deuced serious matter," he said ; "if we don't die of cholera some of these boys will certainly be scared to death."

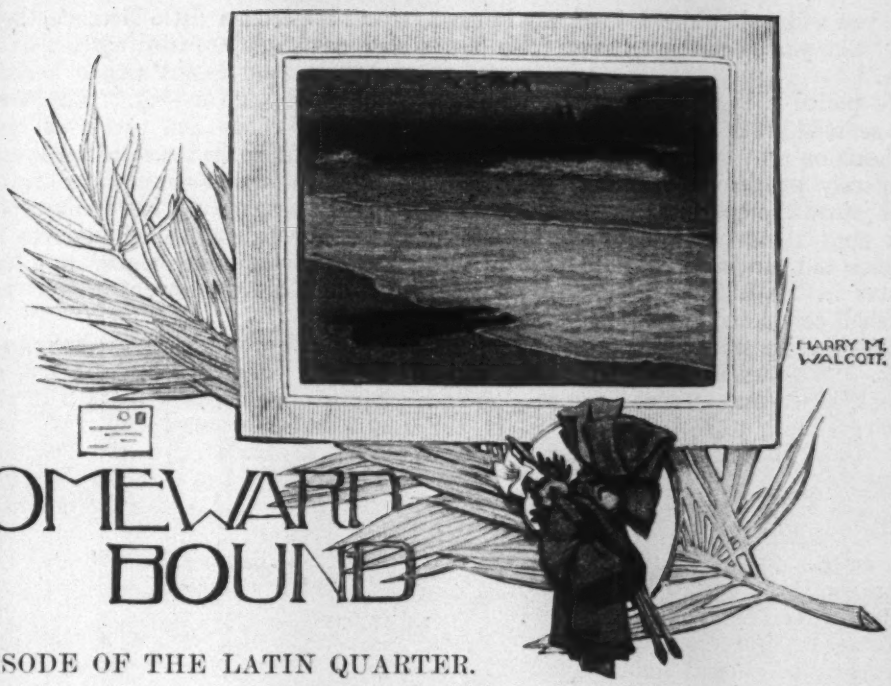
We were deep in the discussion of expedients when of a sudden we heard the "tramp, tramp" of feet coming up the steps. Two big Sikhs, my watchmen, saluted, and said in sepulchral tones :

"Master's cook die cholera, he buried four o'clock morning time. Will master tell any servant go with us see cook buried?"

I think there wasn't a man of us who didn't wonder instantly how soon a similar announcement would be made about some of us. But the interruption suggested a diversion. I straightway called the attention of my guests and said that I had thought of a plan which would, I hoped, help to pass the night more pleasantly. As my cook had, according to the kind word of the head of the Hong-Kong Bank, prepared for them the best dinner of all his career, and had died while he was finishing his crowning work, would it not be fitting that we should escort his body to its last resting place and pay our final respects to his memory and skill? This was just what was needed to break the killing suspense; it was active employment, and every man sprang instantly to his feet. As four o'clock was nearly an hour away, I ordered that the funeral take place immediately, and we set forth arm in arm—a procession ridiculous enough and unique, when one comes to think of it, for here were bank presidents, army and navy officers of high rank, and prominent diplomats marching down a jungle-grown pathway in the damp gray mist of early morning to assist in the final obsequies of an obscure coolie who had died of cholera. But the very fact that they marched, and that with desperate seriousness, showed what a state of mingled horror and recklessness they had reached. Nor was it altogether with reassurance that we recalled the fact that cholera did its deadliest work at this raw hour of morning. Finally, shivering with suspense, we reached the grave, which had been dug in the clay of a tangle-grown lot. The cook, wrapped in his favorite blanket, was placed in a huge, unwieldy coffin and lowered to his final resting place. While the callous coolies threw the wet earth into the grave and heaped a little mound above it, thirty sentimental and nerve-racked foreigners stood there and clasped hands around the grave like a ring of little girls. When the ceremony was over, no one seemed to know what to do, and no one wanted to let go of his neighbor's hand. So we stood and stood ; the matter-of-fact coolies slipped away and still we stood. Presently some one started "Auld Lang Syne," and we all stood there under the palms in the dim morning and sang the song through from the first line to the last.

. . . . . .

Remarkable as it may seem, every man who sat around that table is, to my best knowledge, alive and well to-day. The British officer who wore the Victoria cross told me the other day, in his London club, that storming the heights of Dargai was child's play compared to sitting at that table. The young French naval officer, who has just been shooting lions in Africa and bears the marks of a hand-to-hand conflict, writes me that no moment of danger from a wild brute in Somaliland ever paralyzed his nerves like the tasting of the first course at our Christmas cholera feast in Siam. But my No. 2 cook died ; he was the only victim of the cholera dinner—and he was a good cook, too.



"HOMEWARD BOUND"

AN EPISODE OF THE LATIN QUARTER.

By Ralph R. Latimer.

Illustrated by H. M. Walcott.

THE bright sun of a morning in early July was pouring through the skylight of the Académie Julien, in Paris, and throwing patches of vivid sunshine on the dusty floor, as Hugh Marshall stood scraping the dirty paint from his palette and smearing it over the lower part of the wall next him with a cheerful disregard of consequences.

The morning's work was nearly over. At that season the large room was but thinly populated, and only a few easels were clustered in a group about the platform. The stalwart model posed listlessly, keeping a watchful eye on the clock as the minute hand crept slowly round to noon.

Suddenly Marshall heard a voice in his ear, saying, "Mistère Marshall." He turned and saw the secretary and factotum of the place, who again addressed him.

"Mistère Marshall," he said, "here is a compatriot of yours, a gentleman from America, so I bring him to you. He has just arrived this day. His name is Mistère Webster." And with the smile of one who relieves himself of all further responsibility, the secretary withdrew.

Marshall surveyed his new acquaintance. Webster was dressed in a black diagonal suit, the whole surface of which was covered with a network of fine lines; beneath his ill-fitting trousers appeared brown leather shoes marked with a white substance suggestive of salt water; and a low collar and gay necktie adorned with a cheap pin completed his costume. His hair was red; and he wore it long, in the manner of a foot-ball player, though the mere idea of his little body in a scrimmage raised a smile. The face beneath was small-featured, and pale with the freckled paleness of a red-haired man, but his eyes were of a bright unexpected brown. They were now raised to Marshall's with the look of a hunted animal. He extended his hand.

"I'm very pleased to meet you," he said.

Marshall took the hand.

"How are you?" he answered. "Have you just come?"

"Yes," said the other. "I got here to-day."

At that moment the model yawned cavernously, stretched his arms above his head, and stepping off the platform, began pulling on his trousers. The workers glanced at the clock; it was exactly noon. The easels were pushed back, and a noisy rush to the water tank took place.

"It is lunch time," explained Marshall.

"If you will wait while I wash my brushes I will take you somewhere to eat. Sit down here."

He pulled a high stool toward Webster, who seated himself on the extreme edge with his heels on the second rung, in an attitude of merely provisional comfort, while Marshall joined the groups at the tank. When that approximate degree of cleanliness of brushes and person which is allowed to pass muster in the Latin Quarter was reached, Marshall conducted his *protégé* to the street.

Webster turned at the door and looked back. "It does seem strange to get here at last," he said. "I've been waiting and waiting so long to do it."

"Is it all like what you expected?" asked Marshall.

"Why, no, not exactly," replied the other. "But then I'm all mixed up. Did you say it was twelve o'clock? It seems to me like afternoon."

Marshall entered one of the smaller restaurants on the Boulevard. He ordered luncheon, and while it was being eaten gathered some knowledge of his companion.

Webster knew no French, and had an immense fear of spending more than he ought. His helpless state had inspired the pity of some of his fellow-passengers on the steamer, and acting on their advice he had come straight to Julien, trusting to the Providence which cares for his class. He cast the burden of all his arrangements upon Marshall with placid content. The latter responded with the good humor of the Bohemian; and it was not until late in the afternoon, when he had established Webster at a small hotel and introduced him at the Club, that he returned to his own affairs.

"I am sorry I have to leave you," he said, "for I am going to the country for my vacation to-morrow; but I shall see you again in the autumn when we all assemble."

He vanished, and as he made his preparations for departure he laughed aloud. "Webster," he said to himself, "and Daniel, I'll be bound! 'A Daniel come to judgment,' I'm afraid, poor chap, for he's sure to have any amount of trouble ahead. Well, I did all I could for him, and he must learn to stand on his own legs."

The months had run round from summer to autumn before Marshall again entered the *atelier* of the Académie Julien. A very different scene was presented from the listlessness of a July morning. All was noise and confusion, several models were posing at once, and the room was so filled with easels that, seen from a little distance, they resembled masts in a crowded harbor.

At the noon rest Marshall heard a small voice beside him saying, "How are you?" He looked round and perceived his former *protégé*. If he had seemed small and slight before, he was now much more so. His hair was longer and more unkempt, and he wore a vile pair of soiled corduroy trousers. There was the same deprecating look about him, and his eyes were larger and more bright.

Marshall greeted him cordially, and asked to see his work. Webster then directed his attention to an easel bearing a large canvas, and Marshall crossed the room and looked the work over in silence. The poor youth plainly belonged to that class of students to whom advice and assistance are impossible, whose masters after a few efforts leave them to their own devices. His study was in color and on a large scale, painted with an attempt at extreme finish of detail, which gave greater absurdity to the faults of modeling and proportion.

"I find a week a very short time in which to complete a study," Webster said. "I shall not be able to finish this, I'm afraid, for I have a good deal to change. I have introduced a landscape background, but the professor did not seem greatly to fancy it; so I have changed it, as I think a student should always be guided by his instructor. There is no use in being in his hands if you have no confidence in his judgment. Don't you think so?"

"Certainly, certainly," agreed Marshall, and fled.

The winter months wore on, and in the hurry of the short days work was the first consideration, and Marshall had no leisure to follow up Webster. Still, he saw him at the *atelier* almost daily. In fact, it seemed as if Webster took pains to keep himself so far in evidence, but he never aimed at more than a word or two of greeting or remark about current events.

March was upon them, and the days were lengthening fast when, as Marshall was approaching the *atelier* one morning, he saw Webster standing at the gateway.

A prophetic instinct told Marshall that something troublesome was about to happen, and he felt instantly that he had anticipated it from the first. He waved his hand, however, and called out his cheerful, "How are you?" at some distance, quickening his pace at the same time. Webster met him with evident embarrassment, and said at

once: "Could you come to my place this afternoon? I would take it very kindly of you. I want your opinion of something I've been doing."

"Of course I'll come," said Marshall. "Something for the Salon, I presume?"

"Why, yes," assented Webster. "It's a matter of some importance to me, and there is no one I would care to ask except you—no one I know so well. I'll expect you there about three if that is convenient, Number 20, Rue Dauphine."

"Very well," answered Marshall, and they turned into the *atelier*.

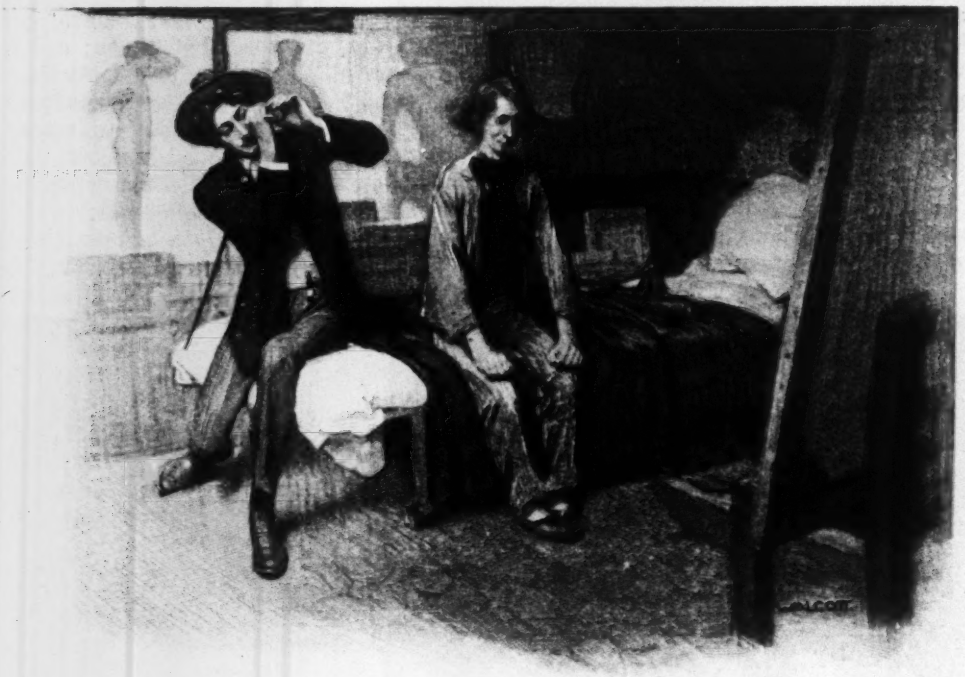
Marshall debated in his mind, as he walked to his appointment, the various forms of lie which can be made use of to a man who shows you an unmitigatedly bad picture. That he would be obliged to lie he had no doubt: it was only the manner of the lie about which he had any hesitation, nor had he reached a satisfactory conclusion before he found himself at his destination.

The Rue Dauphine is an obscure little street, the houses of which have, for the most part, a sordid appearance; and at one of the worst Marshall stopped. As there was no sign of a *concierge*, Marshall, after a few minutes' hesitation, began to mount the stairs. He had reached the first landing, and was peering about him when a door opened and Webster looked out.

"I was afraid you might miss the place, so I was keeping a watch for you," he explained, with his nervous laugh. "This way, please."

IN THE *ATELIER* OF THE ACADEMIE JULIEN.

Entering, Marshall found himself in a room of the poorest description. The floor was tiled, and the tiles were damp and broken; a small stove was burning in one corner, and a smell of cooking pervaded the place. A narrow iron bed, covered with a coarse brown blanket, ran along one side of the room; the window was large, but, looking full to the north, admitted no ray of sunshine; and a number of broken chairs and a cheap table composed the furniture. Marshall was too well trained in the etiquette of Bohemia to



"HE CONTINUED TO GAZE, HALF CLOSING HIS EYES AND MAKING A TELESCOPE OF HIS HANDS."

have any doubt as to what he should do. He seated himself on the bed and glanced about him.

"What a cozy place you have," he remarked, with a smile—"cozy" being a euphemistic expression applied in Bohemia to any room which is small and overheated.

"But where's the great work?" he continued, glancing about him.

"I keep it next door, to be away from the dust," said Webster. "I'll get it."

He disappeared, and Marshall with a quick movement of his hand felt the mattress. "Straw," he ejaculated, "and egg-shells in the coal hod—sure signs of self-respecting poverty!"

The door opened, and Webster returned bearing an unframed canvas. In silence he placed it on a chair, and then took his seat at the other end of the bed, his eyes fixed on Marshall's face. The picture was not really of large proportions, but seen under these circumstances it appeared to fill the room. It was a stormy marine piece, treated in a conventional manner and atrociously ill executed. In the distance, outlined against a lurid sunset, a black vessel was being beaten against some rocks, in the foreground the figure of a drowned mariner was extended on the sand, while a number of birds, which from their size could only have been a flock of albatrosses, were scattered about in various parts of the picture. The drawings were inaccurate throughout, the color dirty and unnatural, the touch and execution feeble and uncertain.

All this Marshall perceived at a glance, but he continued to gaze, half closing his eyes and making a telescope with his hand.

"I want you to be perfectly frank with me," said Webster at last. "If you think it can't possibly get in, I want you to tell me so; and then, you see, I needn't spend on my frame. So"—his voice shook a little—"I hope you'll say just what you think." He paused again a moment. "The color has sunk in some," he added wistfully. "It will look better when it's varnished," and bending forward, he rubbed the canvas tenderly with his moistened finger.

Marshall, meanwhile, was going through an inward debate. Would it not be better to tell the truth courteously, but decisively? Would it not be really the kindest thing to do? To say anything else seemed impossible. His mouth was opening for his first sentence, when Webster, who had been looking at the floor, began to speak again with a hurried rush of words.

"I want to tell you," he said, "so you can understand about it. I know I haven't had much training, but I was always very fond of art. I worked in a photographer's place in Booneville. I used to color the

prints sometimes, and I made some crayon portraits of our prominent citizens, and so I saved up some—not much. There was a fellow came through the town, he said Paris was the place for art, and just then my mother got a little money left her—her brother died—and she was just wild for me to go to Paris for a year; and so I came. Maybe it was selfish of me, for I left my mother all alone, and she's pretty old, but I sorter felt I had to come. Now I'm here, I see the great thing is to get into the Salon. That man home said so, too.

"I went last year, and there did seem to be some things not any better than mine" —he looked up for the first time—"and so I thought I'd try. I think a man should have confidence in himself," he added after a pause, clasping and unclasping his thin hands nervously, "and I didn't mean to say anything to any one, but I've kinder lost my grip. I guess I'm not quite well, for I felt I must speak to you. It will be a great thing for me if I get in—they'll think a lot of me at home. I dare say they'll make me teacher in the public schools—or something. So I ask you to tell me. I respect your opinion a lot, Mr. Marshall."

The words on Marshall's lips unformed themselves. All his life he had been popular, the admiration and liking of his fellows was a necessity to him. To hurt another—even to seem unkind—was impossible. What Webster said was true. He also had seen things as bad in the Salon, but he knew that influence had placed them there.

"I think what you say about confidence is the ticket," he said. "Your own feeling is the best guide. Of course you know that there are lots of risks—we all have to take them—but I think every man should stand on his own base, like a little tin soldier. You have three weeks to sending time, and there are some things I'd alter if I were you. Those birds, now, they're pretty big, aren't they? If you brought them forward they'd be as big as the man." He added a few more criticisms.

"By the bye, what do you call it?" he asked. "A good name is more than great riches."

"I call it 'Homeward Bound,'" said Webster.

"That's good in English, but I'm afraid the French will make it *Naufragé*."

"Then you really advise me to send it?"

"I'd try, anyway," said Marshall. "Good-by, I must trot home."

On the quays the lamps were lighted, casting their long shafts of light into the water as Marshall strode along.

"Now, am I the greatest liar in Paris," he asked himself, "or was I right? Anyway, he'll find out for himself, and it's not fair to make a Sir Oracle of a man against his will."

In the Rue Dauphine Webster was putting on his kettle to boil chocolate; there was no milk in it, and he bought only one roll that evening. Men who have to buy frames should economize.

The next week passed under pressure of work, Marshall and the friend with whom he shared a studio both toiling on the pictures they were sending to the Salon. The sending-in days, however, passed at last, the easels stood empty; and in the first feeling of relief all the artists began to idle and take their ease in the lengthening days of spring.

In the general expansion of good-fellowship, Marshall decided to look up Webster; and he proposed it to his chum as they were drinking "bocks" one afternoon on the Boulevard.

On reaching the Rue Dauphine Marshall mounted the stairs and knocked. There was no audible response, and after waiting a few moments he pushed open the door and entered. The room was as before, except that a thick layer of dust gave a faint bluish tone to everything. On the narrow iron bed Webster lay extended. He lifted his head at the sound of the opening door. "Is it the letters, madame?" he asked. His eyes met Marshall's, and there rose in his face a faint expression of pleasure mingled with mortification. He pulled the blanket up to his chin with one hand, while he extended the other.

"Why, old man, I'm sorry you're ill!" cried Marshall. "Here's Halstead, my chum, and I came to get you for a walk."

The mortification was uppermost in Webster's face as he held out his hand to Halstead.

"I'm sorry you should find me like this," he said in a faint voice, "but I've been pretty bad for a few days, and things get out of order. It's a shame you fellows should come so far and find me sick.

"But, I say," cried Marshall, "you should really have a doctor, don't you think so? You look pretty bad—you're feverish, I know."

"I shall be all right in a day or two. I don't want any doctor," said Webster, with a touch of petulance. "The woman of the house will look after me. I only feel a bit

under the weather; it's just a touch of spring fever."

They chatted on for a while, and the visitors rose to go. "I'll see you again to-morrow," said Marshall.

Outside they found the woman of the house and held a council. "If he is any worse, send for the nearest doctor and don't hesitate about expense," said Marshall.

"Ah! messieurs," cried the woman, "that is the whole affair. Ever since he began that picture he has not spent a *sou*. First it must be brushes, paint, and canvas; and then a model, and at last this frame. Such a frame! Gilt, and as wide as that. Oh, he starved not his picture, it was his own poor stomach he starved. Ah! he dipped his bread in his heart's blood when he painted that picture, and now my husband, who knows about such things, he says it is not good—it will not be accepted."

The friends walked some distance in silence, then Marshall spoke: "We're in for it, Tom."

"Yes," assented the other.

The next few days brought no improvement in Webster's condition. The doctor was summoned, and pronounced it a case of typhoid fever brought on by poor food and air, and the probable use of bad water. Webster lay in a half-torpid condition, from which it was difficult to rouse him except at post times, when he became excited and would eagerly debate the chances of acceptance of his picture.

One day, as Marshall was about to enter, the woman of the house offered him two letters which had just arrived for Webster. One was directed in a feeble, woman's hand and bore an American stamp, the other had on its corner the image and superscription of the Salon. He felt it, held it to the light, and then put it into his pocket.

"Here's a letter from home," he announced cheerfully.

Webster took it. "Isn't there anything from the Salon yet?" he eagerly asked.

"No," replied Marshall with serene mendacity; "but, you know, the longer you wait the more chances you have."

His consolations seemed, however, unavailing, and he was relieved when the doctor called for his usual visit. Marshall left the room with him and lingered talking on the stairs.

That afternoon, as Halstead was preparing for his afternoon tea, Marshall entered and closed the door behind him with a bang. He sat down at the piano and ran his fingers over the keys for some time in silence, then he turned and faced his friend.

"I say," he began.

"Well?"

"This came for Webster to-day."

He held out the missive from the Salon. Halstead took it, shook it, and held it to the light.

"A rejection," he said. "Poor chap! how is he going to take it?"

"He isn't going to take it at all," said Marshall with decision. "I tell you he's *got* to have that picture in. The doctor says there is hardly a chance of his getting well, and the only thing that keeps him up is his eagerness about this; but if he's disappointed he'll go. Like enough he'll go anyway, but he's sure to if he hears about this."

"How are you going to manage, though?" objected Halstead. "You can't get the picture into the Salon in the face of the committee."

"You've got your acceptance and ticket, haven't you? Well, you let me have them, and I'll fix it," said Marshall.

Halstead produced the papers, and Marshall extended Webster's letter over the steaming tea-kettle.

An hour later the envelope, restamped and inclosing a different message, dropped into the nearest box.

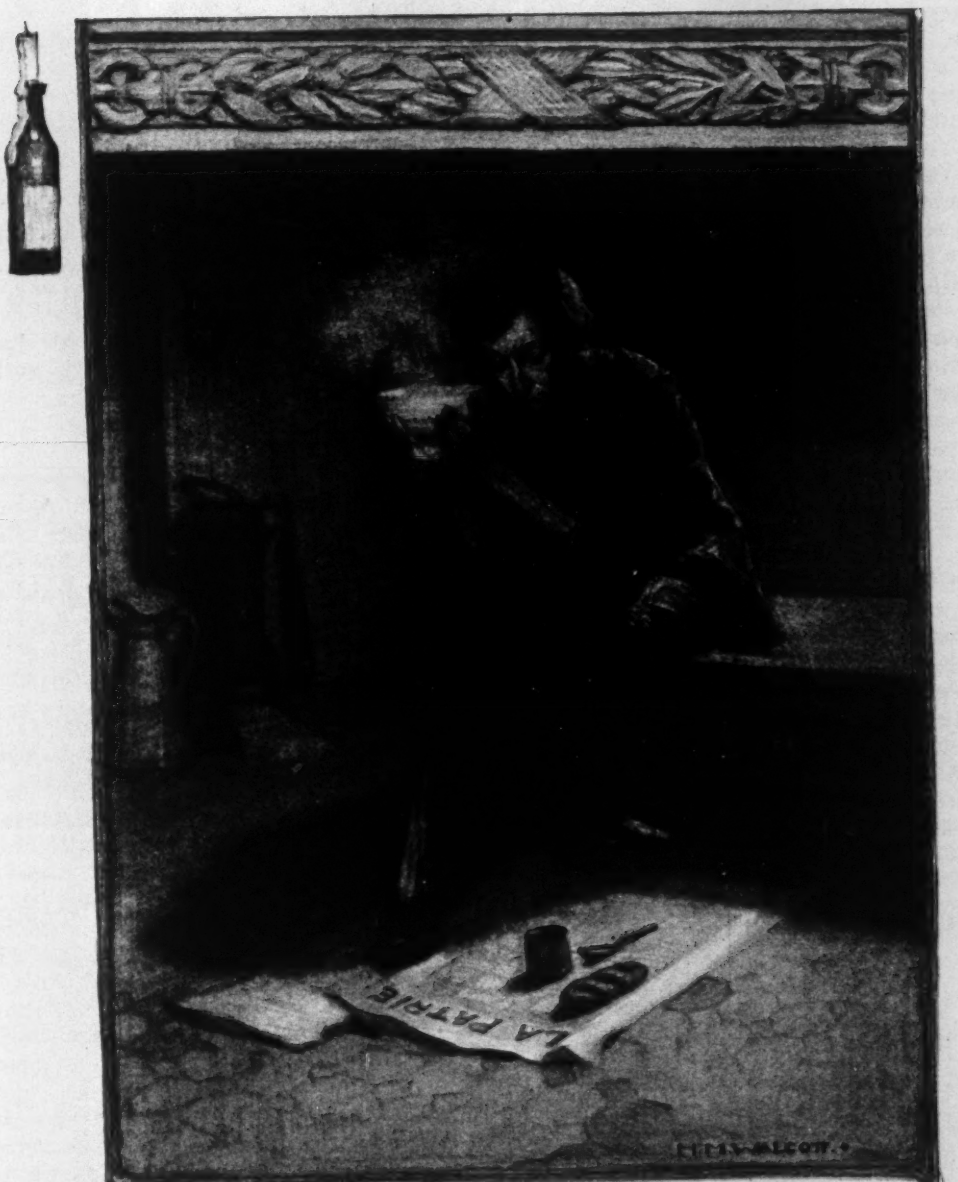
"That's done," said Marshall.

"And a good job, too," answered his friend.

The next morning, when they entered Webster's room, he hailed them with a smile. "See here," he cried, holding up a letter. "This came just now. I know you'll be glad!" His whole face beamed with joy. The friends read, and broke into eager congratulations.

The most cheering anticipations of success will not stop the progress of fever. Webster grew steadily worse. Often he seemed unconscious of all about him and lay staring at the ceiling, but he always liked to keep the notice of acceptance under his head. Varnishing day came, and found him far too ill to think of going, and at last the doctor shook his head and said he feared the patient would not last twenty-four hours.

The chums took turns to sit with him, but as the day wore on Marshall refused to give up his place, and the two settled down for the night. The soft dusk of a Paris evening began to fall around them. Webster seemed asleep, and they kept silence, watching the sky changing from the greenish reflections behind the dome of the Pantheon to the



MEN WHO
HAVE TO BUY FRAMES
SHOULD ECONOMIZE

warm darkness of a spring night. Marshall rose and lit the lamp, shading the light from the sick man's eyes.

Suddenly Webster began to speak in a soft, even voice. "No," he said, "I'm glad I came. It was worth while, and now my picture's in. They can't say, any of them, it was no use to try it." He turned his head. "Marshall," he said.

"Yes, old man."

"You'll write and tell mother all about it, and about the picture, you know, and say I tried to make the money go as far as I could. There'll be enough to bury me, I think."

"Oh, that's all right, old man; you mustn't talk like that. You're going to get well and paint a lot more pictures."

"No, I'm not, and I'm sorter glad, too. Maybe I couldn't have done another so good—another good enough to get into the Salon. You've both been real kind. I used to look at you in Julian's, and wish I was a big, strong man like you. I used to think you were a dude," he added to Halstead. "I'm sorry."

He sank off into unconsciousness. The night wore on. Through the half-open window came the occasional sound of footsteps, and the still less frequent rattle of wheels. Suddenly a voice in the street broke the silence, singing. The noise roused Webster, who started.

"Air!" he cried. "I want air!"

Marshall lifted him, while Halstead threw the window wide.

"Le printemps qui commence
Nous porte l'espérance,"

sang the voice.

Webster lay silent and panting in Marshall's arms.

"Je t'aime, je t'aime, viens sur mon cœur."

The voice died away, there were a few moments of silence.

"Pray," said Webster faintly.

The two men exchanged a wild glance.

"You," began Halstead. "I don't know——"

"I tell you, you've got to pray!" hissed Marshall. "Anything will do, only be quick about it."

Halstead dropped on his knees, and in a shaking voice began, "Our Father." He ended with a sob, and buried his face in the coarse blanket, his shoulders working.

"More!" gasped the dying voice.

"Go on," commanded Marshall.

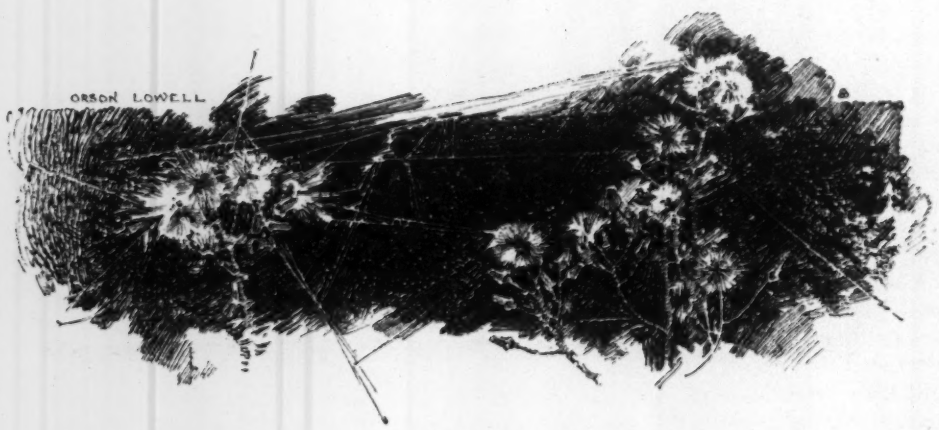
Vague recollections of a church service long unheard and half forgotten passed through Halstead's mind, and sentence after sentence rose disconnectedly to his lips like bubbles in a champagne glass. Webster was fighting for breath in Marshall's arms. Suddenly the struggle ceased, he lay still. Then, turning, he looked into the face bent down to his.

"Homeward bound!" he said faintly.

Halstead on his knees, his face hidden, continued his vague, incoherent petition:

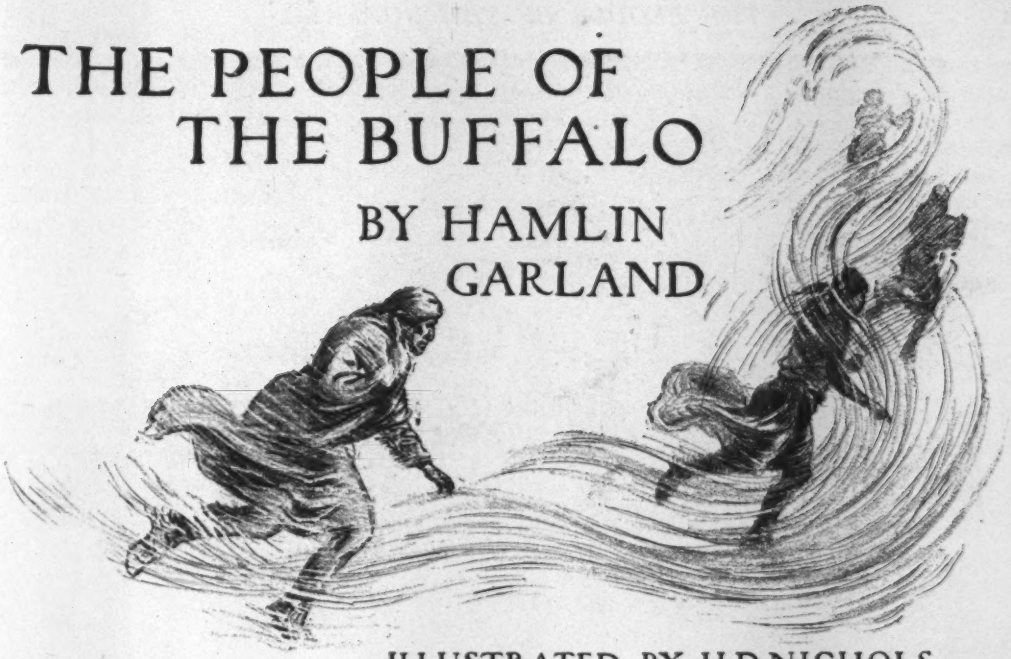
"The glorious company of the Apostles praise Thee,
The goodly fellowship of the Prophets praise Thee,
The noble army of Martyrs praise Thee."

"Shut up, now!" said Marshall. "Don't you see he's gone?"



THE PEOPLE OF THE BUFFALO

BY HAMLIN GARLAND



ILLUSTRATED BY H·D·NICHOLS

IN the shelter of the willows and cottonwoods of a wide, shallow stream which comes down from the mountains, a band of wild people were camped. It was mid-winter, and snow covered the ground, and the river was frozen, all save a dark blue strip in the middle where it rippled over its pebbles. In orderly arrangement, the tepees of well-smoked buffalo hide stood among the trees, emitting blue banners of smoke from their tops. Up and down the paths to the river and running from tepee to tepee were the women of the tribe, wrapped in vivid scarlet and green blankets. They walked with bent head, striding swiftly.

Around one tepee there seemed to be unusual throngs of people. A woman's voice wailing, with a hoarse, sighing moan at the ending of each cry, went to the heart's innermost fiber. It was the cry of one whom grief had degraded into a suffering animal.

Around her, as if to soothe her, sat a group of old women singing softly a sad, sweet strain on a falling cadence endlessly repeated. The mourner could not be comforted. She lay upon her couch of buffalo skins, weak with grief as if with some acute disease.

"They will find it," the old women said; "the strong ones, the swift ones, will find your child. Tallfeather, is he not seeking? And young Graybear, has he not keen eyes?"

From their talk it came out that the young mother had lost her way in the storm, and that in searching for the path she had become separated from her little son of four years of age. She had lost her wits then, and had wandered in frantic search in ever-widening circles, till at last, in the deep

"Around her, as if to soothe her, sat a group of old women singing softly."

"Of a sudden a horseman loomed dark amid the flying snow."

night, the barking of a dog drew her to the camp.

The keenest-eyed runners at once got out into the storm searching. They returned afterwards, one by one, sad and discouraged, and others took their places. The snow blowing steadily covered all tracks at once, and it was only by a system of shouting that the scouts were able to return to the camp. As the morning broadened, one by one the last relay returned empty-handed; and the poor mother watched them with staring eyes, the foam of ceaseless wailing on her lips.

At last and of a sudden a horseman loomed dark amid the flying snow.

"A White Man!" shouted the dogs.

"A White Man!" cried the children.

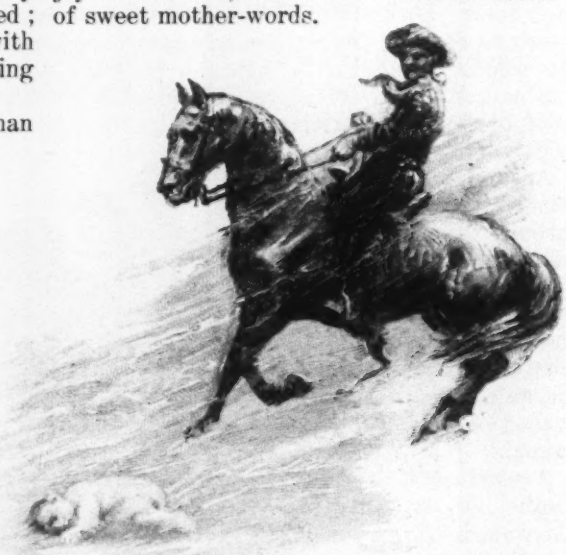
"He carries something," said a keen-eyed chief. "It is wrapped in a blanket. It may be the lost boy." He called to those who stood near the mourning tepee.

The man drew near. He rode a splendid horse and was fully armed. He was young, and the women saw he had a good face. He made the sign of a friend with his right hand, and old Graybear signed "Approach, friend."

The White Man lifted something in his arms and shouted:

"Here he is, your boy!"

There were shouts and loud cries on all sides, and then the whole camp came running and pushing round the young man, who smilingly pulled the blanket from the tear-stained face of the little fellow and dropped him into the outstretched arms of an old woman, the boy's grandmother. She ran with the child to the tepee, the wail stopped, a low cry of joy broke forth, and then the hoarse mutter of sweet mother-words.



". . . Suddenly my horse snorted. . . . I looked down, and there was this little chap curled up like a fox in the snow."

The young man, smiling down at his hearers, told in lame Ogallalah, pieced out with sign-talk, how he had found him.

"I was riding hard for my camp," he said. "I was riding with the wind for a guide, and suddenly my horse snorted and leaped to one side. I looked down, and there was this little chap curled up like a fox in the snow."

"Ah!" cried out the smiling people who listened. "He was sleeping."

"He was freezing, also," said the young White Man.

"They . . . dragged him from his horse . . . and pushed him into the tepee."

"Aye, aye, so he was," said old Graybear gravely.

"I sprang off my horse, and took the little cub on the saddle before me, and by wrapping him in blankets and rubbing his hands I warmed him up all right. I couldn't turn around or stop for fear of getting off my road, so I kept right on till I struck timber. There I built a fire and waited till morning. As soon as it was light, I struck up the creek, for I thought——"

A tumult in the tent interrupted him; out of the door, with the boy in her arms, staggered the mother. She hurried to the side of the horseman, and with a smile on her haggard, distorted face, she said:

"See, he is well! You are a good man; his little hands are not frozen." She laid her hand on the rider's knee like a caress, then turned angrily to the crowd. "Why do you not feed the White Man? He is cold and hungry."

They seized him—three big Ogallalah warriors—and dragged him from his horse. They shook his hand again and again, and pushed him into the tepee, where the mother and child sat bewildered and happy. The women ran swiftly, bringing food, so much food he could not eat it in a month—pemmican, pounded cherries, bread, and dried meat in strips. Some one had some coffee: this they brought with rejoicing that so great a delicacy was at hand for the young White Man. They fairly trod upon him in their eagerness to serve him.

The young man laughed and made many signs. He was hungry, but there were distinct limits to his capacity for even such good food as pemmican. The young women shyly drew near to see him eat and drink, and spoke in guarded tones about his face and his dress.

At last, when he would eat no more, old Graybear began to ask questions: "Where do you come from?"

"I come from the Cimmeroon," he replied; "I keep cattle for 'Little Cow-chief.'"

"Ah! Where do you go now?"

"I go to visit a friend who lives on the Arickaree."

"Ah, so! What is your name?"

"My people call me Mose."

"Mos', Mos'," they all repeated, to fix the name in their memory.

The young man went on: "My friend, Comanche Jim, calls me 'Blazing Hand.'"

"Ah! Why so?"

"Because I shoot so quick."

Graybear uttered a low sound with a deep downward inflection, "Ah!"

The young man began to ask questions.

"You are Ogallalah. Where are you journeying?"

"We go to visit the Southern Cheyennes," Graybear replied. "It is cold and lonely where the Great Father has put us. We go to the South to make presents and to dance with our friends."

Suddenly a personable and smiling woman touched Blazing Hand on the arm. It was Sleeping Fox, the mother of the boy he had found. The change in her face and dress was so amazing he did not at the moment recognize her.

She pointed at the boy snugly sleeping amid buffalo robes. "See, my little one has eaten, he is warm, he sleeps safely. But for you he would be cold and still in the snow. You have a good heart. I wish to make you presents. My father, my brothers, all wish to make you presents. Even now the young men are building a dance tepee."

This being interpreted to him by Graybear, the young White Man laughed and shook his head. "I do not need your presents."

A drum began to beat, and an old man in a loud voice began to cry aloud the news in the camp.

"Come to the dance-house. Everybody come at once. Blazing Hand will be there. Prepare to dance and feast."

The snow still blew, but the wind had changed to the southwest and was warmer; the norther had spent its force, the equatorial current was setting in again. The simple-hearted people began to assemble, nearly every man, woman, and child in gala-dress. In all the tepees young dandies were painting and bedecking themselves. The women put on their best gowns and blankets. Their blue-black hair shone like a crow's wing, and rosettes of red paint beneath their eyes added luster and savage charm.

At last Graybear put away his pipe and said: "Come, friend, we will go."

Together they went to the dance-house. "Blazing Hand" sat in the place of honor at the chief's left hand. The roomy tepee was soon filled with the dancers, who sat upon folded buffalo skins, with blankets thrown over their naked shoulders. They filled one side of the tepee, while on the opposite side sat the drummers, the singers, the women, and those who were not to dance, but all movement was quiet, almost ceremonial, even in preparation.

Graybear signalled, and the drummers broke into a low chant which grew wilder and the drum-beats louder and louder till the din seemed to voice ferocious intent. It then fell away to a low humming chorus accompanied by the muffled strokes of the drum.

At another signal, the young men rose and began their dancing, quietly, gracefully, their faces impassive but kindly, smiling now and again at each other or at the visitor. Their feathers floated, their brazen ornaments clashed and jingled in time to the beat of the drum. Their uplifted eyes had devotional intent, their extended pipes offered incense and prayer. Those who carried weapons did so in dramatic desire for grace and effect. It was a beautiful and stirring scene, the music savage, heart-shaking, with its pounding rhythm. The central fire attended by a gnome-like old man, the storm beating outside, the shifting shadowy figures, the acrid down-curling smoke—all united to fill the heart of the youth with a strange and suffocating emotion. That it was all done for him because of a simple natural act stunned him.

At the end of the first dance Graybear rose, and, advancing, began a speech:

"My friends, listen. This dance is to show our young white friend that we are grateful to him. We know how it is. Other White Men would have gone away, leaving the little one to freeze, and my grandchild would then be lost to me and his mother made crazy with sorrow. This young man did not so. He stooped from his horse and took the child and warmed it by his fire. He put it under his blanket, and so it is here—the child—sleeping warmly. For this reason it is meet, my friends, that we rejoice over the return of our son, and also do honor to the young man. I have talked with him in sign-language, which he uses swiftly, and his heart is good toward the Red Man and our hearts are good toward him. He will speak to the Great Father for us in order that we are not kept picketed like a starving horse in a barren place. I present the young man with my best robe."

At each pause in his speech the drummers boomed applause upon the big flat drums, and at its close others rose to speak, announcing themselves with due form and dignity, and ending by presenting the young white chief with a horse and robe. Shy women brought these in, and with downcast

eyes approached the amazed young man and laid their presents at his feet.

At intervals the dancers went on with the dance, which grew more and more passionate, and swifter and more violent and dramatic of action. It delineated the search for the child; and the trailers set forth, peering into the darkness, searching the ground, scrutinizing the sky. They were baffled, they lost the trail—wheeled, circled, found it again—lost it, and at last returned to their seats. Then one young man with a

The people laughed and shouted; the women began to sing in continuous, quavering, and nasal, yet sweet and touching, cadences, an improvised song, to which the actor gallops:

"He finds the child,
The young White Man,
He warms it at his bosom.
He has a good heart,
He does not hate the small one.
He hastens to warm it at a fire—
He will return it to its mother,
The young Blazing Hand."

THE DANCE.

hat like a cow-boy, and with one hand painted red with yellow streakings, dashed into the ring on a gallop. This was the rescuer. He galloped round the ring amid the happy laughters of the people, who looked slyly at the real "Blazing Hand." As he galloped, the dancer peered into the darkness, seeking his way. He held up his hand to feel the wind. He stopped, considered, then galloped on. "*Boom!*" said the drum.

Suddenly he stopped, drawing his horse back on its haunches. The drums became silent, the people held their breath while he peered downward. At last he stooped, seemed to take a babe in his arms.

"*Boom! Boom!*" sounded the drums.

Something great and glorious swept over the soul of the youth. Tenderness for these people, a feeling of his littleness and helplessness in their cause moved him. He seemed to melt into their world. He was oppressed by the simplicity and tenderness of this play, and when the actor laid the shadowy child in the arms of the happy mother his throat filled with emotion and he could not speak. Never again would these people of the plains be anything but a simple, child-like, and generous people to him.

He rose at last, and, pointing at the pile of presents, said to the old chief:

"I cannot take these presents. I have not earned them. I have done little. Many other

White Men would also have rescued the child. My heart is good toward you. It has never been hard against you, but now it is very soft. I have a good horse. I have clothes. Keep your presents for your dances with the Southern Cheyennes. Do not be angry with me because I return your presents. My heart is very warm because you give them to me, but I must not take them. Of your food I will take, for I have a long journey to go."

"I cannot take these presents."

To this they protested, but the youth was firm, and at last food was brought in, a feast spread forth. The hearts of all the people warmed to the stranger; and when old Graybear rose to ask him to remain with them, to be one of their number, the people smiled and said: "Yes, yes; stay with us! The Southern people will be glad to know of you."

"We will teach you to dance, and we will find a wife for you. There are young girls looking at you now who would not turn away if you called to them."

There was a gleam of humor in the old man's eye as he ended: "And if they did, there are young girls among the people at the South."

The youth blushed hotly at this plain speech, and said: "I cannot stay with you. You are good friends, that I see, but my white friends expect me. They would think that I had been lost. I must go on my journey."

To this they were forced to consent. He went on: "But you must not forget me, and I shall not forget you. I shall carry in my heart all the good words you have spoken."

To this Tallfeather replied: "We shall not forget you. We will tell all our people that we have looked in your face at the feast and found your heart good. The name of Blazing Hand shall be known to all our people."

The low western sun was shining through the clouds, and the wind was gentle and soft as they came out of the smoky dance-house and took their separate ways. "The storm is over; tomorrow we travel again," they said.

Going to look after his pony, Mose found him in the shelter of some willows, humped and shivery, but no longer hungry. He had scraped away the snow from the thick grass of the swale and filled his stomach. Mose buckled a blanket round him and left him for the night; his suffering could not be avoided.

Back in the Chief's tent, the youth sat to smoke with Graybear and Tallfeather, while the sun went down below the mountains and

the darkness came on. Around them the laughter of girls could be heard and the cries of children at play. The silence between speech grew longer, and at last Graybear motioned to the young White Man and said: "Sleep there."

He rolled himself in the blankets and robes which had been set aside for him, but he could not go to sleep at once. He was seeing all over again the stirring figures of the dance and hearing again the booming of the drums and the nasal wailing songs of the women. Surely he was now among the people of the wild lands. They wished him to go with them, and he was strongly tempted to do so. He had been now two years with Reynolds, and had mastered the details of the cow-boy life. He was restless again. Jack was still in the East, Mary had not written, his father's letters were infrequent; there was nothing to hinder save the coming on of winter, and his horse.

The horse decided him. The living of an unstabled horse in winter was too precarious, too severe; he could not put his beloved Kintuck to that hardship.

"In the night a woman came into the tepee and softly replenished the fire."

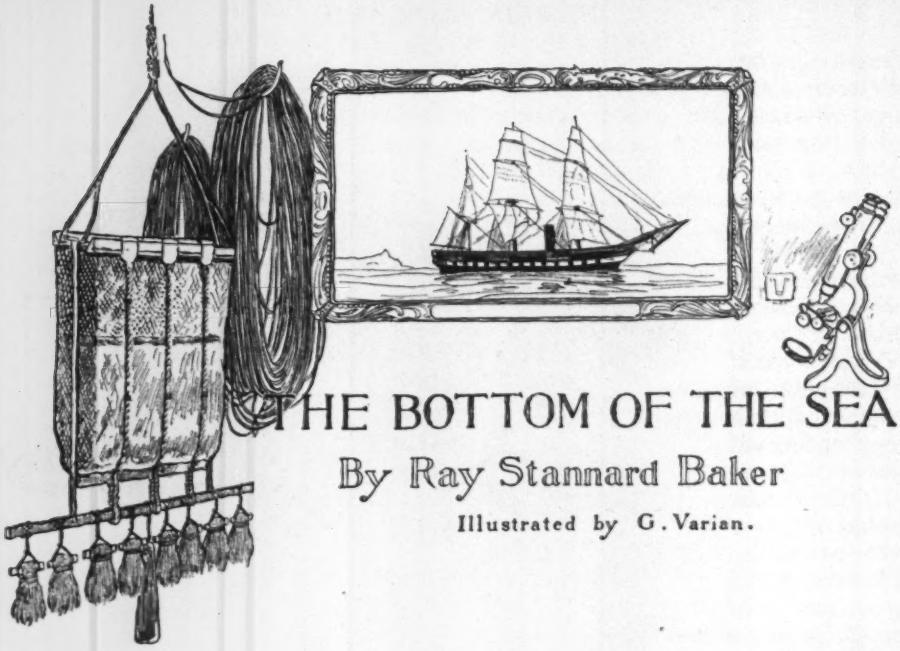
Several times in the night a woman came into the tepee and softly replenished the fire. He thought he recognized Sleeping Fox, the mother of the little boy.

In the early dawn he rose as silently as one of the red men would have done, and sought his horse. No one was to be seen, but faint columns of smoke were rising from some of the tepees. The wind was warm, and the snow soft under foot. By noon the hillsides would be bare on their southern sides, and his horse could feed at ease. It was still possible to reach his friends in time for Christmas revel on the Arickaree—but to do so he must go hungry during midday.

As he rode away in the soft snow, noiseless as a shadow, a woman came out of a tepee and silently watched him. It was Sleeping Fox.

He made a sign of hail and farewell, but she did not reply by word or by sign; and out into a dazzling world of rosy snow and sun-filled glorious sky the young man rode with joyous heart.

"He made a sign of hail and farewell, but she did not reply by word or by sign."



THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA

By Ray Stannard Baker

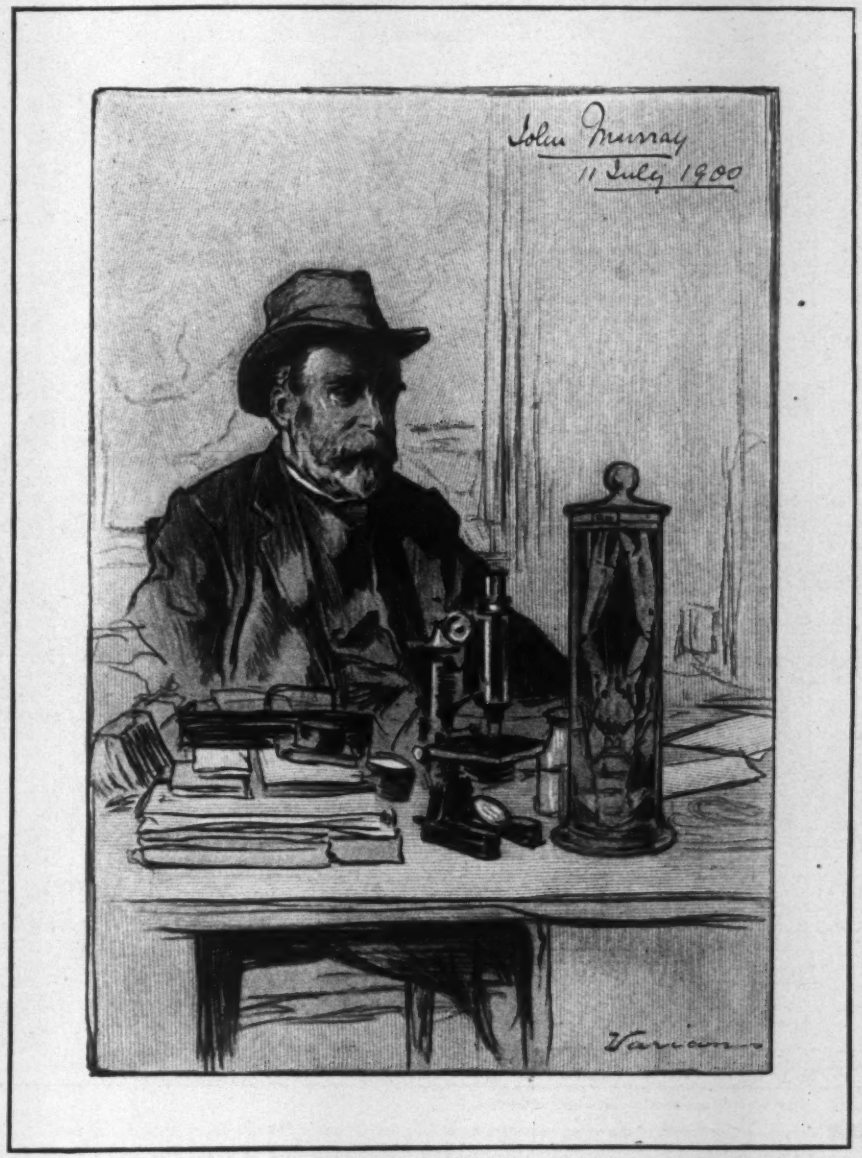
Illustrated by G. Varian.

AN AUTHORIZED ACCOUNT OF THE RESEARCHES OF SIR JOHN MURRAY IN THE SCIENCE OF OCEANOGRAPHY.

IF all the cargoes that the ships of the sea ever brought into port in all the years that ships have sailed, without doubt the strangest and most wonderful was the cargo of the famous ship "Challenger." In the year 1872 the "Challenger" sailed from Sheerness in England without a cargo and without a destination. She was a man-o'-war, a square-rigged three-master, commanded by officers of the Royal Navy, and having on board some of the most eminent scientists of Great Britain. For nearly four years she sailed the seas of both hemispheres, from the Arctic to the Antarctic, infrequently touching land and yet constantly accumulating her strange cargo. She dragged the ocean with nets, not only for the ordinary fish of the sea, but for the myriad forms of lesser life which feed in its vast blue meadows; she let down dredges and sounding plummets into the deep, mysterious valleys of the sea bottom; she explored all but limitless plains, desert with black darkness, and cold, and never-broken silence. In single dredgings she brought up for the eyes of man quantities of primeval ooze that had required the slow accumulations of a million centuries, perhaps, to deposit; she discovered submarine rivers, some of them flowing outward from the land and rising like a fountain from the ocean bottom; she learned of new and mighty ocean currents, not the surface currents known to navigators, but those which creep along the sea bottom, a foot in a century, perhaps, carrying life-giving oxygen to the creatures of the deep sea; she located stupendous mountain ranges and volcanoes, with precipices and declivities so awful that it is well, perhaps, that they are hidden forever from the eye of man. And as evidence of the almost inconceivable strangeness of the bottom of the sea, she brought back some of its denizens, both vegetable and animal—the appropriate creatures of cold and darkness and the crowding presence of the seas—odd, pulpy, warty fishes, some blind, some with eyes greatly developed, some that peer their way about these depths with lanterns, and a thousand other forms of life equally strange. And of the thousands of specimens collected few had ever before been seen by the eye of man.

It is not often that a ship sails away for a brief four years and brings back a new science; but that was the accomplishment of the "Challenger," and the science thus founded is now known as Oceanography. Not quite four years was expended in exploration and observation; but it required nearly five times as long to place the results in orderly and comprehensive form before

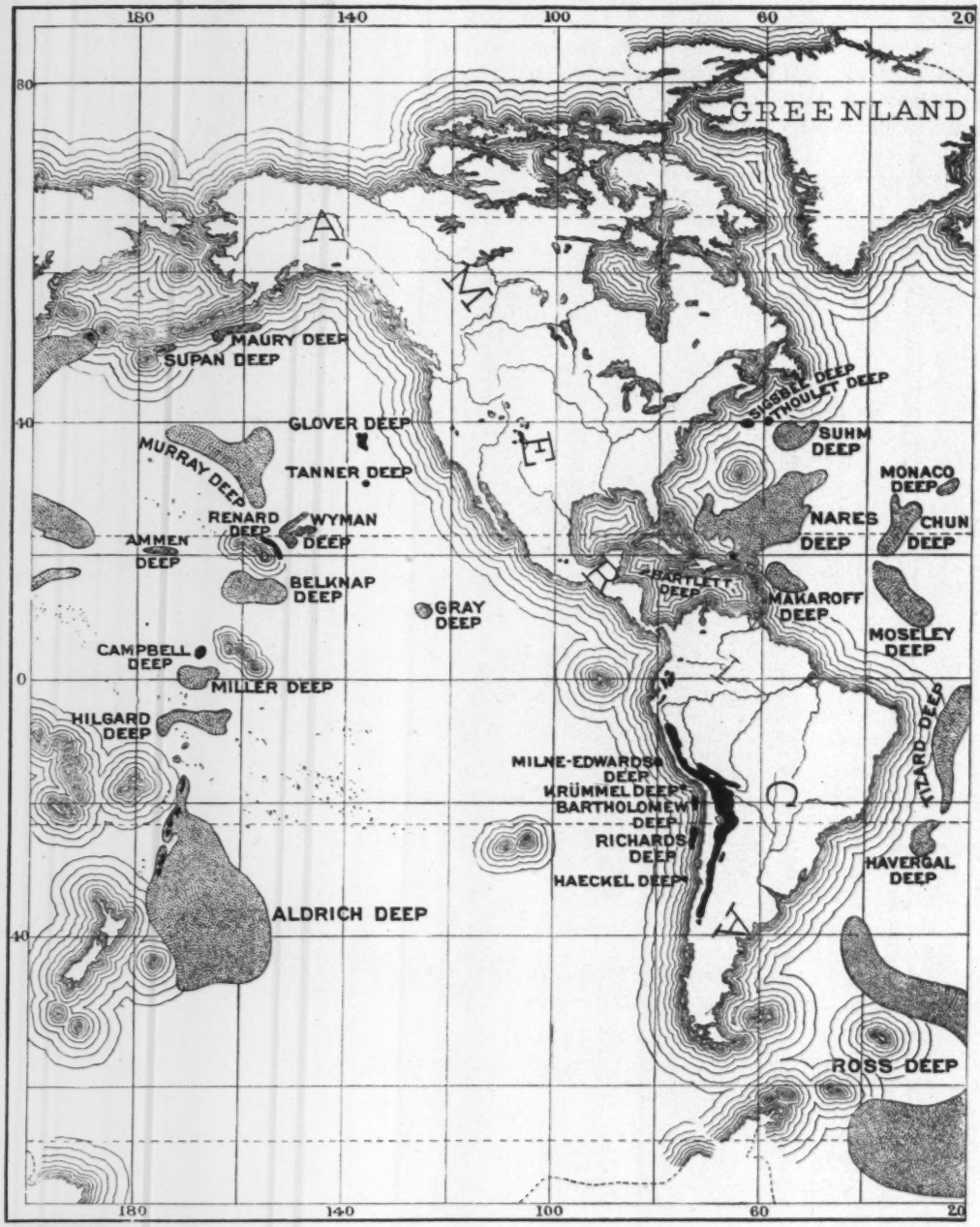
the world. It was not until 1895 that the final volume of the great report of the expedition, which might well have been called the "Book of Oceanography," was published. This report is not only one of the greatest monuments to English science, was under the direction, during the first few years after the return of the "Challenger," of Sir Wyville Thompson, and, after his death, of Sir John Murray. Eminent scientists in



SIR JOHN MURRAY.

Drawn from life by George Varian in Sir John Murray's library at Edinburgh.

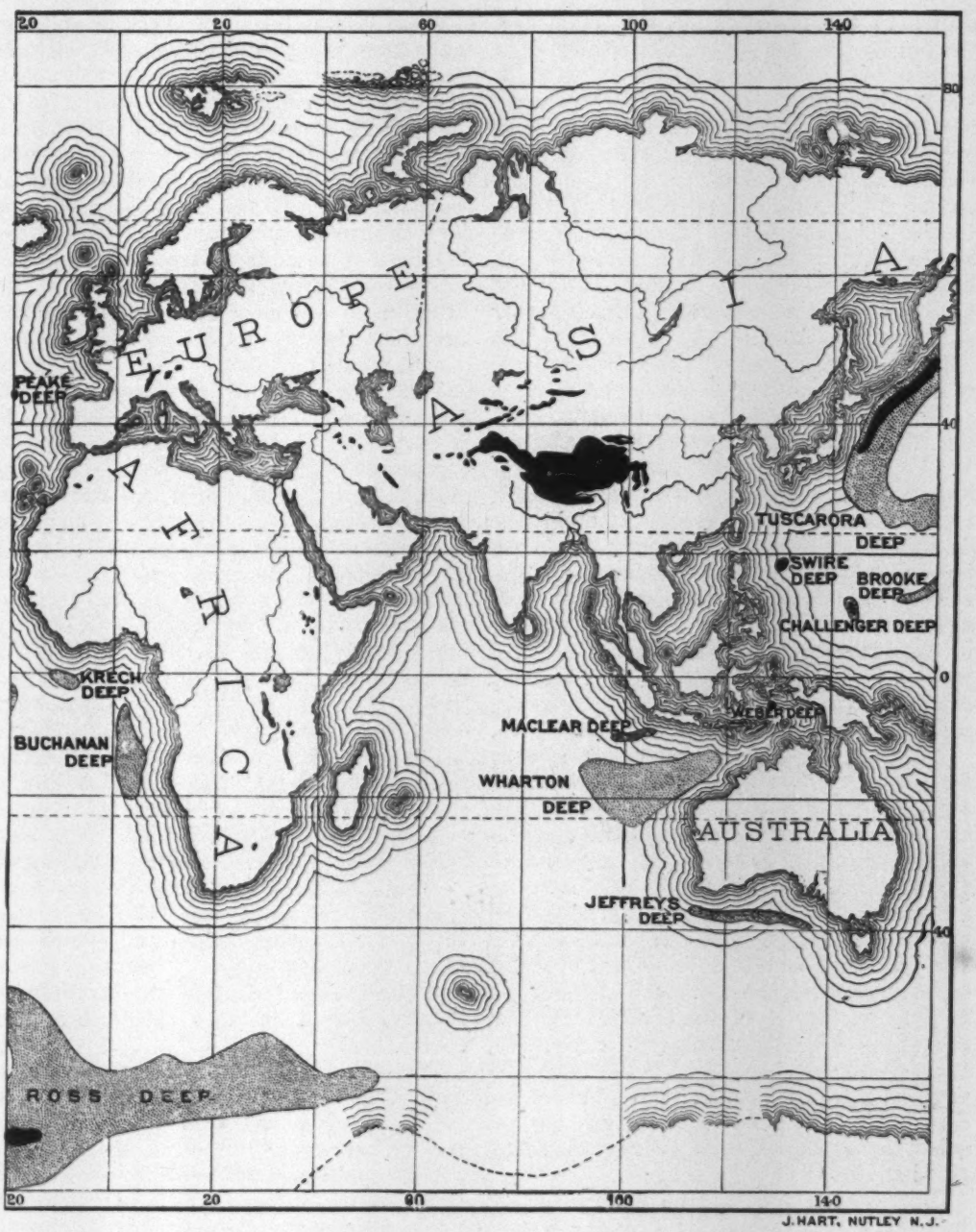
very greatest of existing works of science, but in mere material mass it is quite the biggest book ever produced. It is published in fifty royal octavo volumes containing 29,500 pages, 3,000 plates, and a large number of maps and pictures. This stupendous work, which will always remain one of the all parts of the world had a part in making the reports—Haeckel of Germany, Agassiz of the United States, Rènard of Belgium, and others equally celebrated. Since the time of the "Challenger" there have been other deep-sea exploring expeditions, notably those of Agassiz, and of Chun of Ger-



SIR JOHN MURRAY'S CHART, SHOWING THE GREATEST DEPTHS OF WATER AND THE GREATEST LAND AND IN THE SEA, THERE IS A DIFFERENCE OF MORE THAN 36,000 FEET—NEARLY 9 WESTERN PART OF THE ALDRICH DEEP IS A DROP OF MORE THAN 10 MILES.

many, the report of whose voyage in the "Valdivia" is just now being published. All these explorations may be said to have laid bare the floor of the sea, so that it is better known and more carefully charted in many places than certain regions of the land. And yet the deep sea will ever be the home of mystery—an inexhaustible field of discovery, a place where the human imagination may run riot, and yet never reach the limit of wonder.

For many years Sir John Murray, the director of the "Challenger" work, has been the foremost authority in all questions



HEIGHTS OF LAND. BETWEEN HEIGHTS AND DEPTHS, REPRESENTED BY THE BLACK SPOTS ON MILES. FROM THE PEAK OF MT. EVEREST OF THE HIMALAYAS TO A POINT IN THE EXTREME

pertaining to the new science. All the dredgings made by scientists the world over, including those taken by the cable companies while making surveys of proposed cable routes, find their way, sooner or later, into his hands and are examined at his laboratory. It was my pleasure to spend some time recently with Sir John Murray at his home in Scotland, and to hear from him some account of the recent developments in the knowledge of the deep sea. During my stay in Edinburgh Sir John Murray was working on a series of dredgings made by a recent German expedition. A little incident in the

course of the investigation will show how thoroughly the sea bottom is known to a scientist who, like Murray, has devoted his whole life to its study. The dredgings came in small bottles; they were mostly grayish or reddish in color, fine of texture, and, to the ordinary eye, as much alike as so many peas. An assistant had placed a sample from one of the bottles under the microscope. Murray looked at it, and, although having no knowledge as to what part of the world of water it was from, he said, after a brief examination:

"This was dredged off the northern coast of Africa in about 900 fathoms of water."

The assistant looked at the label; the soil was from the ocean bottom near the Cape Verde Islands, depth 1,000 fathoms. Extraordinary as it may seem, Murray had been able to give the location correctly at sight, the depth almost correctly, certainly a convincing evidence of the development of the science of the sea, almost unknown thirty years ago. It reminded one of the famous skipper of Nantucket—the one of the old ballad—who could tell the exact location of his ship in fair weather or foul by the taste of the soil which his sounding lead had brought up.

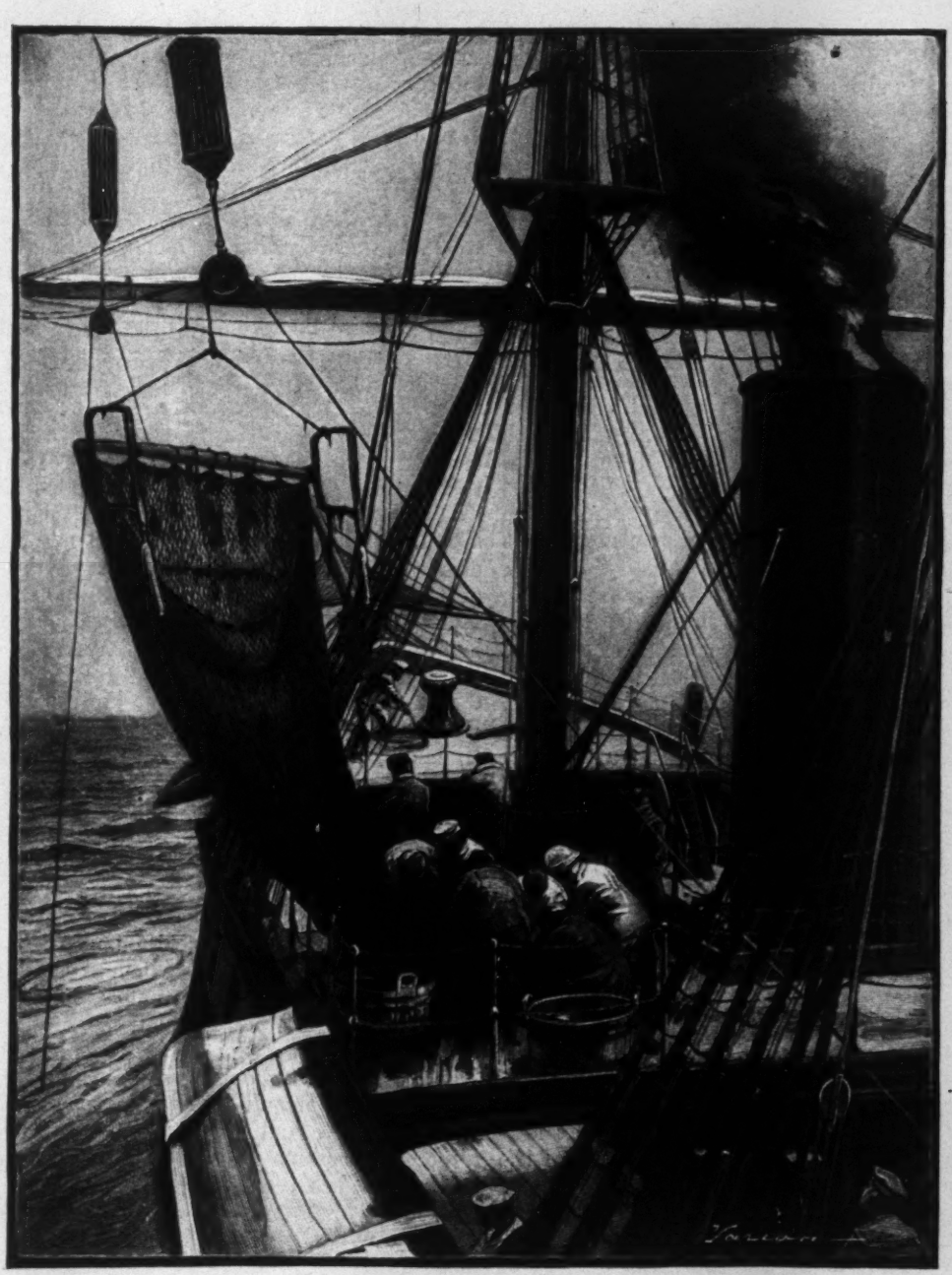
Although Sir John Murray has already done what, for many men, would constitute a life's work in science, having won most of the rewards which learned societies and universities can bestow, from the famous *Prix Cuvier* down, he is still in the prime of life, a man not yet gray, of robust physique and unbounded energy. Besides the deep-sea work, in every minute development of which he is interested, he is now working on a bathymetric survey of the Scotch lochs, and promoting a Scottish Antarctic expedition, it being his firm belief that a thorough survey of the sea bottom in the regions of the South Pole will yield profoundly important scientific results, especially as regards scientific knowledge of deep-sea life.

Murray tells you that he is an American by birth—he was born in Canada—but he has lived nearly all his life in Scotland. His home is just in the outskirts of Edinburgh on the shore of the Firth of Forth, where he can always hear the sound of the sea. It is a fine old stone building, pillared in front and surrounded by wide green lawns and ample grounds. He calls it "Challenger Lodge." He is a world-wide traveler—when I saw him he was planning a voyage to Java—a broad thinker, and a most entertaining talker—a man whom it is good to meet.

When Murray began his work in oceanography some thirty-eight years ago, scientific knowledge of the sea was meager and unsatisfactory. Something over three-fifths of the globe is covered with water, and there is a greater amount of life—far greater—both vegetable and animal in the water than on the land, and yet this storehouse of wonder—the great swarming seas of the world—had been almost unexplored. Huxley had awakened interest in the deep sea by the enthusiastic announcement of his famous Bathybius theory. In the course of examining a number of deep-water dredgings he had discovered traces of a gray gelatinous mass, somewhat resembling protoplasm. This he designated the primeval living slime, the unorganized beginning of life. It was a suggestion that caught the imagination; here deep in the sea bottom, in darkness and cold, floated, as it had floated from the beginning, the essence of life from which the whole earth had been clothed with the green of plants and populated with thousands of varying forms of animal life. And if all life on land were to be laid low in a night, here waited the slow, dull life-stock upon which could be built anew the fabric of creation.

But when Sir John Murray and the other scientists on the "Challenger" began to study the problem, they found that Huxley had been misled by the fact that strong alcohol, such as had been used for preserving the specimens collected, will throw down a chemical gelatinous precipitate from sea water; this flocculent mass Huxley had erroneously called the Bathybius. A beautiful theory was thus demolished, but the structure of facts reared in its place was quite as wonderful.

Instead of being the first place on the earth to be inhabited, the deep sea, according to the conclusions of the scientists of the "Challenger," was the last. As life became multitudinous in shallow water, and competition for food grew stronger, the weak species were slowly driven into the deeper, colder, and darker depths of the sea, where they could live their lives with less interference, and their bodies became slowly modified to suit the new conditions. As a consequence, life is now found everywhere in the sea, even in those awful deeps five miles and more below the surface of the water. The entire surface of the world's oceans, though the water may seem ever so clear, is filled with life. To a depth of 300 feet there are both animals and plants; below that plant life ceases, and there are only ani-



BRINGING UP THE DEEP-SEA DREDGE ON THE "CHALLENGER."

"In single dredgings she brought up for the eyes of man quantities of primeval ooze that had required the slow accumulations of centuries, perhaps, to deposit."

mals. Indeed, the whole sea surface is a vast, rich meadow which supports the life of countless millions of animals, both in the surface waters and on the ocean floor miles beneath. These animals, feeding in their own waving green pastures, are in turn the prey of larger animals, and in dying they drop down where the slow, crawling creatures of the great depths are lying in wait for them. If it were not for this swarming life, the ocean would appear a dense black, for these little creatures serve to reflect the light of the sun and give the appearance of color to the water. In the greater depths of the sea, as is now well established, there is no light whatever, the rays of the sun pene-

trating only a few hundred feet. Some of the fish that live here have, therefore, developed a curious whip-like projection above their heads, on the end of which grows a real lantern, a small bulb producing phosphorescent light. Most of them have huge mouths, and as they swim slowly about through the water other fish, perhaps some of those which have developed enormously large eyes, are lured straight into the cavernous mouth of the lantern-bearer, there to be digested at leisure. Other fish there are that creep their lives out on the sea floor, sluggishly taking in the ooze and digesting the bits of vegetable or animal substances that remain to it after it has fallen through miles of sea water. Sir John Murray thinks it probable that fully three-quarters of the deposits now covering the ocean bottom have passed thus through the alimentary canals of marine animals.

Many animals of the deep sea are able to produce phosphorescent light, so that although no sunshine ever penetrates so deep, and many fishes, through centuries of almost total darkness, have lost their power of sight, there is yet some light even here. If one were able to take his place on a sea cliff two miles below the ocean level he would probably see thousands of queer, glowing, moving lights, like holes in black darkness, such as men cannot well imagine. Some of them would appear like bright points, fairly clear, while others would be mere hazy nebulæ.

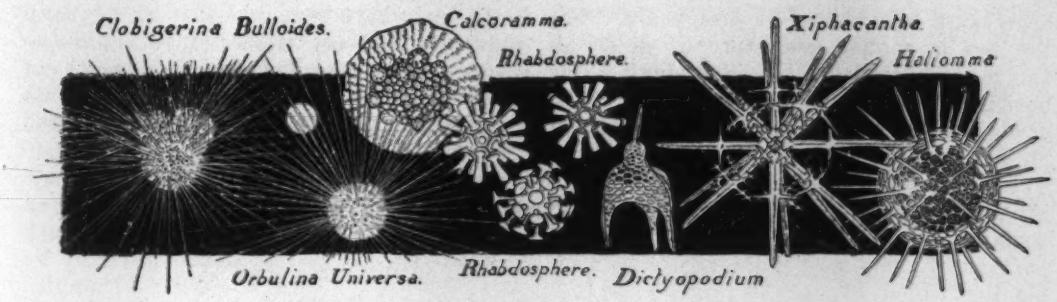
Here in these vast depths, as on the land, the struggle for life is forever in progress, the strong preying on the weak; and whether strong or weak, every creature of the sea must keep his place in his own depth of water. No man-made social rule of caste ever kept the low-born creature in his low-born place as does this unlettered law of the deep sea. Water is water, one thinks, and all of it is therefore free to the swimming creature; but no fish of the deep sea, accustomed as it is to the enormous weights of water above it—at two miles deep there is a pressure of over two tons to the square inch *—may venture to swim upward out of its depths. It sometimes happens that a deep-sea fish, in the excitement of chasing its prey, gets out of its depth and goes tumbling upward. As the pressure is relieved it swells rapidly and finally bursts, and scientists may find its terribly mutilated body floating on the surface of the water. All deep-sea fish when brought up in dredges are dead and usually badly broken, so little are they adapted to the surroundings with which man is familiar.

It is difficult to realize what this pressure at the ocean bottom really means; how enormous it is at three miles in depth. It is greater by several times than the pressure exerted by the pistons of the very greatest steam-engines. Scientific men ascertain the temperature of the deep sea by sending down thermometers enclosed in small, strong, thick glass tubes. Sometimes these tubes suddenly collapse to a fine powder under the enormous pressure of several miles of depth. Indeed, one may say every hollow, man-made thing that sinks in the deep sea is crushed beyond recognition before it reaches the bottom. The strongest steel ships are hardly more resisting here than pasteboard boxes. It is astonishing how little people who cross the ocean—I mean passengers—think of these wonders beneath them; but John Tar of the fo'c'stle, who has lived at sea long enough to feel its mighty mysteries—he thinks! It is a very real terror that dwells beneath him. Sir John Murray tells how the fo'c'stle once sent a deputation to him to ask what had become of Jim. Jim had died the day before, and, sewed in sail-cloth, his body had slipped over the side in mid-ocean. Part of the fo'c'stle asserted that Jim would never reach bottom and part asserted that he would. Murray explained the crushing pressure of the water; how one by one the bones would be broken in—implosion, science calls it; how the flesh would be crushed into the interstices of the bones, and the clothing flattened over them, until, on reaching the bottom, the body would probably not be larger than a man's wrist. It is a gruesome thought, and yet nothing could give a more impressive idea of the awful power of the deep sea.

It is a belief common among sailors that a wreck never goes to the bottom; that it sinks until the pressure of the water holds it fast, and there, rocking about in the shadowy depths, it slowly dissolves. What food for the imagination lies in this fleet of the lost navies of the world, still floating up and down in the deep, meeting and passing in silence, no voice ever calling through the dark, no sail ever rising to a breeze. Kipling has voiced this idea in one of his poems:

"The wrecks dissolve above us; their dust drops down from afar—
Down to the dark, the utter dark, where the blind white sea snakes are."

* The air-pressure on a man's body is fifteen pounds to the square inch.



DEEP-SEA LIFE SEEN UNDER THE MICROSCOPE.

It is unfortunate, however, that the poetic view is not the scientific view.

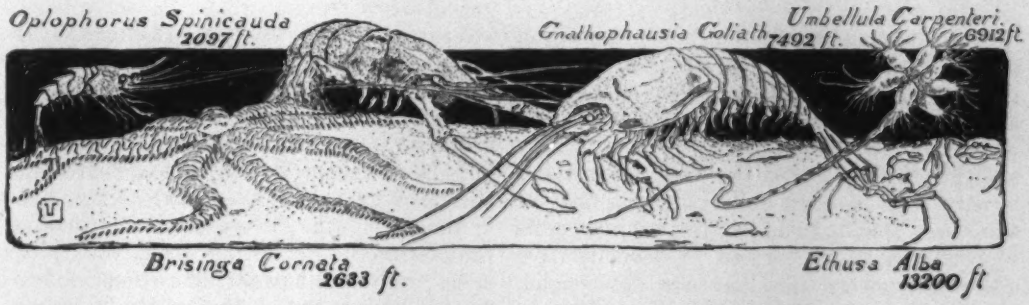
"Anything that will sink in a glass of water," says Sir John Murray, "will practically sink to the bottom of the deepest sea."

Murray points out that water is one of the most incompressible of substances;* that although the pressure may be enormous at the ocean bottom, the water is only a very little more dense than at the surface. And yet the compression is sufficient, so that if it were suddenly released, say by the suspension of the attraction of gravitation, and all the water over all the globe should expand until it was of the same density as the surface water, the oceans would instantly rise some 500 feet, covering practically all the inhabited land in the world.

The question as to whether man will ever be able to descend into the depths of the ocean and make direct explorations of its varied life and discover treasures of derelict gold, has always furnished rich fruit for speculation. It is not wise in these days of mechanical wonder to place too positive a limit to man's accomplishment, but it is probable that man's eyes will never look upon the bottom of the sea in the greater depths. Several years ago it was my fortune to make a voyage in Mr. Lake's submarine boat, the "Argonaut." We started from Atlantic Highlands in New Jersey and ran some distance off Sandy Hook on the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean. The "Argonaut" was built in the shape of a huge cigar of enormously strong plates of steel, many times riveted, and yet Mr. Lake dared sink her hardly deeper than thirty or forty feet for fear of the pressure of the sea. When one realizes that the ocean has deeps of nearly 30,000 feet, a thousand times as much, one feels the utter feebleness of man and the inadequacy of his poor inventions. And yet even at a depth of thirty feet one may gain some impression of the awful somberness of the sea deeps. We had left sunshine and a blue sea dotted with the sails of oyster smacks, and we had descended to almost total darkness, the water here being somewhat muddy. There was a dim yellowness beyond the glass ports, and here and there the shadowy form of a curious fish. But what sank heaviest on the spirits was the eternal silence, the motionlessness, the coolness; and if this impression came so strongly at thirty feet, what must be the awful loneliness of 30,000 feet? We were submerged for some three or four hours, and never did sunshine and green hills look more welcome than they did when the "Argonaut" thrust her back above the waves.

A wreck, therefore, though battered and crushed almost beyond recognition, will always reach bottom, there to be slowly eaten

* Water can be compressed only one twenty-thousandth of its bulk.



SOME OF THE ANIMALS LIVING AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

away until the last of it disappears. For the sea is a vast laboratory in which all things are dissolved. It is a significantly curious fact that of all the thousands of dredgings made in the deep-sea bottom, nothing man-made ever has been brought up, except some worm-riddled portions of a ship's plank dredged by Sir John Murray from a depth of three-quarters of a mile, to the north of Scotland during the "Triton" expedition, although many dredgings have been taken in main routes of vessels across the Atlantic. The ocean receives what fortune brings, and not only swallows it silently, but utterly wipes it out of existence, in its original form, until its substance is a part of its own transparent blue. It may be that bits of glass and gold from sunken ships remain long after the steel of the hulk has dissolved, but sooner or later even these disappear. We are accustomed to think of wrecks in the sea bottom as slowly being covered by deposits from the water: the suggestion of a sunken ship instantly brings a vision of a half-buried hulk with skeleton ribs and the stump of a mast reaching out above, and sea-weed and peering fishes. In shallow water near shore or in harbor mouths wrecks are thus buried, but in the deep ocean there is very little deposit falling to the floor of the sea. Geology has pointed out vast cliffs of stratified rocks formed by deposits from sea water where the land was submerged, but as Sir John Murray shows, such rocks could never have been deposited in very deep water far from continental land. From the shore of the land outward to a depth of about 600 feet, an average of 200 miles from shore, there are deposits of sand and gravel worn from the land by the action of waves and rivers. In the vast sloping plains beyond that depth the bottom is covered with dull blue, green, and red muds, clays, and organic oozes. In medium depths these muds, or oozes, are made up of uncounted billions of the shells and skeletons of minute animals which once lived in the water above —mollusks, foraminiferæ, algæ, diatoms, and radiolarians. Hence we hear of diatom oozes, radiolarian oozes, and so on, and it is from a knowledge of the nature of the ooze

Sir John Murray. Prof. Haeckel.

ON BOARD SIR JOHN MURRAY'S SURVEYING YACHT.

brought up and the kind of shells that it contains that the scientist is able to tell so accurately the spot in the ocean from which it is dredged.

Descending the plains of the sea into still deeper depths, where the bottom is from two miles to five miles below the surface, even these shells disappear, the delicate and fragile ones first, and there is a vast stretch of soft red clay, covering, as Murray estimates, fully half of the entire ocean floor. Here the shells have fallen so far through the water that they have been wholly dissolved, and the deposit is made up, as the dredgings show, of pumice thrown up by volcanoes, along with the products of its decomposition, and of meteoric or cosmic dust which, through ages, has fallen into the sea. Here, also, are found considerable deposits of the ear bones of whales and the tips of the teeth of huge sharks, the hardest of bones, many of them covered with deposits of manganese. A single dredging from the "Challenger" in the Central Pacific brought up many bushels of manganese nodules, 1,500 sharks' teeth, and 500 fragments of whales' bones. What a graveyard is this! How many thousands of centuries it must have taken to deposit so many remains of animals in one small spot! The fact that many of the bones were from extinct species that lived long ago, and that they are found mingled with bones of living species, shows how slowly the bottom of the sea is being filled in. The "Challenger" dredge brought up in one haphazard sweep materials that the slow ocean had been hoarding there, perhaps, for a million years or more. Sir John Murray hopes that some time a dredge will be devised for boring into the bottom of the deepest sea, so that scientists may learn just how deep the deposits really are, and what was their nature when the oceans were new.

In this connection one of the most interesting facts established by the "Challenger" expedition was the large proportion of the ocean in which the depths are profound. We are accustomed to thinking of 100 fathoms (600 feet) as deep water, but only a small proportion of the sea is of this depth or less—a thin fringe around the land, about 7 per cent. of the total sea area. Of the remainder of the ocean area, 62 per cent. is deeper than 2,000 fathoms (nearly two and one-half miles). In making his charts of the sea floor Murray has marked no fewer than forty-three places in various parts of the world in which the ocean is over 3,000 fathoms, or nearly three geographical miles in depth. These he calls "deeps," and to each he has given the name of some famous oceanographer or navigator. Every passenger on an Atlantic steamship passes over or nearly over some of these awful deeps. Libbey and Sigsbee Deeps, the latter being named for Captain Sigsbee of "Maine" fame, are south of Nova Scotia and east of New York; Suhm Deep is a little further to the east. These are all small in area. Nares Deep, northeast of the West Indies, is much larger in extent. Other ocean valleys are the Tuscarora Deep off the coast of Japan, the Aldrich Deep east of New Zealand, the Ross Deep of the Antarctic. These great deeps cover more than 7,000,000 square miles of the ocean floor, and of all of them the deepest, so far as science was informed a year ago, is the Aldrich Deep, and the deepest spot there found is to the east of the Kermadecs and Friendly Islands. Here the thin steel piano wire used in soundings reached bottom at a depth of more than five geographical miles. One has to pause and think before he can realize what such a depth really means. Compare with it the greatest heights of the dry earth. Sink Mount Everest of the Himalayas here in the sea, and its extreme summit would do no more than reach to the surface of the water. Even though the sea were bare of water, it would be a bold man indeed who would dare to venture into this awful valley, and though he dared, he might not live to tell the story of his intrepidity. It is a curious fact that the distance from the top of the highest mountain to the bottom of the deepest sea is over ten miles, so that in reality, measuring from the earth's deepest valley, our highest mountains have an altitude of ten miles. The surface of the earth is thus broken and scarred, and yet, compared with the size of the planet, its deepest depths are mere plow-furrows scratching its surface.* There are many volcanoes on the sea bottom—volcanoes that burst open the ocean floor, belch forth quantities of molten earth, and are then choked out by the water. Sometimes mariners see the results of these eruptions on the surface, and

* Note by Sir John Murray: "Oceanography is a progressive science, and the Aldrich Deep can no longer claim to be the deepest spot in the ocean. The honor of having discovered the greatest depth returns to America. The United States surveying ship, while sounding out the Pacific cable route, has, within the past few months, recorded a depth of 5,260 fathoms, to the southwest of America's new possession, Guam; this is about 600 feet deeper than the greatest depth recorded in the Aldrich Deep. The position of this sounding is not far from the "Challenger's" deepest sounding; and near this same place, Alexander Agassiz has also, during this year, in the "Albatross," procured living animals from the deepest dredging on record."

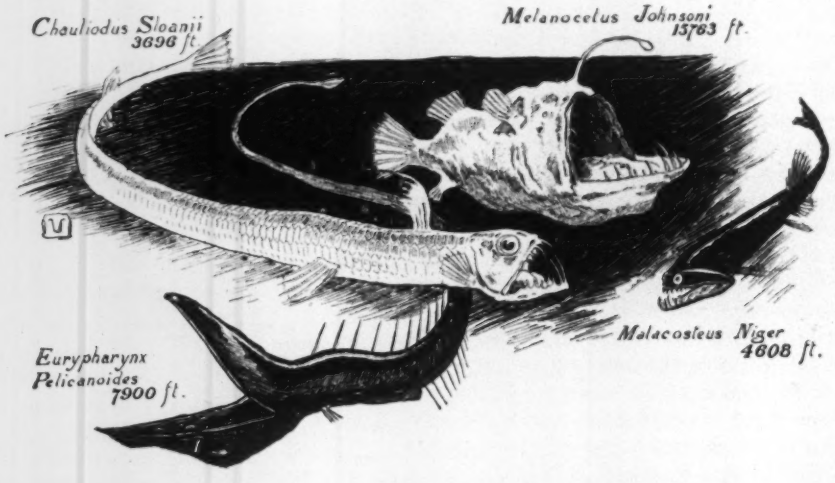
sometimes so deep are the disturbances that nothing ever reaches the top or ruffles the peace of the sea's surface. Then there are probably other great commotions—vast avalanches slipping from the steep mountains and plunging thousands of feet, perhaps, into deeper depths—avalanches that rush and fall without a sound.

Deep dredgings show that most of the sea bottom is a region of cold, the temperature of the water, even at the equator, being sometimes below the freezing point of fresh water. For a time science could not offer any satisfactory explanation for this strange condition, but it is now proved that the water of all the oceans circulates steadily, not only in the familiar superficial currents of which the Gulf Stream is the most representative type, but in a slow and mighty movement from the Arctic and Antarctic poles, creeping southward and northward along the sea bottom to the hot regions of the equator, there rising to the surface very slowly, and setting northward and southward toward the poles, thus keeping up a constant circulation. The cold water of the frigid zones absorbs air and carries it downward to supply the creatures of the deep sea with oxygen. If it were not for this provision of nature, it is probable that life could not exist beyond a few hundred feet below the surface of the water. The Black Sea, which has no deep connection with the ocean, and has, therefore, no such circulation, is without deep-sea life, except bacterial, its depths being filled with foul, sulphur-charged water. It is estimated that over 92 per cent. of the ocean floor has a temperature lower than 40° Fahrenheit, the freezing point of fresh water being 32°. Frequently, while in hot equatorial regions, the "Challenger" dredges brought up great masses of this icy ooze for cooling the ship's drinking water. The warmest of all bodies of salt water is the shallow Red Sea, which has a temperature, even in its greatest depths, of 70°. It sometimes happens that great storms or violent off-shore winds displace the surface water to such an extent that large amounts of cold water are brought up from the depths. In such cases the creatures of the deep sea meet their doom, millions of them being killed. In 1882, off the eastern coast of North America, there was a sudden change of this character, and uncounted billions of creatures, mostly tile-fish, were killed, and it was estimated that a layer of their bodies six feet in thickness covered the ocean bottom for many square miles, a condition bringing forcibly to mind Coleridge's lines:

> "The very deep did rot: O Christ!
> That ever this should be!
> Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
> Upon the slimy sea."

The whole science of oceanography is replete with fascination and wonder, and each year it appeals more strongly to investigators as well as to the popular mind. Professor Agassiz has just returned from a long voyage in the Pacific on the United States ship "Albatross." A German expedition is now fitting out for Antarctic exploration, an English expedition will soon sail, and, as I have already mentioned, Sir John Murray is promoting a Scotch expedition. And thus oceanography, though new, is becoming one of the great departments of natural science.

DEEP-SEA FISHES.



BUD LEACH.

A TYPICAL WESTERN WARD POLITICIAN.

By Augustus Miller.

DID you see that gentleman who just drove by and nodded to me? Well, I helped to elect 'im United States Senator. He wouldn't 'a' been that if it hadn't been for me.

"How? Well, he was a young lawyer. Got the nomination for the Legislature. He comes to me after that and says, says he, 'Bud, do what you kin for me.' I did. Run 'im seventy-five votes ahead of his ticket in my precinck. Election was awfully close, and that's the vote he slipped in by. He made a hit in the Legislature, the Boss picked 'im up, sent 'im to Congress, and to break a dead-lock in the Senate fight they compromised on 'im. The Senator ain't forgot it, and when he kin do me a favor he will. But they ain't all like 'im. Many forgits what you done for 'em. I tell you few people knows what hustlin' you've got to do all year 'round to keep the voters in line, so's to have'm vote all right on election day. The big politicians don't know what you've got to go through with and don't appreciate it. If my old trade paid livin' wages, I'd go back to it."

The speaker, Bud Leach, was standing at the curbstone in front of a polling booth in a large Western city, on the day of a hotly contested election. The precinct polled 400 to 500 votes, and was one of a number of precincts in that ward each polling a like vote. The precinct population was a mixed one—German, Irish, American, and negro, with the German element predominating. In this district the tenement house adjoined the mansion in places, with the negro shanties in the rear. There was a scattering of saloons, and saloon attachments to groceries. The religious element could worship in a Catholic, Episcopal, Baptist, or Methodist church. Bud knew every one that came along to vote; knew his politics, his religion, his family, his business, and so forth, stopped quite a number, and chatted in a social way. Here and there he asked some Democrat to vote for some candidate on the Republican ticket, and reminded others of their promises so to do. The Rev. Mr. Jones came from his rectory and passed into the booth to cast his ballot. Some one in the party said he heard that the clergyman and his congregation would support the "Fusion" ticket. Bud knew better, they were safe.

"Two years ago," said Bud, "we thought we'd lose'm. The Independent ticket was up then. Jones was goin' to vote it—couldn't do nothin' with 'im. The congregation would have followed 'im, and he was goin' to talk from the pulpit. I goes to Bob May—you know 'im—the lawyer from this ward that's in the Legislature. Asks him to see Jones, and see what he kin do to git 'im in line. They has a long talk, and Jones comes 'round all right. I gits the word from Bob and starts out hot-footed to see the members of the church. The preacher bein' converted, the Almighty with Bud's help wasn't goin' to see the flock go astray. They're all right, they'll vote the Republican ticket straight, just as I always does mine."

Up spoke one of the party: "You didn't support Jack Doyle when he ran for Judge, and he was on your ticket."

Bud answered: "He wasn't no Republican. He was agin' us and with the Independents. We give 'im the nomination after that, so's to knock 'im out and teach the kickers a lesson. Give'm some of the medicine they give us. Bill Barnes passed the word down the line and we did it."

Now Bill Barnes was the party boss of the county. The party control was a close corporation. He usually kept them all guessing as to the make-up of the ticket; and the delegates like Bud would not, as a rule, know whom to vote for until the morning of the convention. Bill had a pleasant way of saving the electors in the party lots of worry in trying to arrive at a choice of suitable candidates. Don't you see it would be a great deal easier for one man, after consultation with a number of others, to sit down and select the candidates, so that the ticket would contain representatives of all classes and all interests? Four hundred to 500

delegates in an open convention, in the face of a hot and bitter contest, would be apt to be carried away and not regard the ticket as a whole, so as to draw all interests to its support by reason of the representation thereon. But then there are always unreasonable people, and there were in this case. Some rebelled—they could not appreciate a kindness of that character—started Independent movements, or fused with the Democrats.

Bud was edging away, but the crowd would not have it, and the person that had last spoken to Bud insisted, "But it was a mistake to beat Doyle. We are always crying out, 'Stand by the nominees of your party,' and yet, when we had a chance to show how to do it and set the example of loyalty, you turn around and defeat your own party candidate. We might have healed the breach; but now the discontented Republicans have again fused with the Democrats, and they may lead the people astray."

Bud got angry. "Who's the Repubs that's in this thing? Why, a lot of 'old stiffs' that's been turned down—some of 'em want to hold office all their life, others the people's beaten time and again. All they wants is to git us out, and they git in. 'Reform and lower taxes,' is the cry of the Fusionists. They don't say we're stealin' from the public treasury, but that we spends too much money to run the city. First thing they does when they gets in power—and they've only been in a year now—they cuts down the poor street laborers' wages, don't use enough money to clean streets and fix 'em, don't take up garbage and ashes often enough, and the town's lookin' like a hog pen, and then they cries they've lowered the taxes. They ain't a-goin' to fool the people much longer. Them Fusionists will git a mongrel breed; their litter won't live long.

"I ain't got nothin' agin' Jack Doyle personally. Me and 'im was born and raised together—lived in the same house and went to school together. I've got a boy at home named after 'im. Jack Doyle's got the edjication. He had the chance, I didn't. But he was agin' us, and we went agin' 'im. He tried to throw us down, and we thrown 'im."

Up spoke one of the party, and said the Anti-Foreign members were making a hard fight in the precinct.

"They're fools," said Bud; "all the members round here are Republicans, and are only creatin' ill feelin's and makin' it hard to git Demmies to vote for Republicans. You don't hear me holler about religion—I knows better. I ain't got no religion, and ain't agin' none. If I kin work anybody on the quiet, and git 'im my way of votin', I appears to agree with 'im when he starts talkin' religion to me. If I's got any religion it's politics.

"What the Anti-Foreigns is workin' agin' more than anybody else is agin' the election of Jim McGinnis for Magistrate on our ticket. Well, he's an Irish Republican. And those Anti-Foreigns are pluggin' agin' 'im. That's where they'll git left. Them of 'is religion ain't sayin' anythin'. But they votes for McGinnis—Republican that McGinnis is—just because the Anti-Foreigns is attackin'm on account of his religion. It goes agin' the grain of some of them old Irish Democrats, but they'll stand by 'cause they think it's their duty to. I tell you it keeps 'em stirred up, tellin' 'em about this play agin' their religion. It's all done in a quiet way. There ain't no hollerin' from the house-tops, but it'll count all the more, and you know it. And that same thing's bein' done all over the city."

Just then a half a dozen Polish Jews came up and asked Bud to instruct them how to vote. As they left he said:

"The Pollacks is creepin' into this precinck. I filled my pockets full of candy and peanuts primary night, and climbed up to their rooms to git the men out to vote. Went into one room. Dirty's no name. Dozen kids sprawlin' on floor. Somethin' in pot cookin' for supper. Awful. Felt sick at stomick. Couldn't git man at once. 'Zit down and let's talk aboud it,' said he. I seen I was up agin' it. Said I to myself: 'Now, Bud, just imagine you've swallowed a lead paper weight,' and I swallows. I finally got my men and took 'em down."

At this point a young fellow slouched up, and accosting Bud, said:

"Say, Bud, ain't you goin' to the front for 'Blinkey,' and git 'im out of the workhouse?"

"No, I won't touch 'im, he's no good. He's a thief and bum. He won't work. He's breakin' his poor mother's heart. He'll land in the penitentiary next."

"But you got 'Curley' and 'Red' out."

"That's different. Them boys was layin' bricks on Murphy's new buildin' next to Schmitt's saloon. When the rain comes they had to quit workin', and went into the saloon for shelter until it'd let up. They had their wages with 'em. They got to drinkin' and shakin' dice with Schmitt.

When night comes, the Dutchman had all their money, wouldn't give 'em any more drink, turned 'em out, and locked up. Later on they got in through a back door Schmitt forgot to lock, and were helpin' themselves to the whisky when they were pinched. They're all right now. Quit drinkin', workin' steady. Had a good lesson. I ain't got nothin' agin' drinkin'. I drinks. Was never drunk in my life. I knows how to drink. When I has just so much I won't touch anythin' more."

Bud started across the street, saying: "There's old Morrisey. See if I can't git 'im to vote for our sheriff. The old man is rock-ribbed, and is still votin' for Andy Jackson."

When Bud finally came back, he said: "The old man was hard to move, but I got 'im at last. Told 'im it was 'bread and butter' to me, and I'd git a better job if we'd elect our sheriff. Said he: 'Shure then oi'll vote for him for yez.'"

"Say, Bud," came from one of the crowd, "the boys in the other precincts are making fun of your 'bread and butter' racket, and some are calling you 'Bread and Butter Bud.'"

"Them's a few enemies of mine. None of 'em holds down their precincks like I does ours. We ain't losin' nothin' here. They're jealous of me because I makes a better showin'. They don't work like I do. I knows every house and pretty near every room in this precinck, and who's livin' there. Knows as soon as people moves in and moves out. Makes it my business to git acquainted with everybody. Keeps seein' 'em the year round. Every favor I kin do, I does. Why, only the other day the trustees of one of the churches comes to me and says they've got notice to repair the sidewalk from the city, that they couldn't do it then, had no money. I goes and gits order extended for six months. Peoples is hard up. Ain't got tax money on time. I goes and gits 'em time, so's to save fines and penalties. We've got poor people here, can't buy books or shoes to send children to school. Too proud to ask for 'em and git it out of fund raised for that purpose. I gits 'em, and tells nobody. There's young girls edjicated to be teachers. Parents spent all the money on 'em to make the girls' lives easier, and need their help now. I does what I kin to git 'em appointed. Goes to the front in the police court when people gits into trouble. There's many a thing that I does. Makes 'em all feel friendly and under obligations to you, and ready to do you a favor when you asks 'em and they kin do it.

"Money to pay for votes? Well, we's got very little here in this precinck. Of course we're givin' some. When we git through to-night most of the boys will be out of pocket as usual. You've got to use some money. Some people you can't git to the polls from their homes without stoppin' here and there to give'm a drink, and some change to stop in on their way home. You've got to have a few kegs of beer on tap in the saloons, so's you can send people there or go with 'em. You's got to pay people to help you electioneer and get out the vote, carriage hire to bring sick people to the polls; but as to payin' anybody outright so much for his vote, there ain't any money floatin' around here for that. And even if we had it, it'd do little good. You couldn't trust the kind of people that'd want it. Couldn't tell how they'd mark their tickets when they'd git into that booth. In the old days it was different. You could see the ticket until it got into the election judge's hands. Could see the goods delivered."

The boys can tell by Bud's face when a Republican died in the precinct. Bud is one of the mourners, and when a smile illumines Bud's face, you know he's heard of the conversion to Bud's faith of some political sinner.

Bud is but one of many little bees in Barnes's political hive, but a very busy, active bee. It seems all the bees are not satisfied as to the distribution of the honey and their respective share of it, and there are many complaints of long-resident drones in the hive, and of former hostile bees creeping in.

"What's Mason ever done for the party that he goes from one place to another, always gittin' good salaries, and don't turn his hand over and don't do none of the work? Time he was given a rest, and some of the other boys that's been doin' the work given a show.

"There goes Major Smith. He never does nothin' but vote. Don't help us any round here. Got a new position only the other day. Gave 'im the best cake in the bakery. Never was without a place."

Bud continued: "There's another thing; a lot of guys that's been pluggin' agin' us all along has been given some good things lately. Seems to me now, the more you knock agin' our gang, the more you fought 'em, the better you're off. You're taken back into camp if you'll come; they kills

the fatted calf for you, and they'll make you believe you're the whole thing."

This sort of thing may be supposed to have grown to be meat and drink to Bud—second nature, so to speak. At all times and all places he is harping on politics. The pleasant summer evenings often find him on the sidewalk making his rounds, hatless and coatless, one of his children on his arm, another held by the hand, happy when he can meet some one and chat politics with him.

There are worse than Bud. He is only one of the many types that go to make up the whole of a political machine that turns out the statesmen that shape the policy and administer the affairs of our government. Yet those types are an essential part of that machine, and their work is necessary to place and maintain in power even the most exalted statesman in the land. One need not join in the hue and cry against ward politics, and all the methods employed therein, for the mooted reforms of those who decry such methods are not likely to be put in force this side of the millennium.

Oh, Bud's share of the political honey? Well, you can find Bud either at the City Building or County Court House (whichever at the time is controlled by Barnes's faction), at work, with broom, brush, or duster; or should control of both buildings have been lost by it, as once before, then peddling garden truck throughout his ward, in order to feed the mouths of his family of little ones.

SHOCKLEY.

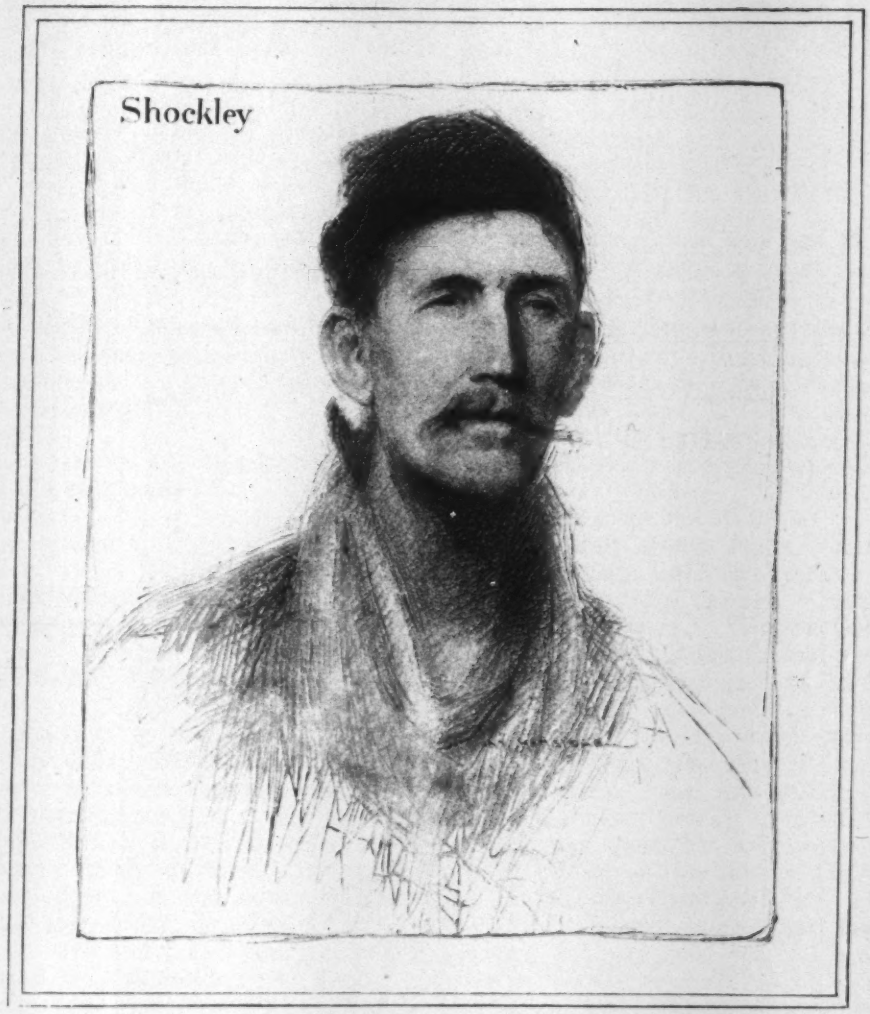
HOW HE HELPED THE RUSSIAN SWITCHMAN TO CELEBRATE CHRISTMAS.

By Frank H. Spearman,
Author of "The Nerve of Foley," "The Million-Dollar Freight Train," and Other Stories.

"HE'S rather a bad lot, I guess," wrote Bucks to Callahan, "but I am satisfied of one thing—you can't run that yard with a Sunday-school superintendent. He won't make you any trouble unless he gets to drinking. If that happens, *don't have any words with him.*" Bucks underscored that three times. "Simply crawl into a cyclone cellar and wire me. Sending you eighteen loads of steel to-night, and six cars of ties. Blair reports Section 10 ready for track layers and Mears's outfit moving into Palisade Cañon. Push the stuff to the front."

It was getting dark, and Callahan sat in that part of the Benkleton depot he called the office, pulling at a muddy root which went unaccountably hot in sudden flashes. He took the pipe from his mouth, leaving his foot on the table, and looked at the bowl resentfully, wondering again whether there possibly could be powder in that infernal tobacco of Rubedo's. The mouthpiece he eyed as a desperate man might ponder a final shift.

The pipe had originally come from God's country, with a Beautiful Amber Mouthpiece, and a Beautiful Bowl: but it was a present



from his sister, and had been bought at a dry-goods store. Once when thinking—or if you please, when not thinking—Callahan had held a lighted match to the Beautiful Amber Mouthpiece instead of to the tobacco, and in the fire that ensued they had tight work to save the depot. He would have been completely in the air after that but for the little Russian, Chris Oxen, who rigged a new mouthpiece. Chris was Callahan's yard gang. His name was once Ochsner, but that wasn't in Benkleton. Callahan was hurried when he made up the pay-roll, and put it Oxen.

So Callahan sat thinking of the ingenuity of Chris, reflecting on the sting of construction tobacco, and studying over Bucks's letter.

The yard was his worry. Not that it was much of a yard; just a dozen runs off the lead to take the construction material for Callahan to distribute, fast as the grade was pushed westward. The trouble at the Benkleton yard came from without, not from within.

Southwest of the yard, where the river breaks sheer into the bottoms, there hived and still hives a colony of railroad laborers, all Russians. They have squatted there, burrowed into the face of the bench like sand swallows, and scraped caves out for themselves. The name of the place is Little Russia.

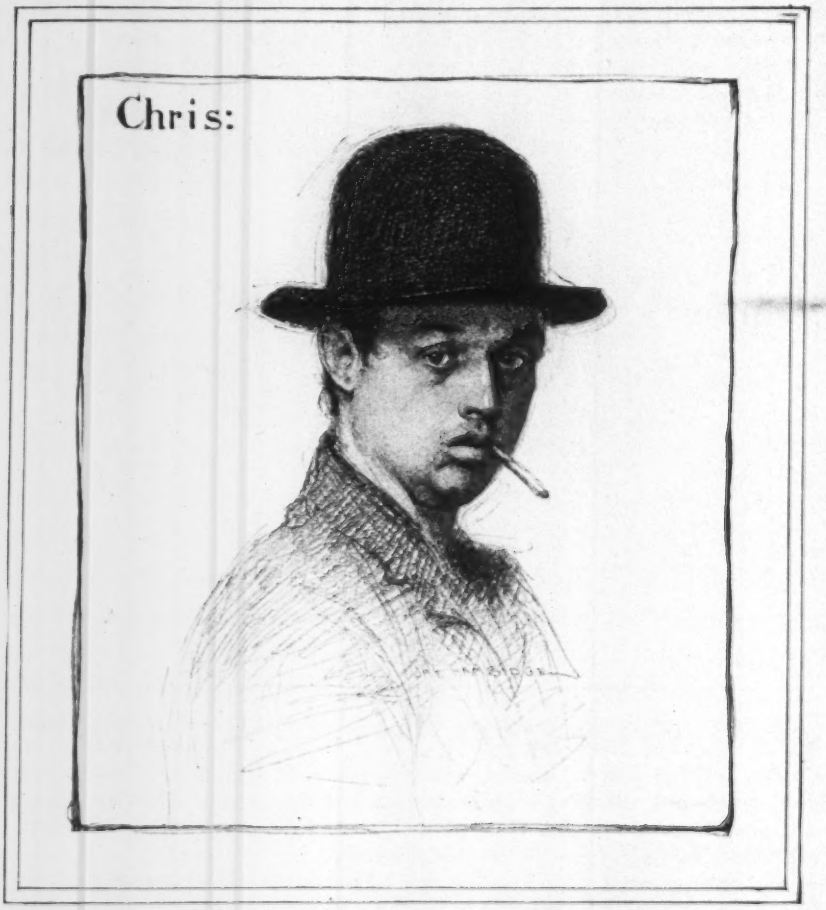
This was in the troublous days, when the cow-boys would get homesick for evil, and ride around Little Russia with rope and gun and scare the pioneers cross-eyed. The cattle fellows spent the entire winter months—all sand and sunshine—putting up schemes to worry Callahan and the Little Russians.

The headquarters for this restless gang were at Pat Barlie's place, across from the post-office; it was there that the cow-boys loved to congregate. To Callahan Pat Barlie's place was a wasps' nest; but to Chris it was a den of wolves—and of a dreader sort than Russian wolves, for Barlie's wolves never slept.

The east and west section men could run away from them on hand-cars; it was the yardmen who caught it, and it grew so bad they couldn't keep a switchman in the yard. About ten o'clock at night, after Number Twenty-three had pulled in and they were distributing a trainload of bridge timber, and a switchman's lantern would go up in signal, *pist!* a bullet would knock the lamp clean out of his hand—and the nerve clean out of his head.

Cow-boys shot away the lamps faster than requisitions could be drawn for new ones. They shot the signals off the switches, and the lights from the tops of moving trains. Whenever a brakeman showed a flicker, two cow-boys stood waiting to snuff it. If they missed the lamp, they winged the brakeman.

It compelled Bucks after a while to run trains through Benkleton without showing ever a light. This, though tough, could be managed, but to shunt flats in the yard at night with no light, or to get a switchman willing to play young Tell to Peg Leg Reynolds's William for any length of time, was impossible. At last Bucks, on whom the



worry reflected at headquarters, swore he would fight them with fire, and he sent Shockley. Callahan still sat speculating on what he would be up against when Shockley arrived.

The impression Bucks's letter gave him—knowing Bucks to be frugal of words—was that Shockley would rise up with cartridges in his ears and bowie knives dangling from his watch-chain. To live in fear of the cow-boys was one thing; but to live in fear of the cow-boys on the one hand, and in terror of a yard-master on the other, seemed, all

things considered, confusing, particularly if the new ally got to drinking and his fire scattered.

The next night a thinnish chap, without visible reasons for alighting, got off Fifty-nine and walked tentatively down the platform. He looked like a news-agent, only, maybe, more lightly built. At the ticket office he asked for the assistant superintendent.

"Out there on the platform talking to the conductor."

The thin fellow emerged and headed for Callahan. Callahan noticed only his light, springy amble and his hatchet face.

"Mr. Callahan?"

"Yes."

"Bucks sent me up—to take the yard."

"What's your name?"

"Shockley."

"Step up-stairs. I'll be up in a minute."

Shockley walked back into the depot, but so unpromisingly that he left Callahan uncertain as to whether it was really over—whether Shockley had arrived or whether he hadn't.

Next morning, at seven, the new yard-master took hold. Callahan had intimated that the night air in the yard, as it was low land, was miasmatic, and that Shockley had maybe better try for a while to do his switching in the daytime. Just before the appointed hour in the morning, the assistant had looked out on his unlucky yard; he thought to himself that if that yard didn't drive a man to drink nothing ever would.

While he stood at the window he saw their plug switch engine, which had been kicked out of every other yard on the system, wheeze out of the roundhouse, saw the new yard-master flirt his hand at the engineer, and swing up on the footboard. But the swing—it made Callahan's heart warm to him. Not the lubberly jump of the hoboes who had worried the life out of him all summer, even when the cattlemen didn't bother. It was the swing of the sailor into the shrouds, of the Cossack into the saddle, of the yacht into the wind. It was like falling down or falling up or falling on—the grace of a mastery of gravitation—that was Shockley's swing on the footboard of the yard engine as it shot snorting past him.

"He's all right," muttered Callahan. It was enough. A man who flipped a tender like that was not like to go very wrong even in that chaos of scrap and rails and ties and stringers and coal.

"Now," Callahan continued to himself, timidly hopeful, "if the cuss only doesn't get to drinking!"

He watched apprehensively, dreading the first time he should see him entering Pat Barlie's place, but Shockley didn't appear to know Pat had a place. The cow-boys, too, watched him, waiting for his lamp to gleam at night down in the yard, but their patience was strained for a long time. Shockley got all his work done by daylight.

To the surprise of Callahan, and probably on the principle of the watched pot, the whole winter went without a brush between Shockley and the cow-boys. Even Peg Leg Reynolds let him alone. "He's the luckiest fellow on earth," remarked Callahan one day at McCloud in reply to a question from Bucks about Shockley. "There hasn't a shot been fired at him all winter."

"He wasn't always lucky," commented Bucks, signing a batch of letters.

"He came from Chicago," Bucks went on, after a silence. "He was switching there on the 'Q' at the time of the stock-yards riots. Shockley used to drink like a pirate. I never knew just the right of it. I understood it was in a brawl—anyway, he killed a man there; shot him, and had to get away in a hurry. I was train-master. Shockley was a striker; but I'd always found him decent, and when his wife came to me about it I helped her out a little; she's dead since. His record isn't just right back there yet. There's something about the shooting hanging over him. I never set eyes on the fellow again till he struck me for a job at McCloud; then I sent him up to you. He claimed he'd quit drinking—guess he had. Long as he's behaving himself I believe in giving him a chance—hm?"

It really wasn't any longer a case of giving him a chance; rather of whether they could get on without him. When the Colorado Pacific began racing us into Denver that summer, it began to crowd even Shockley to keep the yard clean; he saw he would have to have help.

"Chris, what do they give you for tinkering up the ties?" asked Shockley one day.

"Dollar an' a half."

"Why don't you take hold switching with me and get three dollars?"

Chris was thunderstruck. First he said Callahan wouldn't let him, but Shockley "guessed yes." Then Chris figured. To save the last of the hundred dollars necessary to get the woman and the babies over—it could be done in three months instead of

six, if only Callahan would listen. But when Shockley talked Callahan always listened, and when he asked for a new switchman he got him. And Chris got his three, which to him was a sum unspeakable. By the time the woman and the children arrived in the fall, Chris would have died for Shockley.

The fall that saw the woman and the stunted subjects of the Czar stowed away under the bench in Little Russia brought also the cow-boys down from Montana to bait the Russians.

One stormy night, when Chris thought it was perfectly safe to venture up to Rubedo's after groceries, the cow-boys caught him and dragged him over to Pat Barlie's.

It was seven when they caught him, and by nine they had put him through every pace that civilization could suggest. Peg Leg Reynolds, as always, master of ceremonies, then ordered him tied to the stove. When it was done, the cow-boys got into a big circle for a dance. The fur on Chris's coat had already begun to frizzle, when the front door opened. Shockley walked in.

Straight, in his little hurried way, he walked back past the deserted bar through the ring of cow-boys at the rear to Chris frying against the stove, and began cutting him loose. Through every knot that his knife slit he sent a very loud and very bad word, and no sooner had he freed Chris than he jerked him by the collar, as if quarreling with him, toward the back door, which was handy, and before the cow-boys got wind he had shoved him through it.

"Hold on there!" cried Peg Leg Reynolds, when it was just too late. Chris was out of it, and Shockley turned alone.

"All right, partner; what is it?" he asked amiably.

"You've got a ripping nerve."

"I know it."

"What's your name?"

"Shockley."

"Can you dance?"

"No."

It was Peg Leg's opportunity. He drew his gun.

"I reckon maybe you can. Try it," he added, pointing the suggestion with the pistol. Shockley looked foolish; he didn't begin tripping soon enough, and a bullet from the cow-boy's gun splintered the baseboard at his feet. Shockley attempted to shuffle. To any one who didn't know him it looked funny. But Peg Leg was a rough dancing master, and before he said enough an ordinary man would have dropped exhausted. Shockley, breathing a good bit quicker, only steadied himself against the bar.

"Take off your hat before gentlemen," cried the cow-boy. Shockley hesitated, but he did pull off his cap.

"That's more like it. What's your name?"

"Shockley."

"Shockley?" echoed Reynolds with a burst of range amenities. "Well, Shockley, you can't help your name. Drink for once in your life with a man of breeding—my name's Reynolds. Pat, set out the good bottle—this guy pays," exclaimed Peg Leg, wheeling to the bar.

"What'll it be?" asked Pat Barlie of Shockley, as he deftly slid a row of glasses in front of the men of breeding.

"Ginger ale for me," suggested Shockley mildly. The cow-boys put up a single yell. Ginger ale! It was too funny.

Reynolds, choking with contempt, pointed to the yard-master's glass. "Fill it with whisky," he shouted. "Fill it, Pat!" he repeated, as Shockley leaned undecidedly against the bar. The yard-master held out the glass, and the bar-keeper began to pour. Shockley looked at the liquor a moment; then he looked at Reynolds, who fronted him gun in one hand and red water in the other.

"Drink!"

Shockley paused, looked again at the whisky and drew the glass towards him with the curving hand of a drinker. "You want me to drink this?" he half laughed, turning on his baiter.

"I didn't say so, did I? I said DRINK!" roared Peg Leg.

Everybody looked at Shockley. He stood fingering the glass quietly. Somehow everybody, drunk or sober, looked at Shockley. He glanced around at the crowd; other guns were creeping from their holsters. He pushed the glass back, smiling.

"I don't drink whisky, partner," said Shockley gently.

"You'll drink that whisky, or I'll put a little hole into you!"

Shockley reached good-naturedly for the glass, threw the liquor on the floor, and set it back on the bar.

"Go on!" said Shockley. It confused Reynolds.

"A man that'll waste good whisky oughtn't t' live anyhow," he muttered, fingering his revolver nervously. "You've spoiled my aim. Throw up your hat," he yelled. "I'll put a hole through that to begin with."

Instead, Shockley put his cap back on his

head. "Put a hole through it there," said he. Reynolds set down his glass, and Shockley waited; it was the cow-boy who hesitated.

"Where's your nerve?" asked the railroad man. The gun covered him with a flash and a roar. Reynolds, whatever his faults, was a shot. His bullet cut cleanly through the crown, and the powder burnt Shockley's face. The switchman recovered himself instantly, and taking off his cap laughed as he examined the hole.

"Done with me?" he asked evenly, cap in hand.

Peg Leg drained his glass before he spoke. "Get out!" he snapped. The switchman started on the word for the front door. When he opened it, everybody laughed—but Shockley.

Maybe an hour later Reynolds was sitting back of the stove in a card game, when a voice spoke at his ear. "Get up!" Reynolds looked around into a pistol; behind it stood Shockley, pleasant. "Get up!" he repeated. Nobody had seen him come in; but there he was, and with an absolutely infantile gun, a mere baby gun, in the yellow light, but it shone like bright silver.

Reynolds with visible embarrassment stood up. "Throw your cannon into the stove, Reynolds, you won't need it," suggested Shockley. Reynolds looked around; there appeared to be no hopeful alternative: the drop looked very cold; not a cow-boy interposed. Under convoy, Reynolds stumped over to the stove and threw in his gun, but the grace of the doing was bad.

"Get up there on the bar and dance; hustle!" urged Shockley. But they had to help the confused cow-boy up; and when he stood shamefaced, looking down on the scene of his constant triumphs, and did a painful single foot, marking time with his peg, the cow-boys, who had stood their own share of his bullying, laughed. Shockley didn't laugh: he only stood with busy eyes where he could cover any man on demand, not forgetting even Pat Barlie.

Peg Leg, who had danced so many in his day, danced, and his roasting gun sputtered an accompaniment from the stove; but as Shockley, who stood in front of it, paid no attention to the fusillade of bullets, good form prevented others from dodging. "That'll do; get down. Come here, Chris," called Shockley. Chris Oxen, greatly disturbed, issued from an obscure corner.

"Get down on your knees," exclaimed the yard-master, jerking Reynolds with a chilly twist in front of the frightened Russian. "Get on your knees; right where I threw your whisky," and Shockley, crowding Reynolds down to his humiliation, dropped for the first time into range civilities himself, and the shame and the abasement of it all were very great.

"Boys," said the yard-master, with one restless eye on Reynolds and one on everybody else, as he pointed at Chris, "this man's coat was burnt up. He's a poor devil, and his money comes hard. Chip in for a new coat. I've nothing against any man that don't want to give, but Reynolds must pass the hat. Take mine, you coyote."

Nearly everybody contributed as Reynolds went round. Shockley made no comments. "Count it," he commanded, when the fallen monarch had finished; and when the tale was made, Shockley told Pat Barlie to put in as much more as the cap held, and he did so.

"There, Chris; go home. I don't like you," added Shockley insolently, turning on Reynolds. "You don't know what fun is. This town won't hold you and me after to-night. You can take it or you can leave it, but the first time I ever put eyes on you again one of us will cash in."

He backed directly towards the front door and out. Peg Leg Reynolds took only the night to decide; next day he hit the trail. The nervy yard-master he might have wiped out if he had stayed, but the disgrace of kneeling before the dog of a Russian was something never to be wiped out in the annals of Benkleton. Peg Leg moved on; and thereafter cow-boys took occasion to stop Shockley on the street and jolly him on the way he did the one-legged bully, and the lights were shot no more.

The railroad men swore by the new yard-master; the Russians took their cigarettes from their mouths and touched their caps when Shockley passed; Callahan blessed his name; but little Chris worshipped him.

One day Alfabet Smith dropped off at Benkleton from Omaha headquarters. Alfabet was the only species of lizard on the pay-roll—he was the West End spotter. "Who is that slim fellow?" he asked of Callahan as Shockley flew by on the pilot board of an engine.

"That's Shockley."

"Oh, that's Shockley, is it?"

But he could say little things in a way to make a man prick hot all over.

"Yes, that's Shockley. Why?" asked Callahan with a dash of acid.

"Nothing, only he's a valuable man; he's

wanted, Shockley is," smiled Alfabet Smith, but his smile would freeze tears.

Callahan took it up short. "Look here, Alfabet. Keep off Shockley."

"Why?"

"Why? Because you and I will touch, head on, if you don't."

Smith said nothing; he was used to that sort. The next time Bucks was up, his assistant told him of the incident.

"If he bothers Shockley," Bucks said, "we'll get his scalp, that's all. He'd better look after his conductors and leave our men alone."

"I notice Shockley isn't keeping his frogs blocked," continued Bucks, reverting to other matters. "That won't do. I want every frog in the yard blocked and kept blocked, and tell him I said so."

But the frog-blocking was not what worried Shockley; his push was to keep the yard clean, for the month of December brought more stuff twice over than was ever poured into the front-end yard before. Chris, though, had developed into a great switchman, and the two never let the work get ahead.

So it came that little Russia honored Chris and his big pay-check above most men. Shockley stood first in Little Russia; then the CZAR, then Chris, then Callahan. Queen Victoria and Bismarck might have admirers; but they were not in it under the bench.

When the Russian holidays came, down below, Chris concluded that the celebration would be merely hollow without Shockley; for was not the very existence of Little Russia due to him?

"Well, what's the racket anyhow, Chris?" demanded Shockley lazily, after Cross-Eyes had sputtered switch-English five minutes at him trying to get rid of the invitation to the festivities.

"Ve got Chrismus by us," explained Chris desperately.

"Christmas," repeated Shockley grimly. "Christmas. Why, man, Christmas don't come nowhere on earth in January. You want to wind up your calendar. Where'd you get them shoes?"

"Dollar sefenty-vife."

"Where?"

"Rubedo."

"And don't you know a switchman oughtn't t' put his feet in flat boats? Don't you know some day you'll get your feet stuck in a tongue or a guard? Then where'll you be, Dutch, with a string of flats rolling down on you, eh?"

However, Chris stuck for his request. He wouldn't take no for an answer. Next day he tired Shockley out.

"Well, for God's sake let up, Chris," said the yard-master at last. "I'll come down a while after Twenty-three comes in. Get back early after supper, and we'll make up Fifty-five and let the rest go."

It was a pretty night; pretty enough over the yard for anybody's Christmas, Julian or Gregorian. No snow, but a moon, and a full one, rising early over the Arikaree bluffs, and a frost that bit and sparkled, and the north wind asleep in the sand hills.

Shockley, after supper, snug in a pea-jacket and a storm cap, rode with the switch engine down from the roundhouse. Chris, in his astrakhan reefer and turban, walking over from the dugouts in Rubedo's shoes, flipped the foot-board at the stockyard with almost the roll of Shockley himself.

Happily for Christmas in Little Russia, Twenty-three pulled in on time; but it was long and heavy that night. It brought coal and ties, and the stuff for the Fort Rawlins depot, and a batch of bridge steel they had been waiting two weeks for—mostly Cherry Creek stuff—eleven cars of it.

The minute the tired engine was cut off the long train, up ran the little switch engine and snapped at the headless monster like a coyote.

Out came the coal with a clatter; out came the depot stuff with a sheet of flame through the goat's flues—shot here, shot there, shot yonder—flying down this spur and down that and the other, like stones from a catapult; and the tough-connected, smut-faced, blear-eyed yard engine coughed and snorted and spit a shower of sparks and soot and cinders up into the Christmas air. She darted and dodged and jerked, and backed up and down and across the lead, and never for a fraction of a second took her eye off Shockley's lamp. Shivering and clanging and bucking with steam and bell and air, but always with one smoky eye on Shockley's lamp, until Twenty-three was wrecked clean to the caboose, and at last the switch engine shot down the main line with the battered way-car in her claws like a hawk with a prairie-dog.

Then there was only the west-bound freight, Fifty-five, to make up with the Fort Rawlins stuff and the Cherry Creek steel, which was "*rush*," and a few cars of ties flung on behind on general principles.

It was quick work now—sorting and moving the bridge steel—half an hour for an

hour's work, with the north wind waking at the clatter and sweeping a bank of cloud and sand across the valley. Shockley and Chris and the goat crew put at it like black ants. There was releasing and setting and kicking and splitting, and once in a while a flying switch, which was against the rubrics; and at last the whole train of steel was in line, clean as the links of a sprocket, and ready to run in on the house-track for the caboose.

For that run Chris set the east house-track switch, crossed the track, and swung a great circle with his lamp for the back. To get over to the switch again, he started to recross the track. In the dark his ankle turned on a lump of coal; he recovered lightly, but the misstep sent his other foot wide, and with a bit of a jolt Rubedo's shoe slipped into the frog.

Up the track he heard a roll of stormy coughs from the engine gathering push to shove the string of flats down. They were coming towards him, over the spot where he stood, on his signal; and he quietly tried to loosen his heel.

The engine's drivers let go, and she roared a steaming oath, and Chris could hear it; but he was glad, for his heel would not work quietly out of the frog: it stuck. Then the engineer, unruffled, pulled at his sand lever, and his engine snorted again and her driver tires bit, and slowly she sent the long train of steel down on Chris's switch: he heard the frosty flanges grinding on the face of the rails as he tried to loosen his foot.

Coolly, first, like a confident man in a quicksand; soon, with alarm running into fright. But there was time enough; the head car was three lengths above the switch and coming very, very slowly, heavy-like, and squeaking stiffly under its load, yet coming; and he wrenched harder, but his foot stuck. Then he yelled for Shockley. Shockley had gone over to open the caboose switch; Shockley couldn't hear, and he knew it. And he yelled again.

The sweat broke over him as he turned and twisted. The grip of the frog seemed to stifle him; half the time was gone; the near truck wheels screeched a car-length off: and the switchman played his last card. Time and time again Shockley had told him what to do if that moment came in the night; had told him to throw his lamp in the air like a rocket. But Chris had forgotten all that till the flat dropped heavily on the tongue in front of him; then he threw his lamp like a rocket high into the night.

No help came. He raised his arms frantically above his head, and his cries cut the wind. Desperate at last, he threw himself flat to lie outside the rail, to save all but a foot: but the frog held him, and crying horribly he struggled back to his feet, only to sink again half crazy to the ground. As his senses left him he was hardly aware of a stinging pain in his foot, of a wrench at his leg, an instant arm round his back, and his yard-master's voice in his ear.

"Jump!" screamed Shockley.

Chris, scrambling frantically on the deadly rails, unable to jump, felt himself picked from the ground, heard a choke in the throat at his ear, and he was flung like a drawbar through the dark. Shockley had passed a knife blade from vamp to sole, slit the Russian's clumsy shoe, jerked his foot from it, and thrown him bodily into the clear.

Chris staggered panting to his feet. Already the steel was moving slowly over the switch; he heard the sullen pounding of the trucks on the contact; a lantern, burning yet, lay on its side near the stand—it was Shockley's lamp. Chris looked wildly around for his yard-master; called out; called Shockley's name; listened. No scream, no groan, no cry, no answer; no sound, but just the steady pounding of the wheels over the contact. The little switchman screamed again in a frenzy, and turning, raced stumbling up the track to the cab. He swung into it, and by signs made the engineer shut off. He tried to talk, and only stammered a lingo of switch-pidgin and the name of Shockley. They couldn't understand it all, but they shut off with faces pinched and sallow, threw open the furnace-door, and grabbing up their lanterns ran back to the switch. The fireman on his knees held his lamp out under the flat that spanned the contact; he drew shrinking back, and rising, started on the run for the depot to rouse Callahan.

It was Callahan who pulled the pin a moment later, Chris shivering at his side like a rabbit. It was Callahan who gave the slow pull-ahead order that cut the train in two at the frog, and Callahan who stepped wavering from the gap that opened behind the receding flat—back from something between the rails—back to put his hands blindly out for the target rod, and unsteadily upon it—for he heard Shockley breathing.

Some carried the headlight back, and some tore the door off a box car, and they got him on it. They carried him unevenly, stumbling, over to the depot. They laid him on Callahan's mattress in the waiting-room, and the men stood all about him; but the

only sound was his breathing, and inside under the lamp the receiver, clicking, clicking, clicking, of Bucks and the company surgeon coming on a special ahead of Fifty-nine.

They twisted tourniquets into his quivering flesh, and with the light dying in his eyes they put whisky to his lips. But he turned his head and spit it from his mouth. Then he looked from face to face about him—to the engineer and to the fireman and to little Chris and to Callahan, and his lips moved.

Chris bent over him, but try as he would he could not catch the words. And Callahan listened and watched and waited.

"Block—block—" said Shockley's lips. And Callahan wiped them slowly and bent close again and put his ear over them. "Block—block—the—frogs."

And Shockley died.

They lifted the mattress into the baggage-room; Callahan drew over it a crumpled sheet. A lantern left, burned on the checking desk, but the men went their ways, except Chris. Chris hung irresolute around the open door.

The special pulled in, and with the shoes wringing fire from her wheels as she slowed, Bucks and a man following close sprang from the step of the coach. Callahan met them, but he shook his head.

Twenty minutes later Fifty-nine whistled for the yard; but in the yard all was very dark and very still. One man got off Fifty-nine that night. Only one man, and carrying his little valise in his hand, he walked in and out of the depot, hanging on the edges of the grouping men, who still talked of the accident. After hearing about it, he walked alone into the baggage-room, and with his valise in his hand drew back the edge of the sheet and, standing, looked. Afterward he paused at the door, and spoke to a man who was fixing a lantern.

"What was his name?"

"Shockley."

"Shockley?"

"Yes."

"The yard-master here?"

"Yes. Did you know him?"

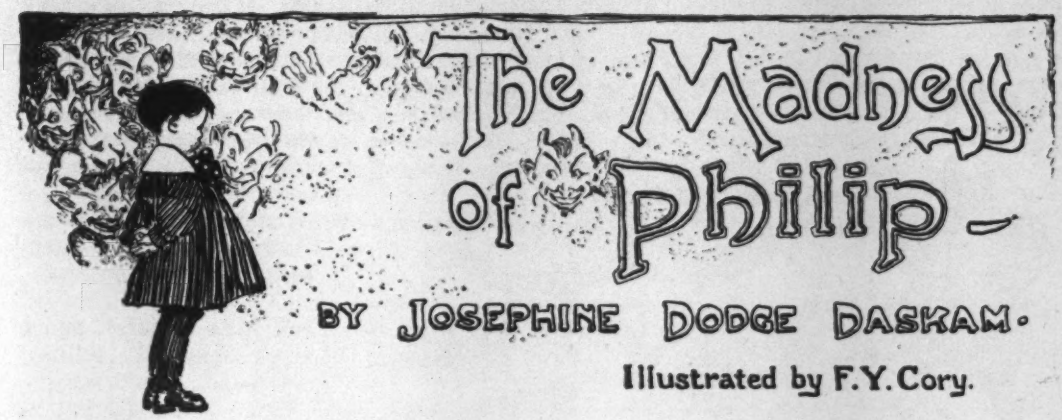
"Me? No. I guess not." He walked away with his valise, and drew his coat collar up in the wind that swept the platform. "I guess I don't want him," he muttered to himself. "I guess there don't anybody want *him;* not now." And he went back to the man and asked when a train left again for Chicago. He had a warrant for Shockley: but Shockley's warrant had been served.

After all the others had gone, Bucks and Callahan and the surgeon talked together in the waiting-room, and Chris hanging by, blear-eyed and helpless, looked from one to the other. He showed his foot when Callahan pointed, and sat patient while the surgeon bound the slit where Shockley's blade had touched the bone. Then he stood again and listened. While any one talked Chris would listen, silent and helpless, just listening. And when Bucks had gone up-stairs, and the surgeon had gone up-stairs, and Callahan, tired and careworn, had gone up-stairs, and only the operator sat under his lamp at the table, Chris stood back in the gloom in front of the stove and poked stealthily at the fire. When it blazed he dropped big chunks of smutty coal in on it, and wiped his frost-bitten nose with the back of his dirty hand, and looked toward the baggage-room door and listened—listened for a cry, or a sound, or for that fearful, fearful breathing, such breathing as he never heard before. But no cry, no sound, no stertorous breath came out of the darkness, and from under the lamp in front of the operator only the sounder clicked, always talking, talking, talking—talking queer things to Russian ears.

So Chris drew his cap a little lower, for so he always began, pulled mechanically from his pocket a time-table, tore off a strip, and holding it carefully open, sprinkled a few clippings of tobacco upon it, and rolled his cigarette. He tucked it between his lips; it was company for the silence, and he could more easily stop the listening. But he did not light, he only pulled his cap again a little lower, buttoned close his reefer, looked at his bandaged foot, picked up his lamp, and started home.

It was dark, and the wind from the north was bitter, but he made a great detour into the teeth of it—around by the coal chutes, a long way round, a long way from the frog of east house-track switch; and the cold stung his face as he limped heavily on. At last by the ice-house he turned south, and reaching the face of the bench paused a moment, hesitating, on the side of the earthen stairs: but it was very dark. After a bit he walked slowly down and pushed open the door of his dugout. It was dark inside, and cold; the fire was out. The children were asleep; the woman was asleep.

He sat down in a chair and put out his lamp. There was no Christmas that night in Little Russia.

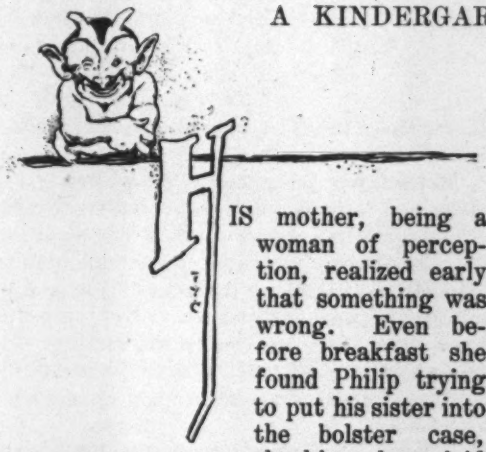


The Madness of Philip—

BY JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM.

Illustrated by F. Y. Cory.

A KINDERGARTEN TRAGEDY.



HIS mother, being a woman of perception, realized early that something was wrong. Even before breakfast she found Philip trying to put his sister into the bolster case, checking her vivid denunciations by a judicious application of the pillow. After breakfast it was impossible to get him ready in time, as his rubbers had been hidden by a revengeful sister, and the "bus" was kept waiting fully five minutes, to the irritation of the driver, who made up the lost interval by a rapid pace. This jolted the children about, and frightened the youngest ones so that they arrived at the kindergarten bumped and breathless, and only too disposed to take offense at the first opportunity. This opportunity Philip supplied. As they swarmed out of the "bus" he irritated Joseph Zukoffsky by a flat contradiction of his pleased statement that he was to lead the line into the house.

"Checking her vivid denunciations by a judicious application of the pillow."

"Oh, no, you ain't!" said Philip.

Joseph stared and reiterated his assertion; Philip again denied it. He did nothing to prevent Joseph from assuming the head of the line, but his tone was most exasperating, and Joseph sat down on the lowest step of the "bus" and burst into angry tears—he was not a person of strong character.

Some of the more sympathetic children joined their tears to his, and the others disputed violently if vaguely; they lacked a clear idea of the difficulty, but that fact did not prevent eager partisanship. Two perplexed teachers quieted the outbreak and marshaled a wavering line, one innocently upholding Philip to the disgusted group, "because he walks along so quietly," the other supporting Joseph, whose shoulders heaved convulsively as he burst out into irregular and startling sobs. It was felt that the day had begun inauspiciously.

They sat down on the hall floor and began to pull off their rubbers and mufflers. As Philip's eye fell to the level of his feet a disagreeable association stirred his thoughts, and in a moment it had taken definite form; his rubbers had been stolen and hidden! His under lip crept slowly out; a distinctly dangerous expression grew in his eyes; he looked balefully about him. Marantha Judd pirouetted across his field of vision, vainglorious in a

"Tore off the clothes-pin with a jerk."

new plaid apron with impracticable pockets. Her pigtails bobbed behind her. She had just placed her diminutive rubbers neatly parallel, and was attaching the one to the other with a tight little clothes-pin provided for the purpose.

Casually, and as if unconscious that Marantha was curiosity incarnate, Philip took his own clothes-pin and adjusted it to his nose. It gave him an odd and, to Marantha, a distinguished appearance, and she inquired of him if the sensations he experienced were pleasurable. His answer was one of unconditional affirmation, and unclasping her clothes-pin Marantha snapped it vigorously over her own tip-tilted little feature. A sharp and uncompromising tweak was the result, and Marantha, shrieking, tore off the clothes-pin with a jerk that sent little Richard Willetts reeling against his neighbor. Out of the confusion—Richard was a timorous creature, and fully convinced that the entire kindergarten meditated continual assault upon his small person—rose the chiding voice of Marantha:

"You are a bad, *bad* boy, Philup, you are!"

To her tangled accusations the bewildered teacher paid scant heed.

"I can't see why all you little children find so much fault with Philip," she said, reprovingly. "What if he did put his clothes-pin on his nose? It was a foolish thing to do, but why need you do it? *You* have made more trouble than he, Marantha, for you frightened little Richard!"

Marantha's desperation was dreadful to witness. She realized that her vocabulary was hopelessly inadequate to her situation: she knew herself unable to present her case effectively, but she felt that she was the victim of a glaring injustice. Her chin quivered, she sank upon the stairs, and her tears were even as the tears of Joseph Zukoffsky.

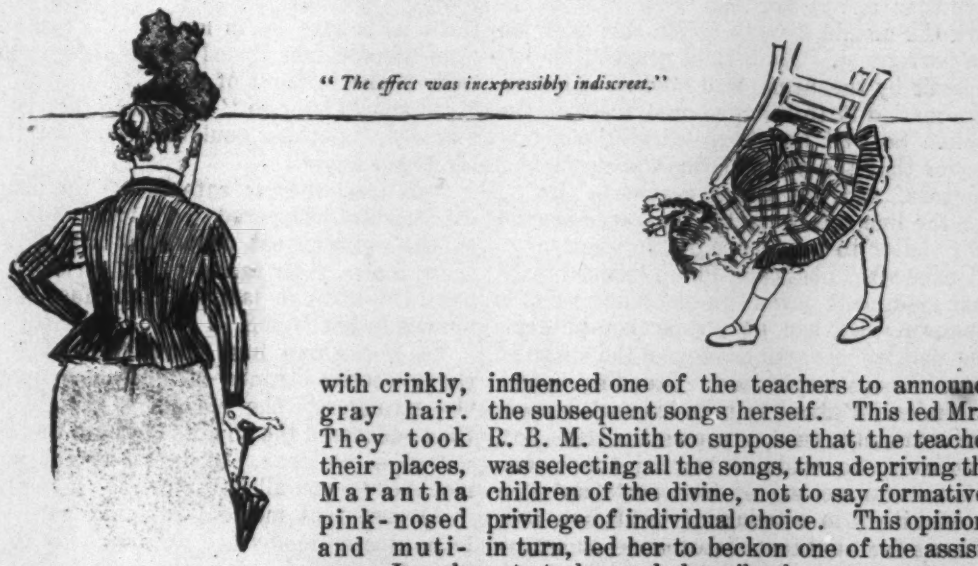
The youngest assistant now appeared on the scene.

"Miss Hunt wants to know why you're so late with them," she inquired. "She hopes nothing's the matter. Mrs. R. B. M. Smith is here to-day to visit the primary schools and kindergartens, and——"

"Marantha . . . upheld Joseph with all her powers of heart and voice."

"Oh, goodness!" the attempted consolation of Marantha ceased abruptly. "I can't *bear* that woman! She's always read Stanley Hall's *last* article that proves that what he said before was wrong! Come along, Marantha, and don't be a foolish little girl any longer. We shall be late for the morning exercise."

Upstairs a large circle was forming under the critical scrutiny of a short, stout woman with crinkly, gray hair. They took their places, Marantha pink-nosed and mutinous, Joseph not yet recovered from a distressing tendency to burst out into gulping sobs—he was naturally pessimistic and treasured his grievances indefinitely. Philip's eyes were fixed upon the floor.



"The effect was inexpressibly indiscreet."

"Now what shall we sing?" inquired the principal, briskly. "I think we will let Joseph choose, because he doesn't look very happy this bright morning. Perhaps we can cheer him up."

In a husky voice Joseph suggested "My heart is God's little garden." In reply to Miss Hunt's opening question Eddy Brown had proposed "Happy greeting to the rain," a sufficiently maudlin request, as there was absolutely no indication of that climatic condition, past, present, or future. Eddy possessed the not unusual combination of a weak mind and a strong voice, and though the piano prelude was that of Joseph's choice, the effect of a voice near him starting the well-known air of his own suggestion was overwhelming, and Eddy began shouting it lustily. Marantha, whose susceptibilities were, like those of others of her sex, distinctly sharpened by suffering, knew well enough who was responsible for the rival chorus, and upheld Joseph with all her powers of heart and voice. The tunes in question were, like many of the kindergarten repertoire, somewhat similar, and a few seconds of chaotic discords amazed Mrs. R. B. M. Smith and vexed the teachers.

Now see on what slight thread events are strung! What she innocently supposed to be a misunderstanding of the song selected, influenced one of the teachers to announce the subsequent songs herself. This led Mrs. R. B. M. Smith to suppose that the teacher was selecting all the songs, thus depriving the children of the divine, not to say formative, privilege of individual choice. This opinion, in turn, led her to beckon one of the assistants to her and describe her own system of awakening and continuing, by a ceaseless series of questions, the interested coöperation of the child's intelligence. In order to do this, she added, the subjects of song and story must be more simple than was possible if complex historical incidents were used. She indicated her willingness to relate to the children a model story of this order, calling the teachers' attention in advance to the almost incredible certainty that would characterize the children's anticipation of the events thus judiciously and psychologically selected.

"Sneered loudly and unexpectedly."

The arm-chairs shortly to contain so much accurate anticipation were ranged neatly on both sides of the long room. Some malefic influence caused the officiating teacher

"'Yesterday, children, as I came out of my yard, what do you think I saw?'"

to appoint Philip to lead one-half of the circle to the chairs and Marantha the other. More than one visitor had been wont to remark the unanimity with which this exercise was performed. Each child grasped his little chair by the arms, and holding it before him, carried it to its appointed place in the circle. So well had they learned this manœuver that the piano chords were sufficient monitors, and the three teachers, having seen the line safely started, gathered around their visitor to hear more of the theory.

Under what obsession Philip labored, with what malignant power he had made pact, is unknown. He had no appearance of planning darkly: his actions seemed the result of instantaneous inspiration. Standing before his chair as if about to take his seat, he subsided partially; then, grasping the arms, half bent over, he waddled toward the circle. This natural method of transportation commended itself in a twinkling to his line, and, without the slightest disturbance or hesitation, they imitated him exactly. Experience should have taught Marantha the futility of following his example, but she was of an age when experience appeals but slightly; and determined to excel him at the risk of falling at every step on her already injured nose, she bent over so far that the legs of her chair pointed almost directly upward. Her line followed her, and waddling, shuffling, gnome-like, they made for the circle. It had all the effect of a carefully inculcated drill, and to Mrs. R. B. M. Smith the effect was inexpressibly indiscreet.

"'Tripping lightly as we go.'"

"Is it possible that you—" she inquired, pointing to the advancing children, many of whom promptly fell over backward under the sudden onslaught of the horrified teachers.

Miss Hunt colored angrily.

"Something is the matter with the school to-day," she said, sharply. "I never knew them to behave so in my life! I can't see what's come over them! They *always* carry their chairs in front of them."

"I should hope so," responded the visitor, placidly; "nothing could be worse for them than that angle."

"At least they're safe now," the youngest assistant whispered to her fellow-teacher, as the children sat decorously attentive in their chairs, their faces turned curiously toward the strange lady with the fascinating plumes in her bonnet.

"——Nothing like animals to bring out the protective instinct—feebler dependent on the stronger," she concluded rapidly, and then addressed the objects of these theories.

"Now, children, I'm going to tell you a nice story—you all like stories, I'm sure."

At just that moment little Richard Willetts sneezed loudly and unexpectedly to all, himself included, with the result that his ever-ready suspicion fixed upon his neighbor, Andrew Halloran, as the direct cause of the convulsion. Andrew's well-meant efforts to detach from Richard's vest the pocket-handkerchief securely fastened thereto by a large, black safety pin strengthened the latter's conviction of intended assault and battery, and he squirmed out of the circle and made a dash for the hall—the first stage in an evident homeward expedition.

This broke in upon the story, and even when it got under way again there was an atmosphere of excitement quite unexplained by the tale itself.

"Yesterday, children, as I came out of my yard, *what* do you think I saw?" The elaborately concealed surprise in store was so obvious that Marantha rose to the occasion and suggested:

"An el'phunt!"

"Why, no! Why should I see an elephant in my yard? It wasn't *nearly* so big as that—it was a *little* thing!"

"A fish!" ventured Eddy Brown, whose eye fell upon the aquarium in the corner. The *raconteuse* smiled patiently.

"Why, no! How could a fish, a live fish, get in my front yard?"

"A dead fish?" persisted Eddy, who was never known to relinquish voluntarily an idea.

"It was a little kitten," said the story-teller, decidedly. "A little white kitten. She was standing right near a great big puddle of water. And what else do you think I saw?"

"Another kitten?" suggested Marantha conservatively.

"No, a big Newfoundland dog. He saw the little kitten near the water. Now cats don't like the water, do they? They don't like a wet place. What do they like?"

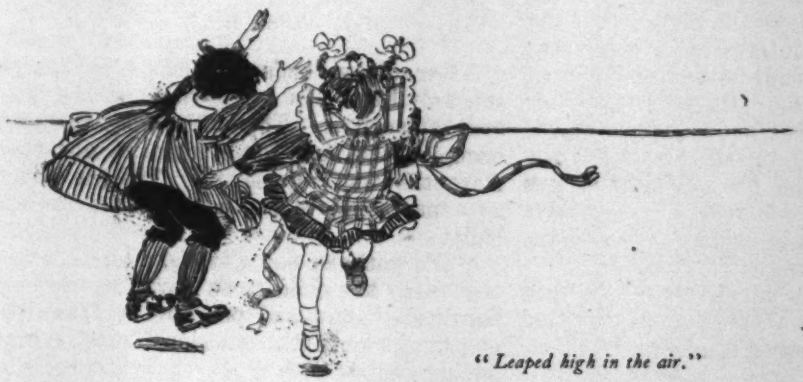
"Mice!" said Joseph Zukoffsky, abruptly.

"Well, yes, they do; but there were no mice in my yard. I'm sure you know what I mean. If they don't like *water*, what do they like?"

"Milk!" cried Sarah Fuller, confidently.

"They like a dry place," said Mrs. R. B. M. Smith.

"Now what do you suppose the dog did?" It may be that successive failures had disheartened the listeners; it may be that the very range presented alike to the dog and them for choice dazzled their imaginations. At any rate they made no answer.



"*Leaped high in the air.*"

"Nobody knows what the dog did?" repeated the story-teller, encouragingly. "What would you do if you saw a little white kitten like that?"

Again a silence. Then Philip remarked gloomily, "I'd pull its tail."

Even this might have been passed over had not the youngest assistant, who had not yet lost her sense of humor, giggled convulsively. This, though unnoticed by the visitor, was plainly observed by fully half the children, with the result that when Mrs. R. B. M. Smith inquired pathetically, "And what do the rest of you think? I hope *you* are not so cruel as that little boy!" a jealous desire to share Philip's success prompted the quick response:

"*Marantha was born for the ballet.*"

"*I'd* pull it, too!"

Miss Hunt was oblivious to the story, which finished somehow, the dog having done little, and the kitten, if anything, less. She was lost in a miserable wonder what was the matter with them? Alas! she could not know that the root of all the evil was planted in the breast of Philip, the demon-ridden. His slightest effort was blessed with a success beyond his hopes. He had but to raise his finger, and his mates rallied all unconsciously to his support. Nor did he require thought; on the instant diabolical inspiration seized him, and his conception materialized almost before he had grasped it himself. The very children of light were made to minister unto him, as in the case of his next achievement.

With a feeling of absolute safety the teacher called upon Eddy Brown to lead the waiting circle in a game. Eddy was one of

the stand-bys of the kindergarten. He was a little old for it, but being incapable of promotion owing to his inability to grasp the rudiments of primary work, he continued to adorn his present sphere. It would almost seem that Fröbel had Eddy Brown in mind in elaborating his educational schemes, for his development, according to kindergarten standards, was so absolutely normal as to verge on the extraordinary. He was never *ennuyé*, never cross, never disobedient. He never anticipated; he never saw what you meant before you said it; he never upset the system by inventing anything whatsoever—the vice of the too active-minded. He was perennially surprised at the climaxes of the stories, passionately interested in the games; and clay balls and braided straw represented his wildest dissipations. He sat in his chair till he was told to rise, and remained standing till he was urged to take his seat. His voice, if somewhat off the key, was always prominent in song; his feet, if not always in time, were always in evidence when it was a question of marching.

To-day he took the middle of the ring and beamed cheerfully on them all as they swayed back and forth and sang to him:

Now *Eddy*, if you'll *teach* us
A *new* game to *play*,
We'll *watch* you and *try* to
Do *just* as you *say*!

There was a slight poetic exaggeration in the idea of Eddy Brown's being able to teach anybody anything new, but this was felt by no one but the youngest assistant, who, recalling his regular programme upon such occasions, smiled somewhat sardonically.

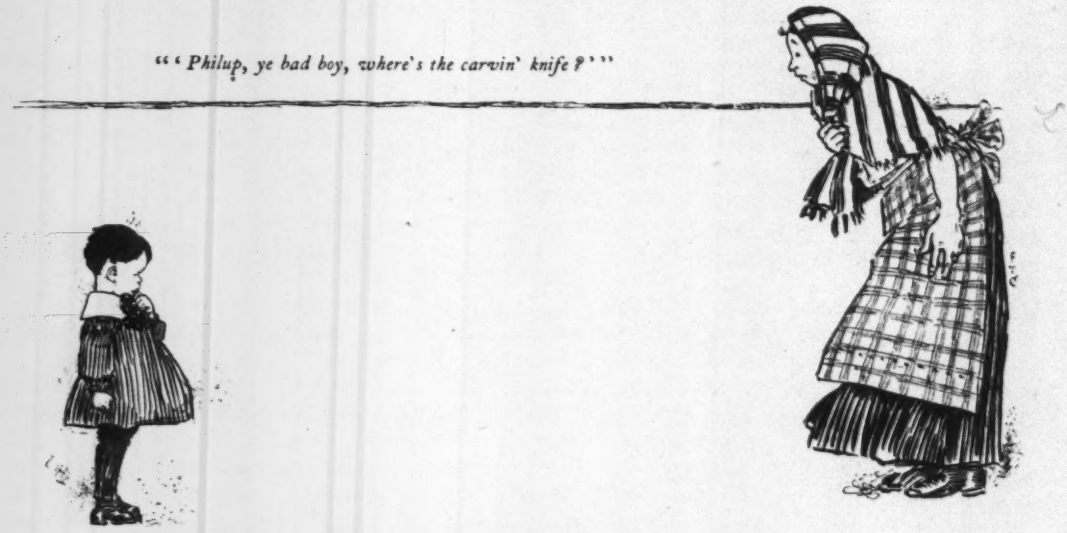
As she had expected, Eddy inclined to play "Tripping lightly as we go." His conception of the process implied in the song was a laborious jumping up on one toe and down on the other. This exercise he would keep up till the crack of doom if undiverted from it. When induced to stop, he signalled to Joseph Zukoffsky to take his place. Joseph, on being tunefully implored to produce something new in the way of a game, declared for "Did you ever see a laddie?" and the ring started in blithely:

Did you *ever* see a *laddie*, a *laddie*, a *laddie*;
Did you *ever* see a *laddie* do *this* way or *that*?

After some seconds of consideration Joseph solemnly lifted his left heel from the floor and replaced it. This enthralling diversion occupied the ring for a moment, and then Marantha was summoned. Though plump as a partridge, Marantha was born for the ballet.

"Did you *ever* see a *lassie*, a *lassie*, a *lassie*," sang the children as Marantha, arching her little instep and pointing her toe deliciously, kicked out to one side, almost as high as her waist, with a rhythmical precision good to see.

Her eyes sought Philip's, and, with a coy little smile, she took his hand to lead him to the center. Too many poets and novelists have analyzed the inevitable longing of woman to allure him who scorns her charms, the pathetic passion to attract when she has been brutally repulsed, to make it necessary for



"'*Philup, ye bad boy, where's the carvin' knife?*'"

me to discuss her attempted endearments as Philip sulkily flung away her hand.

Just then somebody wanted a drink; and as one teacher led the thirsty child away, and the other turned her head to attract the pianist's attention and propose a new tune, Philip, who had not begun to set his model till the last moment, suddenly lifted his thumb to his nose, contracting and expanding his fingers in strict time.

Her rapid glance had shown the teacher a ring of children apparently tapping their noses, and only a horrified snort from Mrs. R. B. M. Smith and a murmured "*Heavens!*" from the returning assistant called her attention to the circle of children gravely assuming an attitude prescribed nowhere in Fröbel, nor, indeed, in any system, social or Delsartian.

Philip, now utterly abandoned to the spirit of successful deviltry that intoxicated him beyond control, danced up and down, inviting one, two, and three out of the demoralized ring to share his orgy. They pranced about wildly, shouting snatches of song, pushing each other, deaf to the shocked remonstrance of the teachers, while in their midst, flushed and screaming, Philip and Marantha, satyr and bacchante, leaped high in the air.

In the door there suddenly appeared a woman in a checked apron with a shawl over her head. As the teachers pulled the ring-leaders apart, and the pianist, to a shocked murmur of remonstrance, played Träumerei with the soft pedal down, while a circle of flushed and palpitating "little birds" rocked themselves to sleep with occasional reminiscent giggles and twitters, the woman in the door advanced to a little bird whose chief interest, as he ruffled his gingham plumage, seemed to be to evade an obviously maternal call.

"Philup, ye bad boy, where's the carvin' knife?" she said, angrily. This was too much for the youngest assistant, who went off into something very like hysteria, while the principal tried to explain the inevitable bad effect of shocks and slaps upon the delicate organization of the child.

"An' it's beggin' y'r pardon, Miss, but it's a rale imp o' Satan he'll be some days, like, an' I see it in his eye this marnin'! An imp o' Satan!"

The principal smiled deprecatingly. "We don't like to hear a child called that," she said, gently. "Philip has not been so good as usual this morning——"

"Ye may say so!" interrupted Philip's parent. "An' whin it's that way he is, it's little good soft words 'll do, Miss. He gets it from his father. An' me not able to cut the mate fer his father's dinner! He's a sly young one! It's a good spankin' he needs, Miss—an' he'll get it, too!"

"Take her into the hall with him. Tell her not to spank him. Tell her we'll punish him. We understand how to make him sorry," murmured the principal to the youngest assistant, as she turned to quiet the circle.

The youngest assistant conducted Philip's mother, and dragged Philip to the hall.

"Now, Philip, tell your mother where you hid the carving knife," she said, invitingly. Philip made a break for the outer door. He was caught and reasoned with. Incidentally his naughtiness in leading the game was mentioned. His mother set her jaw and loosened her shawl.

"It was opened for her and closed after her."

"An' that's what ye did, ye bad boy! What did I say the last time I see ye at it? Dirty thrick! You come here to me, sir!"

Philip kicked violently and pinched the

"Spanked him systematically, and after an ancient method."

youngest assistant. Her lips assumed the set expression of the other woman's. The light of generations of Philistine mothers kindled in her eye. As Philip struggled silently but wildly, the voice of Mrs. R. B. M. Smith, high and resonant, floated through the transom.

"And so we never strike a little child, Joseph, and you must never talk about it. His mother and Miss Ethel are going to *talk* with little Philip, and try to make him see——"

Philip ducked under his mother's arm and almost gained the door. The youngest assistant caught him by his apron-string and towed him back. His mother looked around hastily, noticed a small door half open, and caught the youngest assistant's eye.

"Cellar?" she inquired.

The youngest assistant nodded, and as the mother lifted Philip bodily and made for the little door, it was opened for her and closed after her by the only other person in the hall.

His mother carried Philip to the coal-heap, and upon it she sat and spanked her son—spanked him systematically, and after an ancient method upon which civilization has been able to make few if any improvements. She had never read that excellent work, "Child Culture, or How Shall We Train Our Mothers?" (R. B. M. Smith).

Soon she led him, subdued and remorseful, the demon expelled, to the principal.

"He'll trouble ye no more, Miss, an' the carvin' knife is underneath th' bolster av his bed—the bad 'un that he is!"

"Now that Philip is good again—and you see how quiet he was out in the hall; I told you he was thinking very hard—we'll all sing a song to show how glad we are, and he shall choose it. What would Philip like to sing?"

Philip murmured huskily that his heart was God's little garden, and there was more joy over him than over the two dozen that needed no repentance.

But the youngest assistant avoided Mrs. R. B. M. Smith's eye, for *she* had opened the cellar door!

"Murmured huskily that his heart was God's little garden."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WITH the November number we commenced the sixteenth volume of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE. The last year has been one of increased prosperity. Our readers are more numerous than at any time since we began publication, and we believe that the extraordinary efforts we have put forth for the coming year will greatly increase their number. It has ever been the effort of the editor to provide the public with the best literature on the most interesting topics. Call the roll of master workers in English literature during the last ten years to mind, and you will find them nearly all represented in our pages. Gladstone, Tyndall, Huxley, Herbert Spencer, Henry Drummond, Robert Louis Stevenson, Rudyard Kipling, Mark Twain, Archdeacon Farrar, John Hay, Theodore Roosevelt, Senator Lodge, Dr. John Watson, J. M. Barrie, Anthony Hope, W. D. Howells, Joel Chandler Harris, Hamlin Garland, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Conan Doyle, Robert Barr, Bret Harte, and dozens of others well known the world over have been among our contributors. During the coming year the magazine will be better than ever before. Some of the leading features will be found in the advertising pages of this issue, but this list includes only a portion of the good things in store for our readers. Whatever makes for culture, for usefulness, for the best interests of the intellectual life, for pure and wholesome entertainment, will find its highest expression in our pages.

RUDYARD KIPLING'S NEW SERIAL.

Mr. Kipling stands to-day as the most forceful genius in English literature. His new story of life in India, "Kim," begins serial publication in this issue. It is the latest, longest, and most important work from his pen. It is the result of years of labor, its conception going back to his days in India when his reputation was purely local. It is a masterpiece of literature which will make notable in the intellectual world the last year of the Nineteenth Century, so extraordinary for its literary achievements. A more detailed description of "Kim" will be found elsewhere. Sufficeth it to say here that, aside from the narrative itself, the story is rich in its illumination of the wondrous Orient. It is kaleidoscopic in its marvelous color, bringing for the first time to the Western world a realization of the life, the manners, the customs, and the philosophy of a nation that was old when Rome was a cluster of unpeopled hills.

AFTER DEATH—WHAT?

When Elizabeth Stuart Phelps (Mrs. Ward) wrote "The Gates Ajar" at a time when the land was drenched with mourning over losses in the Civil War, she brought comfort to sorrowing souls and controversy to theologians. Since that time she has written much on the subject of death and the resurrection, and it may be said that her books, and the discussions arising out of them, have done much to change the views of thoughtful persons. Her latest and her last contribution to this field of religious philosophy is in dramatic form, entitled "Within the Gates," wherein she propounds her theories as to the life beyond, with more particularity than before, and with equal originality. She has answered Job's greatest question in a striking manner. It is the story of earthly life carried on to the life beyond. That it will arouse extraordinary interest is certain, and that it will open up a field of discussion that will be world wide is most probable.

OUR BOOK DEPARTMENT.

Early in the present year we decided to establish a Book Department, which would stand in close relation to McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, and which would carry out its ideas and principles in securing and publishing good books. The record of the past few months has shown us the wisdom of such a decision. Our Book Department, established under the firm name of McClure, Phillips & Co., has already built up an extensive publishing business. Thus far we have published thirty-eight books. Of these, nine are important biographical and historical works, nine are novels, which show phases of life the world over, eight are collections of short stories, two are volumes of verse, and ten are miscellaneous books.

Altogether the list covers a wide range of human interest, and in it are included books whose value to the world is considerable. Years of research and labor were required, for example, in the preparation of the lives of Lincoln and Napoleon by Miss Tarbell. Thousands of miles were traveled by Mr.

Garland in collecting the material for his "Life of Grant." Conan Doyle spent several months as surgeon in the British Army in order that he might see history in the making. The life of Moody, by Henry Drummond, with an introduction by Dr. George Adam Smith, is the bringing together of three of the truly great men of our day. In reproducing such books as "Abraham Lincoln: His Book," we are adding an important document to history. Touching the subject of China and the East, we are publishing two books which we believe to be preëminently good. One is by the great American engineer, William Barclay Parsons, who traveled hundreds of miles in unknown parts of China. The other is a translation of Leroy-Beaulieu's great work on the East, which stands in Continental Europe as the most authoritative and illuminating book on the subject.

Our present purpose is to enlist the experience and thought of the men who have made the magazine what it is to-day, and thus to secure for our Book Department the best possible literature. In publishing our books, we shall try to publish nothing that will not be a contribution to the knowledge of human nature or human information, and to give our books the most beautiful and dignified form.

The value of an idea, of course, is always shown by the results which accrue from working out the idea, and the most noteworthy indication of our successful selection of books in various lines is the sale of the books which we have already published. In these results we have not been disappointed. Up to the present time of writing, we have printed five editions of "Monsieur Beaucaire," making a total of 26,000 volumes. Out of seven books published in the spring, all but one went to press at least for the second time, and of four books published early this fall, two went to press for the second edition a day before the books were actually on sale.

We shall be glad at any time to give more detailed information about our Book Department to our readers. A personal inquiry about our books will be as well cared for as a large order for copies.

A STIRRUP-CUP.

By Nancy Hazlipp.

DECEMBER'S beard is thin and white,
  His knotted fingers frore—
He rides from Yesterday's fair land,
  To fens of Nevermore.
Yet flout him not with passing bells,
  For all his days are few;
Fill him, instead, a stirrup-cup
  Of wine, and myrrh, and rue:

Rich wine, to warm his chilling heart
  With garnered summer gold;
Fine myrrh, to heal his jagged wounds
  And keep his spirit bold;
And rue—ah! bitter herb of grace,
  Taint not the chalice rim,
Though you must spice our stirrup-cups
  Till all the worlds are dim.

From Yesterday to Nevermore
  The road runs murk and drear—
The wan old graybeard may not halt
  Where lights shine bright and clear.
Yet flout him not with passing bells,
  For all his days are few;
Fill him, instead, a stirrup-cup
  With wine, and myrrh, and rue.